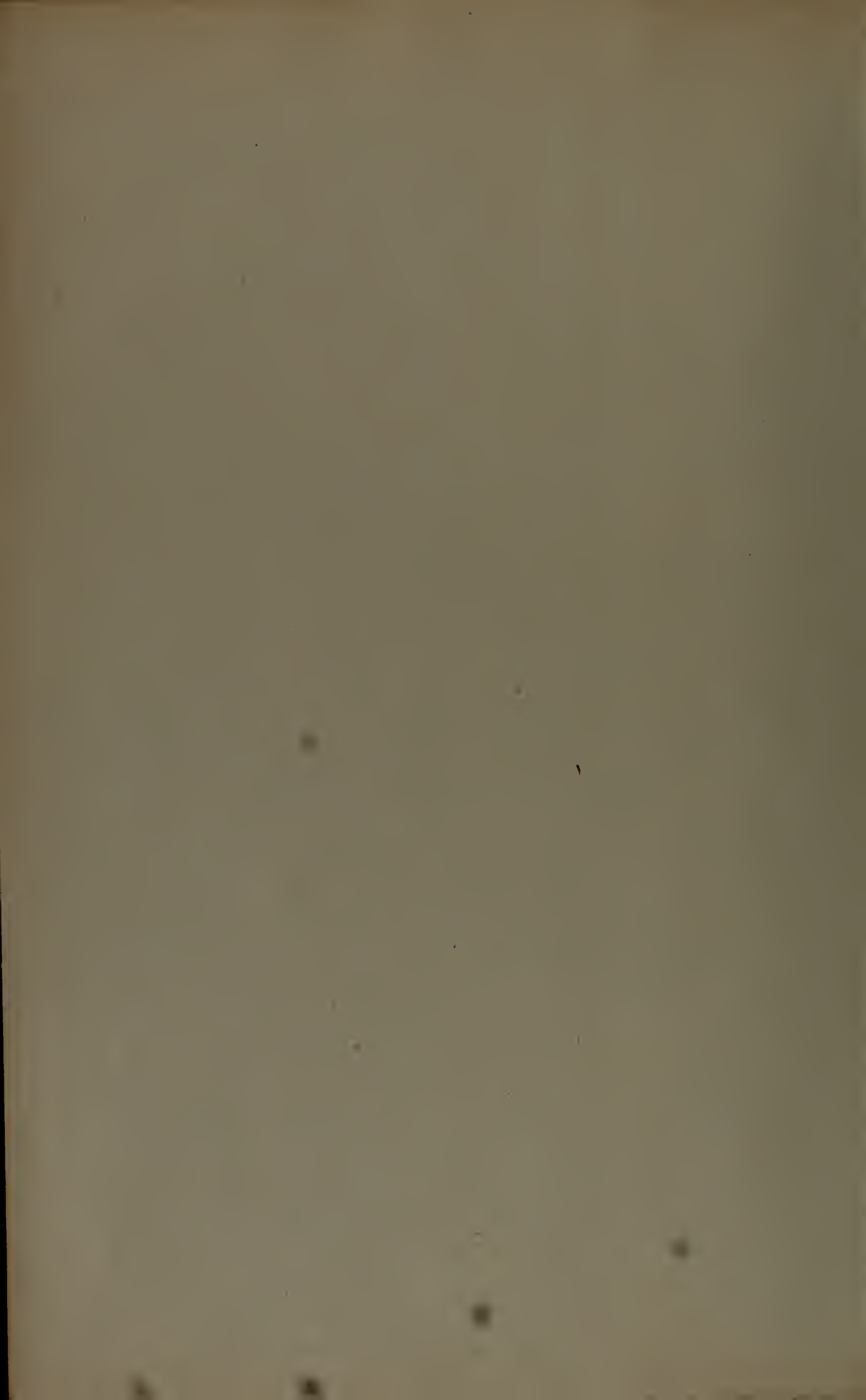

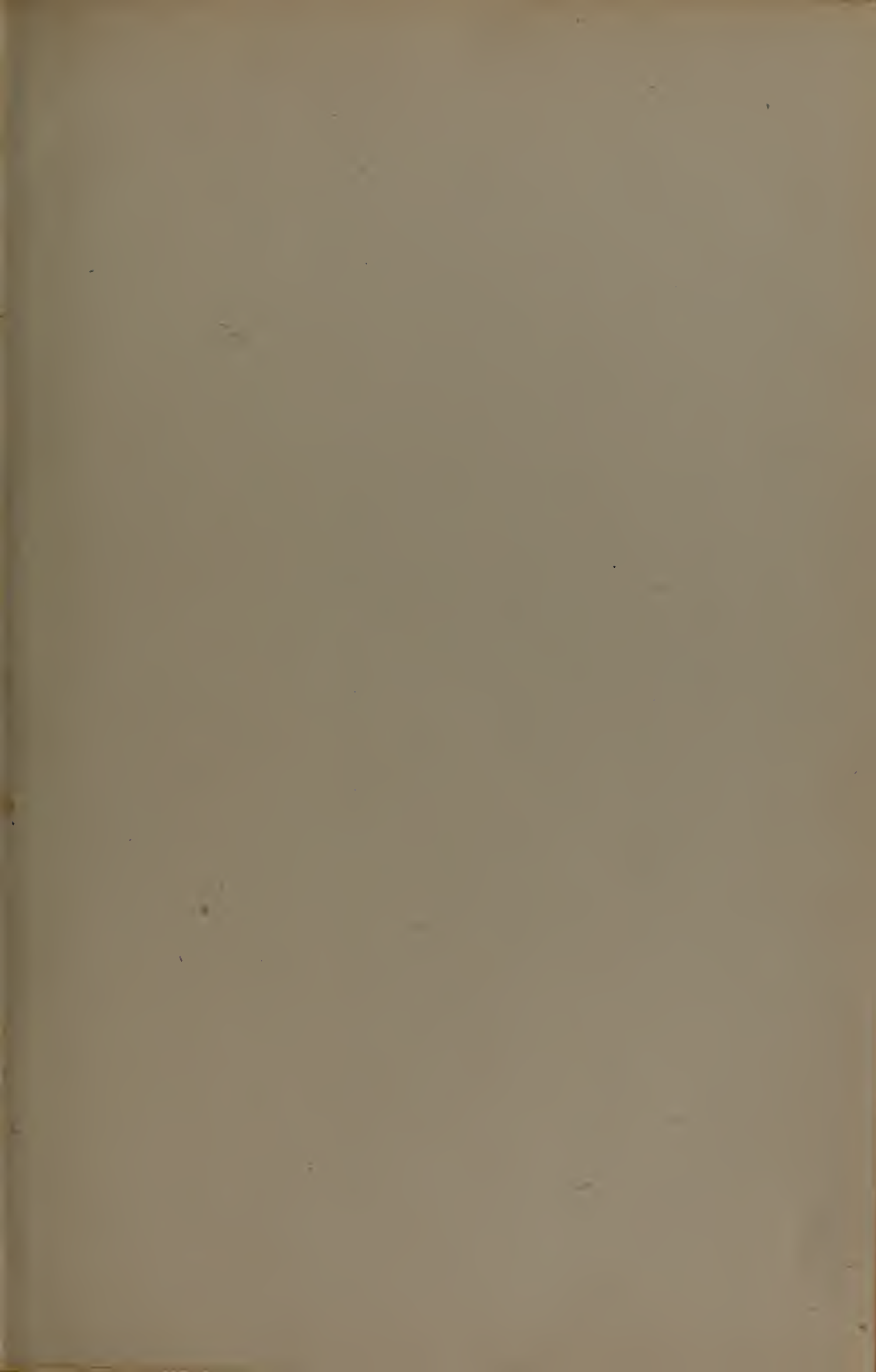

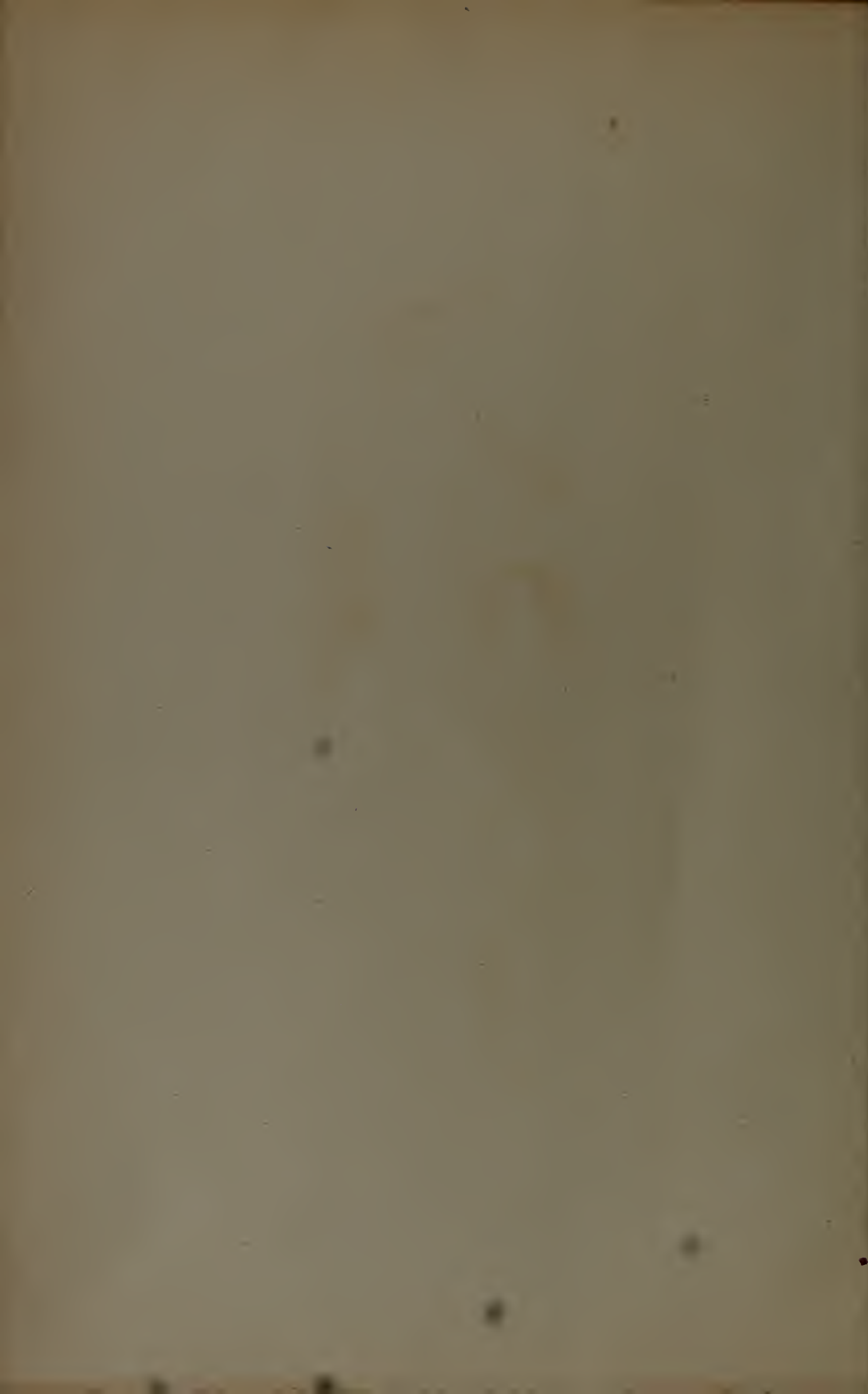

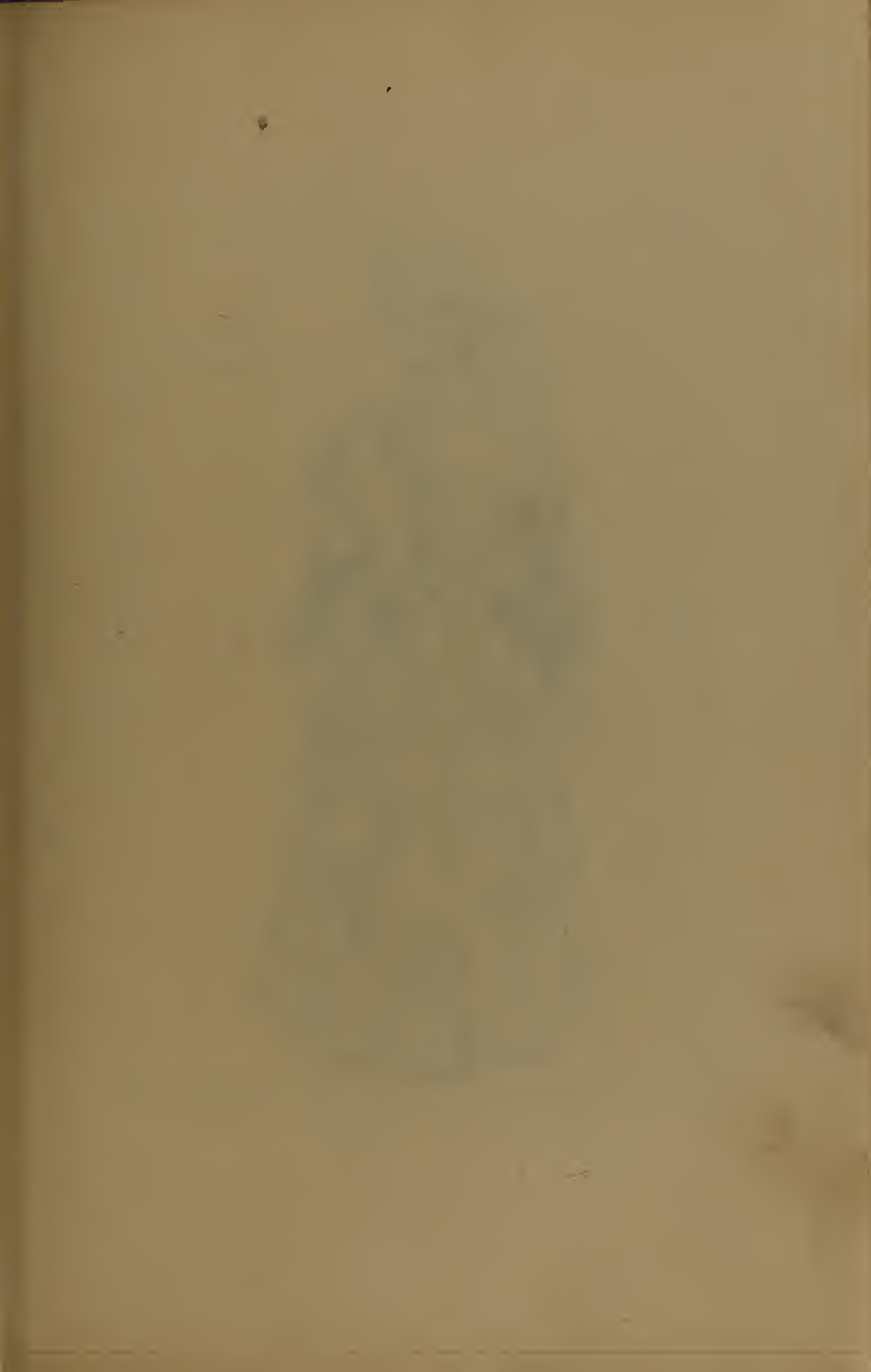

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THE WORKS OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

VOLUME THREE

PROSE WORKS

VOLUME THREE

KAVANAGH

[illegible]

CECILIA VAUGHAN.

THE BALD EAGLE AND

DRIFT-WOOD

ILLUSTRATED

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
NEW YORK : PHILADELPHIA : CHICAGO

THE WORKS OF

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

VOLUME THREE

PROSE WORKS

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Kavanagh
The Indian Summer
The Bald Eagle and
Drift-Wood

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THE WORKS OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED BY

CHARLES WELSH

VOLUME III

CONTENTS.

VOLUME III.

KAVANAGH, A TALE.

PAGE.

Editorial Note 7

THE BALD EAGLE AND INDIAN SUMMER.

Editorial Note 173

The Indian Summer 175

The Bald Eagle 189

DRIFT-WOOD, A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

Editorial Note 211

Ancient French Romances 213

Frithiof's Saga 260

Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales 303

The Great Metropolis 310

Anglo-Saxon Literature 316

Paris in the Seventeenth Century 345

Table-Talk 353

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME III

Cecilia Vaughan . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"That Face He Had Never Seen Before, and Yet It Seemed Familiar to Him" 67

"I am Engaged to Mr. Kavanagh!" 142

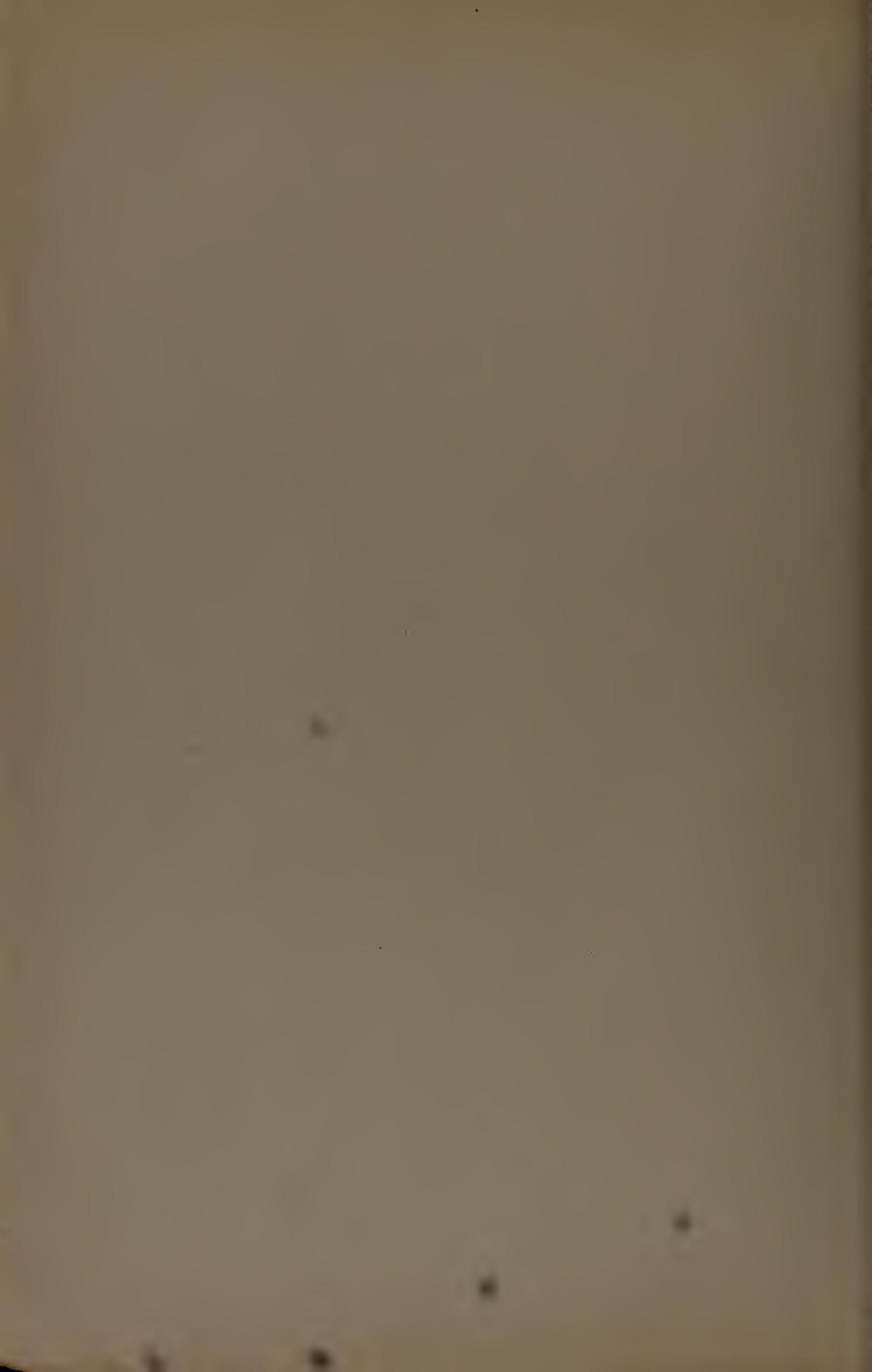
"The Mother Watched Her Dying Child" 184

"She Opened the Door of the Cage; the Bird Darted Forth from the Window" 186

"Springing upon His Feet, He Caught His Musket, Shut Both Eyes, and Fired" 204

King Bele and Thorsten Vikingsson 266

"King Ring Sat in His Banquet-hall at Yule-tide and Drank Mead" 288



KAVANAGH,

A TALE

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

SHAKESPEARE.

EDITORIAL NOTE

"Kavanagh" was evidently undertaken by Longfellow as a relief and a change from the work of writing the poem of "Evangeline." Smooth and even as is the flow of the rhythm of this famous poem, it must have involved much of the *labor limæ*—the "polish of the file" of which Ben Jonson speaks in his lines on the work of the immortal Shakespeare; on the very day that Longfellow had completed his "Evangeline" he wrote in his diary, "Now for a little prose; a romance which I have in my brain, Kavanagh by name."

This story, like "Hyperion," is in a sense autobiographical, as is indeed all real Literature, for Literature is life, and the life that genius can best portray is its own. We are told that the advertisement of Edward Dimple in chapter 19 was exactly as it came under the author's observation;—the character of a school-master was a favorite one of Longfellow's, based on his own experiences; the life and scenery of Maine and the Berkshire Hills were intimately familiar to him, and his own domestic relations form the basis of many scenes described in the book.

New England life is presented in "Kavanagh" with a freshness and beauty, an absolute and un-

erring fidelity, and in almost photographic detail, even though, as Emerson said, it is "the best sketch we have seen in the direction of the American novel." For it is indeed a sketch with its characters "outlined rather than painted," as another critic says, but he continues, "It teaches two things: the value to an artist of spiritual insight into common life, and the necessity of promptness and decision if we would realize our aspirations."

Besides all this, the pure style, the sweet rhythm of the sentences, the rich fancy, the out-of-the-way erudition, the delicacy of feeling and sentiment make of "Kavanagh" a thing apart

> "Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the evening sky."

"Kavanagh" was commenced on Feb. 27, 1847, and was finished on Nov. 9, 1848. After much revision and correction in the manuscript it went to the printer in February, 1849, and was published with the author's name in May of that year by Ticknor, Reed & Fields of Boston.

In spite of his doubts and misgivings about the work, it appears to have been fairly successful from the start, for no less than four editions were issued in the first year of its publication.

KAVANAGH

I

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream!

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed his school-house door behind him; and if in any degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him; for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done. And moreover his wife considered him equal to great things. To the people in the village, he was the school-master, and nothing more. They beheld in his form and countenance no outward sign of the divinity within. They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior, lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when

the heat of day was over, he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air.

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the sun had set; for it was Saturday. With a feeling of infinite relief he left behind him the empty school-house, into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring. All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes. The sound of the outer door, creaking on its hebdomadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to which the key growled responsive in the lock; and the master, casting a furtive glance at the last caricature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence close by, entered with a light step the solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness the unjust reproaches of fathers and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from

the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a school-master's life. Unruly sons and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights. But as he walked, his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air. So that when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten.

He lay down for a moment under a sycamore, and thought of the Roman Consul Licinius, passing a night with eighteen of his followers in the hollow trunk of the great Lycian plane-tree. From the branches overhead the falling seeds were wafted away through the soft air on plumy tufts of down. The continuous murmur of the leaves and of the swift-running stream seemed rather to deepen than disturb the pleasing solitude and silence of the place; and for a moment he imagined himself far away in the broad prairies of the West, and lying beneath the luxuriant trees that overhang the banks of the Wabash and the Kaskaskia. He saw the sturgeon leap from the river, and flash for a moment in the sunshine. Then a flock of wild-fowl flew across the sky towards the sea-mist that was rising slowly in the east; and his soul seemed to

float away on the river's current, till he had glided far out into the measureless sea, and the sound of the wind among the leaves was no longer the sound of the wind, but of the sea.

Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a school-master. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs, which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.

The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds, and they became as blood.[1]

[1] See Exodus vii, 19. Aaron was commanded to turn the waters of Egypt, their streams, their rivers, their ponds, and their pools into blood.

Mr. Churchill turned his steps homeward. He climbed the hill with the old windmill on its summit, and below him saw the lights of the village; and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness. He passed an orchard. The air was filled with the odor of the fallen fruit, which seemed to him as sweet as the fragrance of the blossoms in June. A few steps farther brought him to an old and neglected church-yard; and he paused a moment to look at the white gleaming stone, under which slumbered the old clergyman, who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars, and on which was recorded that for half a century he had been "a painful preacher of the word." He entered the village street, and interchanged a few words with Mr. Pendexter, the venerable divine, whom he found standing at his gate. He met, also, an ill-looking man, carrying so many old boots that he seemed literally buried in them; and at intervals encountered a stream of strong tobacco smoke, exhaled from the pipe of an Irish laborer, and pervading the damp evening air. At length he reached his own door.

II

WHEN Mr. Churchill entered his study, he found the lamp lighted, and his wife waiting for him. The wood fire was singing on the hearth like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a Summer noon; and to his heart the chill autumnal evening became a Summer noon. His wife turned towards him with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes; and in the serene expression of her face he read the Divine beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

No sooner had he seated himself by the fire-side than the door was swung wide open, and on the threshold, stood with his legs apart, like a miniature colossus, a lovely, golden boy, about three years old, with long, light locks, and very red cheeks. After a moment's pause, he dashed forward into the room with a shout, and established himself in a large arm-chair, which he converted into a carrier's wagon, and over the back of which he urged forward his imaginary horses. He was followed by Lucy, the maid of all work, bearing in her arms the baby, with large, round eyes, and no hair. In his mouth he held an India rubber ring, and looked very much like a street-door knocker. He came down to say

good night, but after he got down, could not say it; not being able to say anything but a kind of explosive "Papa!" He was then a good deal kissed and tormented in various ways, and finally sent off to bed blowing little bubbles with his mouth,—Lucy blessing his little heart, and asseverating that nobody could feed him in the night without loving him; and that if the flies bit him any more she would pull out every tooth in their heads!

Then came Master Alfred's hour of triumph and sovereign sway. The fire-light gleamed on his hard, red cheeks and glanced from his liquid eyes, and small, white teeth. He piled his wagon full of books and papers, and dashed off to town at the top of his speed; he delivered and received parcels and letters, and played the postboy's horn with his lips. Then he climbed the back of the great chair, sang "Sweep ho!" as from the top of a very high chimney, and, sliding down upon the cushion, pretended to fall asleep in a little white bed, with white curtains; from which imaginary slumber his father awoke him by crying in his ear, in mysterious tones,—

"What little boy is this!"

Finally he sat down in his chair at his mother's knee, and listened very attentively, and for the hundredth time, to the story of the dog Jumper, which was no sooner ended, than vociferously called for again and again. On the fifth repeti-

tion, it was cut as short as the dog's tail by Lucy, who, having put the baby to bed, now came for Master Alfred. He seemed to hope he had been forgotten, but was, nevertheless, marched off to bed, without any particular regard to his feelings, and disappeared in a kind of abstracted mood, repeating softly to himself his father's words,—

"Good night, Alfred!"

His father looked fondly after him as he went up stairs, holding Lucy by one hand, and with the other rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Ah! these children, these children!" said Mr. Churchill, as he sat down at the tea-table; "we ought to love them very much now, for we shall not have them long with us!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his wife, "what do you mean? Does anything ail them? Are they going to die?"

"I hope not. But they are going to grow up, and be no longer children."

"O, you foolish man! You gave me such a fright!"

"And yet it seems impossible that they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life."

"And I hope they never will. That is the last thing I want either of them to do."

"O, I do not mean literally, only figuratively. By the way, speaking of growing up and grow-

ing old, I saw Mr. Pendexter this evening, as I came home."

"And what had he to say?"

"He told me he should preach his farewell sermon to-morrow."

"Poor old man! I really pity him."

"So do I. But it must be confessed he is a dull preacher; and I dare say it is as dull work for him as for his hearers."

"Why are they going to send him away?"

"O, there are a great many reasons. He does not give time and attention enough to his sermons and to his parish. He is always at work on his farm; always wants his salary raised; and insists upon his right to pasture his horse in the parish fields."

"Hark!" cried his wife, lifting up her face in a listening attitude.

"What is the matter?"

"I thought I heard the baby!"

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Churchill said,—

"It was only the cat in the cellar."

At this moment Lucy came in. She hesitated a little, and then, in a submissive voice, asked leave to go down to the village to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. Lucy was a girl of fifteen, who had been taken a few years before from an Orphan Asylum. Her dark eyes had a gypsy look, and she wore her brown hair twisted round

her head after the manner of some of Murillo's girls. She had Milesian blood in her veins, and was impetuous and impatient of contradiction.

When she had left the room, the school-master resumed the conversation by saying,—

"I do not like Lucy's going out so much in the evening. I am afraid she will get into trouble. She is really very pretty."

Then there was another pause, after which he added,—

"My dear wife, one thing puzzles me exceedingly."

"And what is that?"

"It is to know what that man does with all the old boots he picks up about the village. I met him again this evening. He seemed to have as many feet as Briareus had hands. He is a kind of centipede."

"But what has that to do with Lucy?"

"Nothing. It only occurred to me at the moment; and I never can imagine what he does with so many old boots."

III

WHEN tea was over, Mr. Churchill walked to and fro in his study, as his custom was. And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books, which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves and imparted it to others, by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision, walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed aloud,—

"Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?"

"Like these what?" asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"Like these great and good men,—like these

scholars and poets,—the authors of all these books!"

She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone,—

"O, yes! Like them, only perhaps better!"

"Then I will write a Romance!"

"Write it!" said his wife, like the angel. For she believed that then he would become famous forever; and that all the vexed and busy world would stand still to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the adamantine walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity.

IV

"I WAS thinking to-day," said Mr. Churchill a few minutes afterwards, as he took some papers from a drawer scented with a quince, and arranged them on the study table, while his wife as usual seated herself opposite to him, with her work in her hand,—"I was thinking to-day how dull and prosaic the study of mathematics is made in our school-books; as if the grand science of numbers had been discovered and perfected merely to further the purposes of trade."

"For my part," answered his wife, "I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them."

"Ah, that is a very great mistake! There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty. And yet we imagine—that is, most of us—that its highest end and culminating point is book-keeping by double entry. It is our way of teaching it that makes it so prosaic."

So saying, he arose, and went to one of his

book-cases, from the shelf of which he took down a little old quarto volume, and laid it upon the table.

"Now here," he continued, "is a book of mathematics of quite a different stamp from ours."

"It looks very old. What is it?"

"It is the Lilawati of Bhascara Acharya, translated from the Sanscrit."

"It is a pretty name. Pray what does it mean?"

"Lilawati was the name of Bhascara's daughter; and the book was written to perpetuate it. Here is an account of the whole matter."

He then opened the volume, and read as follows:—

"It is said that the composing of Lilawati was occasioned by the following circumstances. Lilawati was the name of the author's daughter, concerning whom it appeared, from the qualities of the Ascendant at her birth, that she was destined to pass her life unmarried, and to remain without children. The father ascertained a lucky hour for contracting her in marriage, that she might be firmly connected and have children. It is said that, when that hour approached, he brought his daughter and his intended son near him. He left the hour-cup on the vessel of water, and kept in attendance a time-knowing astrologer, in order that, when the

cup should subside in the water, those two precious jewels should be united. But as the intended arrangement was not according to destiny, it happened that the girl, from a curiosity natural to children, looked into the cup to observe the water coming in at the hole; when by chance a pearl separated from her bridal dress, fell into the cup, and rolling down to the hole, stopped the influx of the water. So the astrologer waited in expectation of the promised hour. When the operation of the cup had thus been delayed beyond all moderate time, the father was in consternation, and examining, he found that a small pearl had stopped the course of the water, and the long-expected hour was passed. In short, the father, thus disappointed, said to his unfortunate daughter, I will write a book of your name, which shall remain to the latest times, —for a good name is a second life, and the groundwork of eternal existence."

As the school-master read, the eyes of his wife dilated and grew tender, and she said,—

"What a beautiful story! When did it happen?"

"Seven hundred years ago, among the Hindoos."

"Why not write a poem about it?"

"Because it is already a poem of itself,—one of those things, of which the simplest statement is the best, and which lose by embellishment.

The old Hindoo legend, brown with age, would not please me so well if decked in gay colors, and hung round with the tinkling bells of rhyme. Now hear how the book begins."

Again he read;—

"Salutation to the elephant-headed Being who infuses joy into the minds of his worshippers, who delivers from every difficulty those that call upon him, and whose feet are reverenced by the gods!—Reverence to Ganesa, who is beautiful as the pure purple lotos, and around whose neck the black curling snake winds itself in playful folds!"

"That sounds rather mystical," said his wife.

"Yes, the Book begins with a salutation to the Hindoo deities, as the old Spanish Chronicles begin in the name of God, and the Holy Virgin. And now see how poetical some of the examples are."

He then turned over the leaves slowly, and read,—

"One-third of a collection of beautiful water-lilies is offered to Mahadev, one-fifth to Huri, one-sixth to the Sun, one-fourth to Devi, and six which remain are presented to the spiritual teacher. Required the whole number of water-lilies."

"That is very pretty," said the wife, "and would put it into the boys' heads to bring you pond-lilies."

"Here is a prettier one still. One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbor; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of the bees?"

"I am sure I should never be able to tell."

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese—"

Here Mrs. Churchill laughed aloud; but he continued very gravely,—

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to the Manus lake; one-eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lilies; and three couple were observed playing in the water. Tell me my young girl with beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?"

"Well, what was it?"

"What should you think?"

"About twenty."

"No, one hundred and forty-four. Now try another. The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight-ninths of the whole, alighted on the jasmines, and a female bee buzzed responsive to the hum of the male inclosed at night in a water-lily. O, beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees."

"That is not there. You made it."

"No, indeed I did not. I wish I had made it. Look and see."

He showed her the book, and she read it herself. He then proposed some of the geometrical questions.

"In a lake the bud of a water-lily was observed, one span above the water, and when moved by the gentle breeze, it sunk in the water at two cubits' distance. Required the depth of the water."

"That is charming, but must be very difficult. I could not answer it."

"A tree one hundred cubits high is distant from a well two hundred cubits; from this tree one monkey descends and goes to the well; another monkey takes a leap upwards, and then descends by the hypothenuse; and both pass over an equal space. Required the height of the leap."

"I do not believe you can answer that question yourself, without looking into the book," said the laughing wife, laying her hand over the solution. "Try it."

"With great pleasure, my dear child," cried the confident school-master, taking a pencil and paper. After making a few figures and calculations, he answered,—

"There my young girl with beautiful locks, there is the answer,—forty cubits."

His wife removed her hand from the book, and

then, clapping both in triumph, she exclaimed,—

"No, you are wrong, you are wrong, my beautiful youth with a bee in your bonnet. It is fifty cubits!"

"Then I must have made some mistake."

"Of course you did. Your monkey did not jump high enough."

She signalized his mortifying defeat as if it had been a victory, by showering kisses, like roses, upon his forehead and cheeks, as he passed beneath the triumphal archway of her arms, trying in vain to articulate,—

"My dearest Lilawati, what is the whole number of the geese?"

V

AFTER extricating himself from this pleasing dilemma, he said,—

"But I am now going to write. I must really begin in sober earnest, or I shall never get anything finished. And you know I have so many things to do, so many books to write, that really I do not know where to begin. I think I will take up the Romance first."

"It will not make much difference, if you only begin!"

"That is true. I will not lose a moment."

"Did you answer Mr. Wainwright's letter about the cottage bedstead?"

"Dear me, no! I forgot it entirely. That must be done first, or he will make it all wrong."

"And the young lady who sent you the poetry to look over and criticize?"

"No; I have not had a single moment's leisure. And there is Mr. Hanson, who wants to know about the cooking-range. Confound it! there is always something interfering with my Romance. However, I will despatch those matters very speedily."

And he began to write with great haste. For a while nothing was heard but the scratching of

his pen. Then he said, probably in connection with the cooking-range,—

"One of the most convenient things in house-keeping is a ham. It is always ready, and always welcome. You can eat it with anything and without anything. It reminds me always of the great wild boar Scrimner, in the Northern Mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night."

"In that case, I should think the gods would have the night-mare," said his wife.

"Perhaps they do."

And then another long silence, broken only by the skating of the swift pen over the sheet. Presently Mrs. Churchill said,—as if following out her own train of thought, while she ceased plying her needle to bite off the thread, which ladies will sometimes do in spite of all that is said against it,—

"A man came here to-day, calling himself the agent of an extensive house in the needle trade. He left this sample, and said the drill of the eye was superior to any other, and they are warranted not to cut the thread. He puts them at the wholesale price; and if I do not like the sizes, he offers to exchange them for others, either sharps or betweens."

To this remark the abstracted school-master vouchsafed no reply. He found his half-dozen

letters not so easily answered, particularly that to the poetical young lady, and worked away busily at them. Finally they were finished and sealed; and he looked up to his wife. She turned her eyes dreamily upon him. Slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the heavens, ready to fall. It was quite late, and he said to her,—

"I am too tired, my charming Lilawati, and you too sleepy, to sit here any longer to-night. And, as I do not wish to begin my Romance without having you at my side, so that I can read detached passages to you as I write, I will put it off till to-morrow or the next day."

He watched his wife as she went up stairs with the light. It was a picture always new and always beautiful, and like a painting of Gherardo della Notte. As he followed her, he paused to look at the stars. The beauty of the heavens made his soul overflow.

"How absolute," he exclaimed, "how absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending,—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time!"

In the night, Mr. Churchill had a singular

dream. He thought himself in school, where he was reading Latin to his pupils. Suddenly all the genitive cases of the first declension began to make faces at him, and to laugh immoderately; and when he tried to lay hold of them they jumped down into the ablative, and the circumflex accent assumed the form of a great moustache. Then the little village school-house was transformed into a vast and endless school-house of the world, stretching forward, form after form, through all the generations of coming time; and on all the forms sat young men and old, reading and transcribing his Romance, which now in his dream was completed, and smiling and passing it onward from one to another, till at last the clock in the corner struck twelve, and the weights ran down with a strange, angry whirr, and the school broke up; and the schoolmaster awoke to find this vision of fame only a dream, out of which his alarm clock had aroused him at an untimely hour.

VI

MEANTIME, a different scene was taking place at the parsonage. Mr. Pendexter had retired to his study to finish his farewell sermon. Silence reigned through the house. Sunday had already commenced there. The week ended with the setting of the sun, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

The clergyman was interrupted in his labors by the old sexton, who called as usual for the key of the church. He was gently rebuked for coming so late, and excused himself by saying that his wife was worse.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Pendexter; "has she her mind?"

"Yes," answered the sexton, "as much as ever."

"She has been ill a long time," continued the clergyman. "We have had prayers for her a great many Sundays."

"It is very true, sir," replied the sexton, mournfully; "I have given you a great deal of trouble. But you need not pray for her any more. It is of no use."

Mr. Pendexter's mind was in too fervid a state to notice the extreme and hopeless humility of

his old parishioner, and the unintentional allusion to the inefficacy of his prayers. He pressed the old man's hand warmly, and said, with much emotion,—

"To-morrow is the last time that I shall preach in this parish, where I have preached for twenty-five years. But it is not the last time I shall pray for you and your family."

The sexton retired also much moved; and the clergyman again resumed his task. His heart glowed and burned within him. Often his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears, so that he could not go on. Often he rose and paced the chamber to and fro, and wiped away the large drops that stood on his red and feverish forehead.

At length the sermon was finished. He rose and looked out of the window. Slowly the clock struck twelve. He had not heard it strike before, since six. The moonlight silvered the distant hills, and lay, white almost as snow on the frosty roofs of the village. Not a light could be seen at any window.

"Ungrateful people! Could you not watch with me one hour?" exclaimed he, in that excited and bitter moment; as if he had thought that on that solemn night the whole parish would have watched, while he was writing his farewell discourse. He pressed his hot brow against the window-pane to allay its fever; and across the

tremulous wavelets of the river the tranquil moon sent towards him a silvery shaft of light, like an angelic salutation. And the consoling thought came to him, that not only this river, but all rivers and lakes, and the great sea itself, were flashing with this heavenly light, though he beheld it as a single ray only; and that what to him were the dark waves were the dark providences of God, luminous to others, and even to himself should he change his position.

VII

THE morning came; the dear, delicious, silent Sunday; to the weary workman, both of brain and hand, the beloved day of rest. When the first bell rang, like a brazen mortar, it seemed from its gloomy fortress to bombard the village with bursting shells of sound, that exploded over the houses, shattering the ears of all the parishioners and shaking the consciences of many.

Mr. Pendexter was to preach his farewell sermon. The church was crowded, and only one person came late. It was a modest, meek girl, who stole silently up one of the side aisles,—not so silently, however, but that the pew-door creaked a little as she opened it; and straightway a hundred heads were turned in that direction, although it was in the midst of the prayer. Old Mrs. Fairfield did not turn round, but she and her daughter looked at each other, and their bonnets made a parenthesis in the prayer, within which one asked what that was, and the other replied,—

"It is only Alice Archer. She always comes late."

Finally the long prayer was ended, and the

congregation sat down, and the weary children —who are always restless during prayers, and had been for nearly half an hour twisting and turning, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, and hanging their heads over the backs of the pews, like tired colts looking into neighboring pastures—settled suddenly down, and subsided into something like rest.

The sermon began,—such a sermon as had never been preached, or even heard of before. It brought many tears into the eyes of the pastor's friends, and made the stoutest hearts among his foes quake with something like remorse. As he announced the text, "Yea, I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance," it seemed as if the apostle Peter himself, from whose pen the words first proceeded, were calling them to judgment.

He began by giving a minute sketch of his ministry and the state of the parish, with all its troubles and dissensions social, political, and ecclesiastical. He concluded by thanking those ladies who had presented him with a black silk gown, and had been kind to his wife during her long illness;—by apologizing for having neglected his own business, which was to study and preach, in order to attend to that of the parish, which was to support its minister,—stating that his own short-comings had been owing to theirs,

which had driven him into the woods in winter and into the fields in summer;—and finally by telling the congregation in general that they were so confirmed in their bad habits, that no reformation was to be expected in them under his ministry, and that to produce one would require a greater exercise of Divine power than it did to create the world; for in creating the world there had been no opposition, whereas, in their reformation, their own obstinacy and evil propensities, and self-seeking, and worldly-mindedness, were all to be overcome!

VIII

WHEN Mr. Pendexter had finished his discourse, and pronounced his last benediction upon a congregation to whose spiritual wants he had ministered for so many years, his people, now his no more, returned home in very various states of mind. Some were exasperated, others mortified, and others filled with pity.

Among the last was Alice Archer,—a fair, delicate girl, whose whole life had been saddened by a too sensitive organization, and by somewhat untoward circumstances. She had a pale, transparent complexion, and large gray eyes, that seemed to see visions. Her figure was slight, almost fragile; her hands white, slender, diaphanous. With these external traits her character was in unison. She was thoughtful, silent, susceptible; often sad, often in tears, often lost in reveries. She led a lonely life with her mother, who was old, querulous, and nearly blind. She had herself inherited a predisposition to blindness; and in her disease there was this peculiarity, that she could see in Summer, but in Winter the power of vision failed her.

The old house they lived in, with its four sickly

Lombardy poplars in front, suggested gloomy and mournful thoughts. It was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it,—somber, desolate, silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera.

One other inmate the house had, and only one. This was Sally Manchester, or Miss Sally Manchester, as she preferred to be called; an excellent chamber-maid and a very bad cook, for she served in both capacities. She was, indeed, an extraordinary woman, of large frame and masculine features;—one of those who are born to work, and accept their inheritance of toil as if it were play, and who consequently, in the language of domestic recommendations, are usually styled "a treasure, if you can get her." A treasure she was to this family; for she did all the housework, and in addition took care of the cow and the poultry,—occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-oil to the cock, when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a "widow's peak,"—that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sunday she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on

what she called "the congregation side of her bonnet." Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour.

Such were the inmates of the gloomy house,—from which the last-mentioned frequently expressed her intention of retiring, being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filing her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial. The wedding-day had been from time to time postponed, and at length the family hoped and believed it never would come,—a wish prophetic of its own fulfillment.

Almost the only sunshine that from without shone into the dark mansion came from the face of Cecilia Vaughan, the school-mate and bosom-friend of Alice Archer. They were nearly of the same age, and had been drawn together by that mysterious power which discovers and selects friends for us in our childhood. They sat together in school; they walked together after school; they told each other their manifold secrets; they wrote long and impassioned letters to each other in the evening; in a word, they were in love with each other. It was, so to speak, a rehearsal in girlhood of the great drama of woman's life.

IX

THE golden tints of Autumn now brightened the shrubbery around this melancholy house, and took away something of its gloom. The four poplar trees seemed all ablaze, and flickered in the wind like huge torches. The little border of box filled the air with fragrance, and seemed to welcome the return of Alice, as she ascended the steps, and entered the house with a lighter heart than usual. The brisk autumnal air had quickened her pulse and given a glow to her cheek.

She found her mother alone in the parlor, seated in her large arm-chair. The warm sun streamed in at the uncurtained windows; and lights and shadows from the leaves lay upon her face. She turned her head as Alice entered, and said,—

"Who is it? Is it you, Alice?"

"Yes, it is I, mother."

"Where have you been so long?"

"I have been nowhere, dear mother. I have come directly home from church."

"How long it seems to me! It is very late. It is growing quite dark. I was just going to call for the lights."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Alice, in a startled tone; "what do you mean? The sun is shining directly into your face!"

"Impossible, my dear Alice. It is quite dark. I cannot see you. Where are you?"

She leaned over her mother and kissed her. Both were silent,—both wept. They knew that the hour, so long looked forward to with dismay, had suddenly come. Mrs. Archer was blind!

This scene of sorrow was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Sally Manchester. She, too, was in tears; but she was weeping for her own affliction. In her hand she held an open letter, which she gave to Alice, exclaiming amid sobs,—

"Read this, Miss Archer, and see how false man can be! Never trust any man! They are all alike; they are all false—false—false!"

Alice took the letter and read as follows:—

"It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another,—one in my own neighborhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you, so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven.

Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend.

MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

"P. S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low."

"That is a cruel letter, Sally," said Alice, as she handed it back to her. "But we all have our trouble. That man is unworthy of you. Think no more about him."

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Archer, hearing the counsel given and the sobs with which it was received. "Sally, what is the matter?"

Sally made no answer; but Alice said,—

"Mr. Cherryfield has fallen in love with somebody else."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Archer, evidently relieved. "She ought to be very glad of it. Why does she want to be married? She had much better stay with us; particularly now that I am blind."

When Sally heard this last word, she looked up in consternation. In a moment she forgot her own grief to sympathize with Alice and her mother. She wanted to do a thousand things at once;—to go here;—to send there;—to get this and that;—and particularly to call all the doctors in the neighborhood. Alice assured her it would

be of no avail, though she finally consented that one should be sent for.

Sally went in search of him. On her way, her thoughts reverted to herself; and, to use her own phrase, "she curbed in like a stage-horse," as she walked. This state of haughty and offended pride continued for some hours after her return home. Later in the day, she assumed a decent composure, and requested that the man—she scorned to name him—might never again be mentioned in her hearing. Thus was her whole dream of felicity swept away by the tide of fate, as the nest of a ground-swallow by an inundation. It had been built too low to be secure.

Some women, after a burst of passionate tears, are soft, gentle, affectionate; a warm and genial air succeeds the rain. Others clear up cold, and are breezy, bleak, and dismal. Of the latter class was Sally Manchester. She became embittered against all men on account of one; and was often heard to say that she thought women were fools to be married, and that, for one, she would not marry any man, let him be who he might,—not she!

The village doctor came. He was a large man, of the cheerful kind; vigorous, florid, encouraging and pervaded by an indiscriminate odor of drugs. Loud voice, large cane, thick boots;—everything about him synonymous with noise. His presence in the sick room was like

martial music,—inspiriting, but loud. He seldom left it without saying to the patient, "I hope you will feel more comfortable to-morrow," or "When your fever leaves you, you will be better." But, in this instance, he could not go so far. Even his hopefulness was not sufficient for the emergency. Mrs. Archer was blind,—beyond remedy, beyond hope,—irrevocably blind.

X

ON the following morning, very early, as the school-master stood at his door, inhaling the bright, wholesome air, and beholding the shadows of the rising sun, and the flashing dew-drops on the red vine-leaves, he heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Pendexter and his wife drive down the village street in their old-fashioned chaise, known by all the boys in town as "the ark." The old white horse, that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, and finally, had been the cause of so much discord in the parish, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavoring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village. Under the axle-tree hung suspended a leather trunk; and in the chaise, between the two occupants, was a large handbox, which forced Mr. Pendexter to let his legs hang out of the vehicle, and gave him the air of imitating the scriptural behavior of his horse. Gravely and from a distance he saluted the school-master, who saluted him in return, with

a tear in his eye, that no man saw, but which, nevertheless, was not unseen.

"Farewell, poor old man!" said the school-master within himself, as he shut out the cold autumnal air, and entered his comfortable study. "We are not worthy of thee, or we should have had thee with us forever. Go back again to the place of thy childhood, the scene of thine early labors and thine early love; let thy days end where they began, and like the emblem of eternity, let the serpent of life coil itself round and take its tail into its mouth, and be still from all its hissings forevermore! I would not call thee back; for it is better thou shouldst be where thou art, than amid the angry contentions of this little town."

Not all took leave of the old clergyman in so kindly a spirit. Indeed, there was a pretty general feeling of relief in the village, as when one gets rid of an ill-fitting garment, or old-fashioned hat, which one neither wishes to wear, nor is quite willing to throw away.

Thus Mr. Pendexter departed from the village. A few days afterwards he was seen at a fall training, or general muster of the militia, making a prayer on horseback, with his eyes wide open; a performance in which he took evident delight, as it gave him an opportunity of going quite at large into some of the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews.

XI

FOR a while the school-master walked to and fro, looking at the gleam of the sunshine on the carpet, and revelling in his day-dreams of unwritten books, and literary fame. With these day-dreams mingled confusedly the pattering of little feet, and the murmuring and cooing of his children overhead. His plans that morning, could he have executed them, would have filled a shelf in his library with poems and romances of his own creation. But suddenly the vision vanished; and another from the actual world took its place. It was the canvas-covered cart of the butcher, that, like the flying wigwam of the Indian tale, flitted before his eyes. It drove up the yard and stopped at the back door; and the poet felt that the sacred rest of Sunday, the God's-truce with worldly cares, was once more at an end. A dark hand passed between him and the land of light. Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened, and he went forth to deal with the man of flesh and blood.

"Alas!" said he with a sigh; "and must my life, then, always be like the Sabbatical river of

the Jews, flowing in full stream only on the seventh day, and sandy and arid all the rest?"

Then he thought of his beautiful wife and children, and added, half aloud,—

"No; not so! Rather let me look upon the seven days of the week as the seven magic rings of Jarchas, each inscribed with the name of a separate planet, and each possessing a peculiar power;—or as the seven sacred and mysterious stones which the pilgrims of Mecca were forced to throw over their shoulders in the valleys of Menah and Akbah, cursing the devil, and saying at each throw, 'God is great!' "

He found Mr. Wilmerdings, the butcher, standing beside his cart, and surrounded by five cats, that had risen simultaneously on their hind legs, to receive their quotidian morning's meal. Mr. Wilmerdings not only supplied the village with fresh provisions daily, but he likewise weighed all the babies. There was hardly a child in town that had not hung beneath his steelyards, tied in a silk handkerchief, the movable weight above sliding along the notched beam from eight pounds to twelve. He was a young man with a very fresh and rosy complexion, and every Monday morning he appeared dressed in an exceedingly white frock. He had lately married a milliner, who sold "Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and colored straws," and their bridal tour had been to a neighboring town to see a

man hanged for murdering his wife. A pair of huge ox-horns branched from the gable of his slaughter-house; and near it stood the great pits of the tannery, which all the school-boys thought were filled with blood!

Perhaps no two men could be more unlike than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Wilmerdings. Upon such a grating, iron hinge opened the door of his daily life;—opened into the school-room, the theater of those life-long labors, which theoretically are the most notable, and practically the most vexatious in the world. Toward this, as soon as breakfast was over, and he had played a while with his children, he directed his steps. On his way, he had many glimpses into the lovely realms of Nature, and one into those of Art, through the medium of a placard pasted against a wall. It was as follows:—

"The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right-angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.

"No trouble of adorning or dressing the person is required. He takes infants and children at sight, and has frames of all sizes to accommodate.

"A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face and head, the

use of which when seen tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.

William Bantam."

Ere long even this glimpse into the ideal world had vanished; and he felt himself bound to the earth with a hundred invisible threads, by which a hundred urchins were tugging and tormenting him; and it was only with considerable effort, and at intervals, that his mind could soar to the moral dignity of his profession.

Such was the school-master's life; and a dreary, weary life it would have been, had not poetry from within gushed through every crack and crevice in it. This transformed it, and made it resemble a well, into which stones and rubbish have been thrown; but underneath is a spring of fresh, pure water, which nothing external can ever check or defile.

XII

MR. PENDEXTER had departed. Only a few old and middle-aged people regretted him. To these few, something was wanting in the service ever afterwards. They missed the accounts of the Hebrew massacres, and the wonderful tales of the Zumzummims; they missed the venerable gray hair, and the voice that had spoken to them in childhood, and forever preserved the memory of it in their hearts, as in the Russian church the old hymns of the earliest centuries are still piously retained.

The winter came, with all its affluence of snows, and its many candidates for the vacant pulpit. But the parish was difficult to please, as all parishes are; and talked of dividing itself, and building a new church, and other extravagances, as all parishes do. Finally it concluded to remain as it was, and the choice of a pastor was made.

The events of the winter were few in number, and can be easily described. The following extract from a school-girl's letter to an absent friend, contains the most important:—

"At school, things have gone on pretty much as usual. Jane Brown has grown very pale.

They say she is in a consumption; but I think it is because she eats so many slate-pencils. One of her shoulders has grown a good deal higher than the other. Billy Wilmerdings has been turned out of school for playing truant. He promised his mother, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion. I am sure I wish he would; for then he would stop looking at me through the hole in the top of his desk. Mr. Churchill is a very curious man. To-day he gave us this question in arithmetic: 'One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbor; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of bees?' Nobody could do the sum.

"The church has been repaired, and we have a new mahogany pulpit. Mr. Churchill bought the old one, and had it put up in his study. What a strange man he is! A good many candidates have preached for us. The only one we like is Mr. Kavanagh. Arthur Kavanagh! is not that a romantic name? He is tall, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and hair! Sally—Alice Archer's Sally—says 'he is not a man; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw!' [1] I think he is very handsome. And such sermons! So beautifully

[1] The hero and title of a novel by Jane Porter—then very popular.

written, so different from old Mr. Pendexter's! He has been invited to settle here; but he cannot come till Spring. Last Sunday he preached about the ruling passion. He said that once a German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting-horn blown in his bed-room, and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him; and that so it was with the ruling passions of men; even around the death-bed, at the well-known signal, they howled and leaped about those that had fostered them! Beautiful, is it not? and so original! He said in another sermon, that disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the Prophet in the wilderness; and that as, in Catholic countries, the lamps lighted before the images of saints, in narrow and dangerous streets, not only served as offerings of devotion, but likewise as lights to those who passed, so, in the dark and dismal streets of the city of Unbelief, every good thought, word, and deed of a man, not only was an offering to heaven, but likewise served to light him and others on their way homeward! I have taken a good many notes of Mr. Kavanagh's sermons, which you shall see when you come back.

"Last week we had a sleigh-ride, with six white horses. We went like the wind over the hollows in the snow;—the driver called them

'thank-you-ma'ams,' [1] because they make everybody bow. And such a frantic ball as we had at Beaverstock! I wish you had been there! We did not get home till two o'clock in the morning; and the next day Hester Green's minister asked her if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet, while she was dancing!

"The new fashionable boarding-school begins next week. The prospectus has been sent to our house. One of the regulations is, 'Young ladies are not allowed to cross their benders in school!' Papa says he never heard them called so before. Old Mrs. Plainfield is gone at last. Just before she died, her Irish chamber-maid asked her if she wanted to be buried with her false teeth in! There has not been a single new engagement since you went away. But somebody asked me the other day if you were engaged to Mr. Pillsbury. I was very angry. Pillsbury, indeed! He is old enough to be your father!

"What a long, rambling letter I am writing you!—and only because you will be so naughty as to stay away and leave me all alone. If you could have seen the moon last night! But what a goose I am!—as if you did not see it! Was it not glorious? You cannot imagine, dearest, how

[1] Automobilists use the phrase to-day often perhaps without realizing its original application.

every hour in the day I wish you were here with me. I know you would sympathize with all my feelings, which Hester does not at all. For, if I admire the moon, she says I am romantic, and for her part, if there is anything she despises, it is the moon! and that she prefers a snug, warm bed (O, horrible!) to all the moons in the universe!"

XIII

THE events mentioned in this letter were the principal ones that occurred during the winter. The case of Billy Wilmerdings grew quite desperate. In vain did his father threaten and the school-master expostulate; he was only the more sullen and stubborn. In vain did his mother represent to his weary mind, that, if he did not study, the boys who knew the dead languages would throw stones at him in the street; he only answered that he should like to see them try it. Till, finally, having lost many of his illusions, and having even discovered that his father was not the greatest man in the world, on the breaking up of the ice in the river, to his own infinite relief and that of the whole village, he departed on a coasting trip in a fore-and-aft schooner, which constituted the entire navigation of Fairmeadow.

Mr. Churchill had really put in his study the old white, wine-glass-shaped pulpit. It served as a play-house for his children, who, whether in it or out of it, daily preached to his heart, and were a living illustration of the way to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, he himself made use of it externally as a note-book, record-

ing his many meditations with a pencil on the white panels. The following will serve as a specimen of this pulpit eloquence:—

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning,—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for awhile; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of

the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view,—the Past, the Present, and the Future,—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

The country is lyric,—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course

of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

As no saint can be canonized until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

XIV

AT length the Spring came, and brought the birds, and the flowers, and Mr. Kavanagh, the new clergyman, who was ordained with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. The opening of the season furnished also the theme of his first discourse, which some of the congregation thought very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the Spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible,—which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the per-

petual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children, who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

Such was the train of thought with which Kavanagh commenced his sermon. And then, with deep solemnity and emotion, he proceeded to speak of the Spring of the soul, as from its cheerless wintry distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great Sun, and clothes its dry and withered branches anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence.

While delivering the discourse, Kavanagh had not succeeded so entirely in abstracting himself from all outward things as not to note in some degree its effect upon his hearers. As in modern times no applause is permitted in our churches, however moved the audience may be, and, consequently, no one dares wave his hat and shout, — "Orthodox Chrysostom! Thirteenth Apostle! Worthy the Priesthood!"—as was done in the days of the Christian Fathers; and, moreover, as no one after church spoke to him of his sermon, or of anything else,—he went home with rather a heavy heart, and a feeling of discouragement. One thing had cheered and consoled him. It was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon

him during the whole discourse with unflagging interest and attention. She sat alone in a pew near the pulpit. It was Alice Archer. Ah! could he have known how deeply sank his words into that simple heart, he might have shuddered with another kind of fear than that of not moving his audience sufficiently!

XV

ON the following morning Kavanagh sat musing upon his worldly affairs, and upon various little household arrangements which it would be necessary for him to make. To aid him in these, he had taken up the village paper, and was running over the columns of advertisements,—those narrow and crowded thoroughfares, in which the wants and wishes of humanity display themselves like mendicants without disguise. His eye ran hastily over the advantageous offers of the cheap tailors and the dealers in patent medicines. He wished neither to be clothed nor cured. In one place he saw that a young lady, perfectly competent, desired to form a class of young mothers and nurses, and to instruct them in the art of talking to infants so as to interest and amuse them; and in another, that the firemen of Fairmeadow wished well to those hostile editors who had called them gamblers, drunkards, and rioters, and hoped that they might be spared from that great fire which they were told could never be extinguished! Finally, his eye rested on the advertisement of a carpet warehouse, in which the one-price system was strictly adhered to. It was farther stated that a

discount would be made "to clergymen on small salaries, feeble churches, and charitable institutions." Thinking that this was doubtless the place for one who united in himself two of these qualifications for a discount, with a smile on his lips, he took his hat and sallied forth into the street.

A few days previous, Kavanagh had discovered in the tower of the church a vacant room, which he had immediately determined to take possession of, and to convert into a study. From this retreat, through the four oval windows, fronting the four corners of the heavens, he could look down upon the streets, the roofs and gardens of the village,—on the winding river, the meadows, the farms, the distant blue mountains. Here he could sit and meditate, in that peculiar sense of seclusion and spiritual elevation, that entire separation from the world below, which a chamber in a tower always gives. Here, uninterrupted and aloof from all intrusion, he could pour his heart into those discourses, with which he hoped to reach and move the hearts of his parishioners.

It was to furnish this retreat, that he went forth on the Monday morning after his first sermon. He was not long in procuring the few things needed,—the carpet, the table, the chairs, the shelves for books; and was returning thoughtfully homeward, when his eye was caught by a

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"THAT FACE HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE, AND YET IT SEEMED FAMILIAR TO HIM"

sign-board on the corner of the street, inscribed, "Moses Merryweather, Dealer in Singing Birds, foreign and domestic." He saw also a whole chamber window transformed into a cage, in which sundry canary-birds, and others of gayer plumage, were jargoning together, like people in the market-places of foreign towns. At the sight of these old favorites, a long slumbering passion awoke within him; and he straightway ascended the dark wooden staircase, with the intent of enlivening his solitary room with the vivacity and songs of these captive ballad-singers.

In a moment he found himself in a little room hung round with cages, roof and walls; full of sunshine; full of twitterings, cooings, and flutterings; full of downy odors, suggesting nests, and dovecots, and distant islands inhabited only by birds. The taxidermist—the Selkirk of the sunny island—was not there; but a young lady of noble mien, who was looking at an English goldfinch in a square cage with a portico, turned upon him, as he entered, a fair and beautiful face, shaded by long, light locks, in which the sunshine seemed entangled, as among the boughs of trees. That face he had never seen before, and yet it seemed familiar to him; and the added light in her large, celestial eyes, and the almost imperceptible expression that passed over her face, showed that she knew who he was.

At the same moment the taxidermist presented

himself, coming from an inner room;—a little man in gray, with spectacles upon his nose, holding in his hands, with wings and legs drawn close and smoothly together, like the green husks of the maize ear, a beautiful carrier-pigeon, who turned up first one bright eye and then the other, as if asking, "What are you going to do with me now?" This silent inquiry was soon answered by Mr. Merryweather, who said to the young lady,—

"Here, Miss Vaughan, is the best carrier-pigeon in my whole collection. The real Columba Tabullaria. He is about three years old, as you can see by his wattle."

"A very pretty bird," said the lady; "and how shall I train it?"

"O, that is very easy. You have only to keep it shut up for a few days, well fed and well treated. Then take it in an open cage to the place you mean it to fly to, and do the same thing there. Afterwards it will give you no trouble; it will always fly between those two places."

"That, certainly, is not very difficult. At all events, I will make the trial. You may send the bird home to me. On what shall I feed it?"

"On any kind of grain,—barley and buckwheat are best; and remember to let it have a plenty of gravel in the bottom of its cage."

"I will not forget. Send me the bird to-day, if possible."

With these words she departed, much too soon for Kavanagh, who was charmed with her form, her face, her voice; and who, when left alone with the little taxidermist, felt that the momentary fascination of the place was gone. He heard no longer the singing of the birds; he saw no longer their gay plumage; and having speedily made the purchase of a canary and a cage, he likewise departed, thinking of the carrier-pigeons of Bagdad, and the columbaries of Egypt, stationed at fixed intervals as relays and resting-places for the flying post. With an indefinable feeling of sadness, too, came wafted like a perfume through his memory those tender, melancholy lines of Maria del Occidente:—

"And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

"So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,—
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,—
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

Meanwhile, Mr. Merryweather, left to himself, walked about his aviary, musing, and talking to his birds. Finally, he paused before the tin cage of a gray African parrot, between which and himself there was a strong family likeness, and giving it his finger to peck and perch upon,

conversed with it in that peculiar dialect with which it had often made vocal the distant groves of Zanguebar. He then withdrew to the inner room, where he resumed his labor of stuffing a cardinal grossbeak, saying to himself between whiles,—

"I wonder what Miss Cecilia Vaughan means to do with a carrier-pigeon!"

Some mysterious connection he had evidently established already between this pigeon and Mr. Kavanagh; for, continuing his revery, he said, half aloud,—

"Of course she would never think of marrying a poor clergyman!"

XVI

THE old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The country road was not near enough to annoy; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. They spoke of safety and companionship, and took away all loneliness from the solitude.

On three sides, the farm was inclosed by willow and alder hedges, and the flowing wall of a river; nearer the house were groves clear of all underwood, with rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of beech; and afar off the blue hills broke the horizon, creating secret longings for what lay beyond them, and filling the mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley.[1]

The house was one of the few old houses still standing in New England;—a large, square building, with a portico in front, whose door in Summer time stood open from morning until

[1] Dr. Johnson's story of Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia, who sought a happier life in the great world than in his own valley and finally decided that true happiness was in the latter after all, is one of the half-forgotten books which should be remembered.

night. A pleasing stillness reigned about it; and soft gusts of pine-embalmed air, and distant cawings from the crow-haunted mountains, filled its airy and ample halls.

In this old-fashioned house had Cecilia Vaughan grown up to maidenhood. The travelling shadows of the clouds on the hill-sides,—the sudden Summer wind, that lifted the languid leaves, and rushed from field to field, from grove to grove, the forerunner of the rain,—and, most of all, the mysterious mountain, whose coolness was a perpetual invitation to her, and whose silence a perpetual fear,—fostered her dreamy and poetic temperament. Not less so did the reading of poetry and romance in the long, silent, solitary winter evenings. Her mother had been dead for many years, and the memory of that mother had become almost a religion to her. She recalled it incessantly; and the reverential love, which it inspired, completely filled her soul with melancholy delight. Her father was a kindly old man; a judge in one of the courts; dignified, affable, somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it. His papers encumbered the study table;—his law books, the study floor. They seemed to shut out from his mind the lovely daughter, who had grown up to womanhood by his side, but almost without his recognition. Always affectionate, always indulgent, he left her

to walk alone, without his stronger thought and firmer purpose to lean upon; and though her education had been, on this account, somewhat desultory, and her imagination indulged in many dreams and vagaries, yet, on the whole, the result had been more favorable than in many cases where the process of instruction has been too diligently carried on, and where, as sometimes on the roofs of farm-houses and barns, the scaffolding has been left to deform the building.

Cecilia's bosom friend at school was Alice Archer; and, after they left school, the love between them, and consequently the letters, rather increased than diminished. These two young hearts found not only a delight, but a necessity in pouring forth their thoughts and feelings to each other; and it was to facilitate this intercommunication, for whose exigencies the ordinary methods were now found inadequate, that the carrier-pigeon had been purchased. He was to be the flying post; their bed-rooms the dove-cots, the pure and friendly columbaria.

Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed;—young men, who made an ostentatious display of their affection;—boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart

with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth of elegant manners and varnished leather boots was sure to hover round the village inn for a few days,—was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then silently to disappear, and be seen no more. Of course, nothing could be known of the secret history of such individuals; but shrewd surmises were formed as to their designs and their destinies; till finally, any well-dressed stranger, lingering in the village without ostensible business, was set down as "one of Miss Vaughan's lovers."

In all this, what a contrast was there between the two young friends! The wealth of one and the poverty of the other were not so strikingly at variance, as this affluence and refluence of love. To the one, so much was given that she became regardless of the gift; from the other, so much withheld, that, if possible, she exaggerated its importance.

XVII

IN addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way, in an incredibly short space of time, from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets;—a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breast-pins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, "Soft finish for family use." Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and, bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was

a poet,—so much a poet that, as his sister frequently remarked, he "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as "a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?" and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the Poet's Corner of the Fairmeadow Advertiser; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was "by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply."

Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop-door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corners of the streets; he paraded himself at the church steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he sallied from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pre-

tended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!

Of these persecutions Cecilia was for a long time the unconscious victim. She saw this individual, with rings and strange waistcoats, performing his gyrations before her, but did not suspect that she was the center of attraction,—not imagining that any man would begin his wooing with such outrages. Gradually the truth dawned upon her, and became the source of indescribable annoyance, which was augmented by a series of anonymous letters, written in a female hand, and setting forth the excellences of a certain mysterious relative,—his modesty, his reserve, his extreme delicacy, his talent for poetry,—rendered authentic by extracts from his papers, made, of course, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on his part. Whence came these sibylline leaves? At first Cecilia could not divine; but, ere long, her woman's instinct traced them to the thin and nervous hand of the poet's sister. This surmise was confirmed by her maid, who asked the boy that brought them.

It was with one of these missives in her hand that Cecilia entered Mrs. Archer's house, after purchasing the carrier-pigeon. Unannounced

she entered, and walked up the narrow and imperfectly lighted stairs to Alice's bed-room,—that little sanctuary draped with white,—that columbarium lined with warmth, and softness, and silence. Alice was not there; but the chair by the window, the open volume of Tennyson on the table, the note to Cecilia by its side, and the ink not yet dry in the pen, were like the vibration of a bough, when the bird has just left it,—like the rising of the grass, when the foot has just pressed it. In a moment she returned. She had been down to her mother, who sat talking, talking, talking, with an old friend in the parlor below, even as these young friends were talking together in the bed-room above. Ah, how different were their themes! Death and Love,—apples of Sodom, that crumble to ashes at a touch,—golden fruits of the Hesperides,—golden fruits of Paradise, fragrant, ambrosial, perennial!

"I have just been writing to you," said Alice; "I wanted so much to see you this morning!"

"Why this morning in particular? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, only I had such a longing to see you!"

And, seating herself in a low chair by Cecilia's side, she laid her head upon the shoulder of her friend, who, taking one of her pale, thin hands

in both her own, silently kissed her forehead again and again.

Alice was not aware, that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet had nothing happened? Was it nothing, that among her thoughts a new thought had risen, like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with the common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was it nothing, that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was; and this stronger yearning —this unappeasable desire for her friend—was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart, that as yet knows not its own secret.

"I am so glad to see you, Cecilia!" she continued. "You are so beautiful! I love so much to sit and look at you! Ah, how I wish Heaven had made me as tall, and strong, and beautiful as you are!"

"You little flatterer! What an affectionate lover-like friend you are! What have you been doing all the morning?"

"Looking out of the window, thinking of you, and writing you this letter, to beg you to come and see me."

"And I have been buying a carrier-pigeon, to fly between us, and carry all our letters."

"That will be delightful."

"He is to be sent home to-day; and after he gets accustomed to my room, I shall send him here, to get acquainted with yours;—a Iachimo in my Imogen's bed-chamber, to spy out its secrets."

"If he sees Cleopatra in these white curtains, and silver Cupids in these andirons, he will have your imagination."

"He will see the book with the leaf turned down, and you asleep, and tell me all about you."

"A carrier-pigeon! What a charming idea! and how like you to think of it!"

"But to-day I have been obliged to bring my own letters. I have some more sibylline leaves from my anonymous correspondent, in laud and exaltation of her modest relative, who speaks blank verse in the bosom of his family. I have brought them to read you some extracts, and to take your advice; for, really and seriously, this must be stopped. It has grown too annoying."

"How much love you have offered you!" said Alice, sighing.

"Yes, quite too much of this kind. On my way here, I saw the modest relative, standing at

the corner of the street, hanging his head in this way."

And she imitated the melancholy Hiram Adolphus, and the young friends laughed.

"I hope you did not notice him?" resumed Alice.

"Certainly not. But what do you suppose he did? As soon as he saw me, he began to walk backward down the street only a short distance in front of me, staring at me most impertinently. Of course, I took no notice of this strange conduct. I felt myself blushing to the eyes with indignation, and yet could hardly suppress my desire to laugh."

"If you had laughed, he would have taken it for an encouragement; and I have no doubt it would have brought on the catastrophe."

"And that would have ended the matter. I half wish I had laughed."

"But think of the immortal glory of marrying a poet!"

"And of inscribing on my cards, Mrs. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins!"

"A few days ago, I went to buy something at his shop; and, leaning over the counter, he asked me if I had seen the sun set the evening before, —adding, that it was gorgeous, and that the grass and trees were of a beautiful Paris green!"

And again the young friends gave way to their mirth.

"One thing, dear Alice, you must consent to do for me. You must write to Miss Martha Amelia, the author of all these epistles, and tell her very plainly how indelicate her conduct is, and how utterly useless all such proceedings will prove in effecting her purpose."

"I will write this very day. You shall be no longer persecuted."

"And now let me give you a few extracts from these wonderful epistles."

So saying, Cecilia drew forth a small package of three-cornered billets, tied with a bit of pink ribbon. Taking one of them at random, she was on the point of beginning, but paused, as if her attention had been attracted by something out of doors. The sound of passing footsteps was heard on the gravel walk.

"There goes Mr. Kavanagh," said she, in a half-whisper.

Alice rose suddenly from her low chair at Cecilia's side, and the young friends looked from the window to see the clergyman pass.

"How handsome he is!" said Alice, involuntarily.

"He is, indeed."

At that moment Alice started back from the window. Kavanagh had looked up in passing, as if his eye had been drawn by some secret magnetism. A bright color flushed the cheek of

Alice; her eyes fell; but Cecilia continued to look steadily into the street. Kavanagh passed on, and in a few moments was out of sight.

The two friends stood silent, side by side.

XVIII

ARTHUR KAVANAGH was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had purchased from the Baron Victor of St. Castine a portion of his vast estates, lying upon that wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine, which, even upon the map, attracts the eye by its singular and picturesque indentations, and fills the heart of the beholder with something of that delight which throbbed in the veins of Pierre du Gast, when, with a royal charter of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he sailed down the coast in all the pride of one who is to be prince of such a vast domain. Here, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of that faith which had first been planted there by Rasle and St. Castine; and the little church where they worshipped is still standing, though now as closed and silent as the graves which surround it, and in which the dust of the Kavanaghs lies buried.

In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she should

not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spake to him of God, and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpet of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as the perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the Lives of the Saints,—a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends,—the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works,—things which ever afterward remained associated together in his mind. Thus holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body.

Of all the legends of the mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed

him was the legend of St. Christopher. The picture was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature, leaning upon a staff, and bearing the infant Christ on his bending shoulders across the rushing river. The legend related, that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognized by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should love his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven and said, "Behold this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way to serve me!" And one night he heard the voice of a child, crying in the darkness and

saying, "Christopher! come and bear me over the river!" And he went out, and found the child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so that, when he reached the shore, he said, "Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight, as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?" And the little child answered, "Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!" With these words, the child vanished away.

There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at times to seize him and control him. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained forever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff, it blossomed and bore fruit.

But the time at length came, when his father decreed that he must be sent away to school. It

was not meet that his son should be educated as a girl. He must go to the Jesuit college in Canada. Accordingly, one bright Summer morning, he departed with his father, on horseback, through those majestic forests that stretch with almost unbroken shadows from the sea to the St. Lawrance, leaving behind him all the endearments of home, and a wound in his mother's heart that never ceased to ache,—a longing, unsatisfied and insatiable, for her absent Arthur, who had gone from her perhaps forever.

At college he distinguished himself by his zeal for study, by the docility, gentleness, and generosity of his nature. There he was thoroughly trained in the classics, and in the dogmas of that august faith, whose turrets gleam with such crystalline light, and whose dungeons are so deep, and dark, and terrible. The study of philosophy and theology was congenial to his mind. Indeed, he often laid aside Homer for Parmenides, and turned from the odes of Pindar and Horace to the mystic hymns of Cleanthes and Synesius.

The uniformity of college life was broken only by the annual visit home in the Summer vacation; the joyous meeting, the bitter parting; the long journey to and fro through the grand, solitary, mysterious forest. To his mother these visits were even more precious than to himself; forever more and more they added to her bound-

less affection the feeling of pride and confidence and satisfaction,—the joy and beauty of a youth unspotted from the world, and glowing with the enthusiasm of virtue.

At length his college days were ended. He returned home full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother, who expired in peace, having seen his face once more. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea-shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real. For affairs he had no aptitude; and he betook himself again to his philosophic and theological studies. He pondered with fond enthusiasm on the rapturous pages of Molinos and Madame Guyon; and in a spirit akin to that which wrote, he read the writings of Santa Theresa, which he found among his mother's books,—the Meditations, the Road to Perfection, and the Moradas, or Castle of the Soul. She, too, had lingered over those pages with delight, and there were many passages marked by her own hand. Among them was this, which he often repeated to himself in his lonely walks: "O, Life, Life! how canst thou sustain thyself, being absent from thy Life? In so great a solitude, in what shalt thou employ thyself? What shalt thou do, since all thy deeds are faulty and imperfect?"

In such meditations passed many weeks and

months. But mingled with them, continually and ever with more distinctness, arose in his memory from the days of childhood the old tradition of Saint Christopher,—the beautiful allegory of humility and labor. He and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray! It became more and more clear to him, that the life of man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. The books taught him more than their writers meant to teach. It was impossible to read of Athanasius without reading also of Arius; it was impossible to hear of Calvin without hearing of Servetus. Reason began more energetically to vindicate itself; that Reason, which is a light in darkness, not that which is "a thorn in Revelation's side." The search after Truth and Freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul; and he pursued it until he had left far behind him many dusky dogmas, many antique superstitions, many time-honored observances, which the lips of her alone, who first taught them to him in his childhood, had invested with solemnity and sanctity.

By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same

vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof, still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in it that was holy and pure and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest to him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John.

XIX

A WEEK later, and Kavanagh was installed in his little room in the church-tower. A week later, and the carrier-pigeon was on the wing. A week later, and Martha Amelia's anonymous epistolary eulogies of her relative had ceased forever.

Swiftly and silently the Summer advanced, and the following announcement in the Fairmeadow Advertiser proclaimed the hot weather and its alleviations:—

"I have the pleasure of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fairmeadow and its vicinity, that my Bath House is now completed, and ready for the reception of those who are disposed to regale themselves in a luxury peculiar to the once polished Greek and noble Roman.

"To the Ladies I will say, that Tuesday of each week will be appropriated to their exclusive benefit; the white flag will be the signal; and I assure the Ladies, that due respect shall be scrupulously observed, and that they shall be guarded from each vagrant foot and each licentious eye. EDWARD DIMPLE."

Moreover, the village was enlivened by the usual travelling shows,—the wax-work figures representing Eliza Wharton and the Salem Tragedy, to which clergymen and their families were "respectfully invited, free on presenting their cards"; a stuffed shark, that had eaten the exhibitor's father in Lynn bay; the menagerie, with its loud music and its roars of rage; the circus, with its tan and tinsel,—its faded Columbine and melancholy Clown; and, finally, the standard drama, in which Elder Evans, like an ancient, Spanish Bululú, impersonated all the principal male characters, and was particularly imposing in Iago and the Moor, having half his face lamp-blacked, and turning now the luminous, now the eclipsed side to the audience, as the exigencies of the dialogue demanded.

There was also a great Temperance Jubilee, with a procession, in which was conspicuous a large horse, whose shaven tail was adorned with gay ribbons, and whose rider bore a banner with the device, "Shaved in the Cause!" Moreover, the Grand Junction Railroad was opened through the town, running in one direction to the city, and in the other into unknown northern regions, stringing the white villages like pearls upon its black thread. By this, the town lost much of its rural quiet and seclusion. The inhabitants became restless and ambitious. They

were in constant excitement and alarm, like children in story-books hidden away somewhere by an ogre, who visits them regularly every day and night, and occasionally devours one of them for a meal.

Nevertheless, most of the inhabitants considered the railroad a great advantage to the village. Several ladies were heard to say that Fairmeadow had grown quite metropolitan; and Mrs. Wilmerdings, who suffered under a chronic suspension of the mental faculties, had a vague notion, probably connected with the profession of her son, that it was soon to become a seaport.

In the fields and woods, meanwhile, there were other signs and signals of the Summer. The darkening foliage; the embrowning grain; the golden dragon-fly haunting the blackberry-bushes; the cawing crows, that looked down from the mountain on the corn-field, and waited day after day for the scarecrow to finish his work and depart; and the smoke of far-off burning woods, that pervaded the air and hung in purple haze about the summits of the mountains,—these were the avant-couriers and attendants of the hot August.

Kavanagh had now completed the first great cycle of parochial visits. He had seen the Vaughans, the Archers, the Churchills, and also the Hawkinses and the Wilmerdingses, and many more. With Mr. Churchill he had be-

come intimate. They had many points of contact and sympathy. They walked together on leisure afternoons; they sat together through long Summer evenings; they discoursed with friendly zeal on various topics of literature, religion, and morals.

Moreover, he worked assiduously at his sermons. He preached the doctrines of Christ. He preached holiness, self-denial, love; and his hearers remarked that he almost invariably took his texts from the Evangelists, as much as possible from the words of Christ, and seldom from Paul, or the Old Testament. He did not so much denounce vice, as inculcate virtue; he did not deny, but affirm; he did not lacerate the hearts of his hearers with doubt and disbelief, but consoled, and comforted, and healed them with faith.

The only danger was that he might advance too far, and leave his congregation behind him; as a piping shepherd, who, charmed with his own music, walks over the flowery mead, not perceiving that his tardy flock is lingering far behind, more intent upon cropping the thymy food around them, than upon listening to the celestial harmonies that are gradually dying away in the distance.

His words were always kindly; he brought no railing accusation against any man; he dealt in no exaggerations nor over-statements. But while he was gentle, he was firm. He did not re-

frain from reprobating intemperance because one of his deacons owned a distillery; nor war, because another had a contract for supplying the army with muskets; nor slavery, because one of the great men of the village slammed his pew-door, and left the church with a grand air, as much as to say, that all that sort of thing would not do, and the clergy had better confine itself to abusing the sins of the Hindoos, and let our domestic institutions alone.

In affairs ecclesiastical he had not suggested many changes. One that he had much at heart was, that the partition wall between parish and church should be quietly taken down, so that all should sit together at the Supper of the Lord. He also desired that the organist should relinquish the old and pernicious habit of preluding with triumphal marches, and running his fingers at random over the keys of his instrument, playing scraps of secular music very slowly to make them sacred, and substitute instead some of the beautiful symphonies of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Sebastian Bach.

He held that sacred melodies were becoming to sacred themes; and did not wish, that, in his church, as in some of the French Canadian churches, the holy profession of religion should be sung to the air of "When one is dead 'tis for a long time,"—the commandments, aspirations

for heaven, and the necessity of thinking of one's salvation, to "The Follies of Spain," "Louisa was sleeping in a grove," or a grand "March of the French Cavalry."

The study in the tower was delightful. There sat the young apostle, and meditated the great design and purpose of his life, the removal of all prejudice, and uncharitableness, and persecution, and the union of all sects into one church universal. Sects themselves he would not destroy, but sectarianism; for sects were to him only as separate converging roads, leading all to the same celestial city of peace. As he sat alone, and thought of these things, he heard the great bell boom above him, and remembered the ages when in all Christendom there was but one Church; when bells were anointed, baptized, and prayed for, that, wheresoever those holy bells should sound, all deceits of Satan, all danger of whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, and tempests, might be driven away,—that devotion might increase in every Christian when he heard them,—and that the Lord would sanctify them with his Holy Spirit, and infuse into them the heavenly dew of the Holy Ghost. He thought of the great bell Guthlac, which an abbot of Croyland gave to his monastery, and of the six others given by his successor,—so musical, that, when they all rang together, as Ingulphus affirms, there was

no ringing in England equal to it. As he listened, the bell seemed to breathe upon the air such clangorous sentences as,

> "Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
> Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festaque honoro."

Possibly, also, at times, it interrupted his studies and meditations with other words than these. Possibly it sang into his ears, as did the bells of Varennes into the ears of Panurge,—"Marry thee, marry thee, marry, marry; if thou shouldst marry, marry, marry, thou shalt find good therein, therein, therein, so marry, marry."

From this tower of contemplation he looked down with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow on the toiling world below. The wide prospect seemed to enlarge his sympathies and his charities; and he often thought of the words of Plato: "When we consider human life, we should view as from a high tower all things terrestrial; such as herds, armies, men employed in agriculture, in marriages, divorces, births, deaths; the tumults of courts of justice; desolate lands; various barbarous nations; feasts, wailings, markets; a medley of all things, in a system adorned by contrarieties."

On the outside of the door Kavanagh had written the vigorous line of Dante,

> "Think that To-day shall never dawn again!"

that it might always serve as a salutation and memento to him as he entered. On the inside, the no less striking lines of a more modern bard,—

> "Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
> To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
> The indecision brings its own delays,
> And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
> Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
> What you can do or think you can, begin it!
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated:
> Begin it, and the work will be completed."

Once, as he sat in this retreat near noon, enjoying the silence, and the fresh air that visited him through the oval windows, his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust, rolling along the road, out of which soon emerged a white horse, and then a very singular, round-shouldered, old-fashioned chaise containing an elderly couple, both in black. What particularly struck him was the gait of the horse, who had a very disdainful fling to his hind legs. The slow equipage passed, and would have been forever forgotten, had not Kavanagh seen it again at sunset, stationary at Mr. Churchill's door, towards which he was directing his steps.

As he entered, he met Mr. Churchill, just taking leave of an elderly lady and gentleman in black, whom he recognized as the travellers in

the old chaise. Mr. Churchill looked a little flushed and disturbed, and bade his guests farewell with a constrained air. On seeing Kavanagh, he saluted him, and called him by name; whereupon the lady pursed up her mouth, and, after a quick glance, turned away her face; and the gentleman passed with a lofty look, in which curiosity, reproof, and pious indignation were strangely mingled. They got into the chaise, with some such feelings as Noah and his wife may be supposed to have had on entering the ark; the whip descended upon the old horse with unusual vigor, accompanied by a jerk of the reins that caused him to say to himself, "What is the matter now?" He then moved off at his usual pace, and with that peculiar motion of the hind legs which Kavanagh had perceived in the morning.

Kavanagh found his friend not a little disturbed, and evidently by the conversation of the departed guests.

"That old gentleman," said Mr. Churchill, "is your predecessor, Mr. Pendexter. He thinks we are in a bad way since he left us. He considers your liberality as nothing better than rank Arianism and infidelity. The fact is, the old gentleman is a little soured; the vinous fermentation in his veins is now over, and the acetous has commenced.

Kavanagh smiled, but made no answer.

"I, of course, defended you stoutly," continued Mr. Churchill; "but if he goes about the village sowing such seed, there will be tares growing with the wheat."

"I have no fears," said Kavanagh, very quietly.

Mr. Churchill's apprehensions were not, however, groundless; for in the course of the week it came out that doubts, surmises, and suspicions of Kavanagh's orthodoxy were springing up in many weak but worthy minds. And it was ever after observed, that, whenever that fatal, apocalyptic white horse and antediluvian chaise appeared in town, many parishioners were harassed with doubts and perplexed with theological difficulties and uncertainties.

Nevertheless, the main current of opinion was with him; and the parish showed their grateful acknowledgment of his zeal and sympathy, by requesting him to sit for his portrait to a great artist from the city, who was passing the Summer months in the village for recreation, using his pencil only on rarest occasions and as a particular favor. To this martyrdom the meek Kavanagh submitted without a murmur. During the progress of this work of art, he was seldom left alone; some one of his parishioners were there to enliven him; and most frequently it was Miss Martha Amelia Hawkins, who had become very devout of late, being zealous in the Sunday

School, and requesting her relative not to walk between churches any more. She took a very lively interest in the portrait, and favored with many suggestions the distinguished artist, who found it difficult to obtain an expression which would satisfy the parish, some wishing to have it grave, if not severe, and others with "Mr. Kavanagh's peculiar smile." Kavanagh himself was quite indifferent about the matter, and met his fate with Christian fortitude, in a white cravat and sacerdotal robes, with one hand hanging down from the back of his chair, and the other holding a large book with the fore-finger between its leaves, reminding Mr. Churchill of Milo with his fingers in the oak. The expression of the face was exceedingly bland and resigned; perhaps a little wanting in strength, but on the whole satisfactory to the parish. So was the artist's price; nay, it was even held by some persons to be cheap, considering the quantity of background he had put in.

XX

MEANWHILE, things had gone on very quietly and monotonously in Mr. Churchill's family. Only one event, and that a mysterious one, had disturbed its serenity. It was the sudden disappearance of Lucy, the pretty orphan girl; and as the booted centipede, who had so much excited Mr. Churchill's curiosity, disappeared at the same time, there was little doubt that they had gone away together. But whither gone, and wherefore, remained a mystery.

Mr. Churchill, also, had had his profile, and those of his wife and children, taken, in a very humble style, by Mr. Bantam, whose advertisement he had noticed on his way to school nearly a year before. His own was considered the best, as a work of art. The face was cut out entirely; the collar of the coat velvet; the shirt-collar very high and white; and the top of his head ornamented with a crest of hair turning up in front, though his own turned down,—which slight deviation from nature was explained and justified by the painter as a license allowable in art.

One evening, as he was sitting down to begin for at least the hundredth time the great Ro-

mance,—subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon but never begun,—a loud knock at the street door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study door was likewise open; and consequently, being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would he have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted,—the art of refusing one's self being at that time but imperfectly understood in Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the visitor was shown in.

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the coöperation of one already so favorably known to the literary world, in a new Magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining in rather a florid and exuberant manner his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

"I think, Mr. Churchill," said he, "that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers,—commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleghanies, and the Great Lakes!"

"Oh!"

"We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings,—the largest in the world!"

"Ah!"

"We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!"

"Of course."

"In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Churchill; "but excuse me!—are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world, than of the physical, is it not?—of the internal, rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after

all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. Nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better poems than another, because he lives nearer Niagara."

"But, Mr. Churchill, you do not certainly mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?"

"No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best, it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa."

"But, at all events," urged Mr. Hathaway, "let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing."

"On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction."

"But you admit nationality to be a good thing?"

"Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English,—are, in fact, English under a different sky,—I do not see how our literature can be very different from theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England."

"Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?"

"Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation."

"It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject."

"On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and of our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers."

"But I insist upon originality."

"Yes; but without spasms and convulsions.

Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air."

"Well, really, the prospect from your point of view is not very brilliant. Pray, what do you think of our national literature?"

"Simply, that a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward, and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. And as for having it so savage and wild as you want it, I have only to say, that all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement."

"Ah! we do not want art and refinement; we want genius,—untutored, wild, original, free."

"But, if this genius is to find any expression, it must employ art; for art is the external expression of our thoughts. Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor."

"In that sense, very well."

"I was about to say also that I thought our literature would finally not be wanting in a kind of universality.

"As the blood of all nations is mingling with

our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French, vivacity, to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired."

"If that is your way of thinking," interrupted the visitor, "you will like the work I am now engaged upon."

"What is it?"

"A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is entitled Don Serafin, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches. The principal characters are Don Serafin, an old Spanish hidalgo; his daughter, Deseada; and Fra Serapion the Curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a gamecock, tied by the leg, sharing his master's meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune—his herds and hacienda—on a favorite cock, and loses."

"But what do you know about cockfighting?" demanded, rather than asked, the astonished and half-laughing school-master.

"I am not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask you if you could not recommend some work."

"The only work I am acquainted with," re-

plied Mr. Churchill, "is the Reverend Mr. Pegge's Essay on Cock-fighting among the Ancients; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans."

"Why, they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it."

"And all I know about the matter itself," continued Mr. Churchill, "is, that Mark Antony was a patron of the pit, and that his cocks were always beaten by Cæsar's; and that, when Themistocles the Athenian general was marching against the Persians he halted his army to see a cock-fight, and made a speech to his soldiery, to the effect, that those animals fought not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but only for the sake of victory. On his return to Athens, he established cock-fights in that capital. But how this is to help you in Mexico I do not see, unless you introduce Santa Anna, and compare him to Cæsar and Themistocles."

"That is it; I will do so. It will give historic interest to the play. I thank you for the suggestion."

"The subject is certainly very original; but it does not strike me as particularly national."

"Prospective, you see!" said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

"Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker,—down, far down in the future,—among posterity, as it were."

"You have seized the idea. Besides, I obviate your objection, by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage and produce great scenic effect."

"That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail."

"Never fear that. I know the critics root and branch,—out and out,—have summered them and wintered them,—in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics; are they not?"

"O, yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors."

"If they did not talk down upon them, they would show no superiority; and, of course, that would never do."

"Nor is it to be wondered at, that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recall the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again."

"Why don't you try it yourself?" said Mr. Hathaway, rather sharply.

"O," answered Mr. Churchill, with a smile of humility, "I and my writings are too insignifi-

cant. They may gnaw and welcome. I do not like to have poison about, even for such purposes."

"By the way, Mr. Churchill," said the visitor, adroitly changing the subject, "do you know Honeywell?"

"No, I do not. Who is he?"

"Honeywell the poet, I mean."

"No, I never even heard of him. There are so many poets now-a-days!"

"That is very strange indeed! Why, I consider Honeywell one of the finest writers in the country,—quite in the front rank of American authors. He is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with her shirt-sleeves rolled up."

"What has he published?"

"He has not published anything yet, except in the newspapers. But, this Autumn, he is going to bring out a volume of poems. I could not help having my joke with him about it. I told him he had better print it on cartridge-paper."

"Why so?"

"Why, to make it go off better; don't you understand?"

"O, yes; now that you explain it. Very good."

"Honeywell is going to write for the Magazine; he is to finish a poem for every number; and as he succeeds equally well in the plaintive

and didactic style of Wordsworth, and the more vehement and impassioned style of Byron, I think we shall do very well."

"And what do you mean to call the new Magazine?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

"We think of calling it The Niagara."

"Why, that is the name of our fire-engine! Why not call it The Extinguisher?"

"That is also a good name; but I prefer The Niagara, as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number."

"Do you mean to pay your contributors?"

"Not the first year, I am sorry to say. But after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely. And, of course, it will succeed, for we mean it shall; and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print fifty thousand copies; and fifty thousand copies will give us, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand readers; and, with such an audience, any author might be satisfied."

He had touched at length the right strings in Mr. Churchill's bosom; and they vibrated to the touch with pleasant harmonies. Literary vanity!—literary ambition! The editor perceived it; and so cunningly did he play upon these chords, that, before he departed, Mr. Churchill

had promised to write for him a series of papers on Obscure Martyrs,—a kind of tragic history of the unrecorded and life-long sufferings of women, which hitherto had found no historian, save now and then a novelist.

Notwithstanding the certainty of success,—notwithstanding the fifty thousand subscribers and the one hundred and fifty thousand readers,—the Magazine never went into operation. Still, the dream was enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's thoughts, and to withdraw them entirely from his Romance for many weeks together.

XXI

EVERY state, and almost every county, of New England, has its Roaring Brook, —a mountain streamlet, overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on Summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighboring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar. It was the boast of the neighborhood. Not to have seen it, was to have seen no brook, no waterfall, no mountain ravine. And, consequently, to behold it and admire, was Kavanagh taken by Mr. Churchill as soon as the Summer vacation gave leisure and opportunity. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Alfred, in

a one-horse chaise; and Cecilia, Alice, and Kavanagh, in a carryall,—the fourth seat in which was occupied by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote, called his "fiambreras,"—that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards; by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness,—forward drove the happy party on that pleasant Summer morning.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again, —a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Like the old Iceland Scald, the streamlet seemed to say,—

"I am possessed of songs, such as neither the spouse of a king, nor any son of man, can repeat: one of them is called the Helper; it will

help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversity."

The little party left their carriages at a farm-house by the bridge, and followed the rough road on foot along the brook; now close upon it, now shut out by intervening trees. Mr. Churchill, bearing the basket on his arm, walked in front with his wife and Alfred. Kavanagh came behind with Cecilia and Alice. The music of the brook silenced all conversation; only occasional exclamations of delight were uttered,—the irrepressible applause of fresh and sensitive natures, in a scene so lively. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from her goblet."

"More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made; and Mr. Churchill was obliged to retract and apologize for his allusion to the celestial ale-house of Odin.

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rap-

ids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; even "the sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself, on account of the pannier. Only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at the same place a hundred times before,—Cecilia, who had the surest foot, and the firmest nerves, of all the village maidens,—she now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor; blushing, and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look,—the signals upon the countenance,—the electric telegraph of touch;—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible!

The day passed delightfully with all. They sat upon the stones and the roots of trees. Cecilia read, from a volume she had brought with

her, poems that rhymed with the running water. The others listened and commented. Little Alfred waded in the stream, with his bare white feet, and launched boats over the falls. Noon had been fixed upon for dining; but they anticipated it by at least an hour. The great basket was opened; endless sandwiches were drawn forth, and a cold pasty, as large as that of the Squire of the Grove. During the repast, Mr. Churchill slipped into the brook, while in the act of handing a sandwich to his wife, which caused unbounded mirth; and Kavanagh sat down on a mossy trunk, that gave way beneath him, and crumbled into powder. This, also, was received with great merriment.

After dinner, they ascended the brook still farther,—indeed, quite to the mill, which was not going. It had been stopped in the midst of its work. The saw still held its hungry teeth fixed in the heart of a pine. Mr. Churchill took occasion to make known to the company his long-cherished purpose of writing a poem called "The Song of the Saw-Mill," and enlarged on the beautiful associations of flood and forest connected with the theme. He delighted himself and his audience with the fine fancies he meant to weave into his poem, and wondered nobody had thought of the subject before. Kavanagh said it had been thought of before; and cited Kerner's little poem, so charmingly translated

by Bryant. Mr. Churchill had not seen it. Kavanagh looked into his pocket-book for it, but it was not to be found; still, he was sure that there was such a poem. Mr. Churchill abandoned his design. He had spoken,—and the treasure, just as he touched it with his hand, was gone forever.

The party returned home as it came, all tired and happy, excepting little Alfred, who was tired and cross, and sat sleepy and sagging on his father's knee, with his hat cocked rather fiercely over his eyes.

XXII

THE brown Autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest,—to the forest, revelations of light,—and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musings by the fireside, books, friends, conversation, and the long, meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil,—to the scholar, that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long-absent gladdened the threshold; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their interrupted reign.

Kavanagh preached a sermon on the coming of Autumn. He chose his text from Isaiah,—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in

his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat?"

To Mr. Churchill, this beloved season—this Joseph with his coat of many colors, as he was fond of calling it—brought an unexpected guest, the forlorn, forsaken Lucy. The surmises of the family were too true. She had wandered away with the Briareus of boots. She returned alone, in destitution and despair; and often, in the grief of a broken heart and a bewildered brain, was heard to say,—

"O, how I wish I were a Christian! If I were only a Christian, I would not live any longer; I would kill myself! I am too wretched!"

A few days afterwards, a gloomy-looking man rode through the town on horseback, stopping at every corner, and crying into every street, with a loud and solemn voice,—

"Prepare! prepare! prepare to meet the living God!"

It was one of that fanatical sect, who believed the end of the world was imminent, and had prepared their ascension robes to be lifted up in clouds of glory, while the worn-out, weary world was to burn with fire beneath them, and a new and fairer earth to be prepared for their inheritance. The appearance of this forerunner of the

end of the world was followed by numerous camp-meetings, held in the woods near the village, to whose white tents and leafy chapels many went for consolation and found despair.

XXIII

AGAIN the two crumbly old women sat and talked together in the little parlor of the gloomy house under the poplars, and the two girls sat above, holding each other by the hand, thoughtful, and speaking only at intervals.

Alice was unusually sad and silent. The mists were already gathering over her vision,—those mists that were to deepen and darken as the season advanced, until the external world should be shrouded and finally shut from her view. Already the landscape began to wear a pale and sickly hue, as if the sun were withdrawing farther and farther, and were soon wholly to disappear, as in a northern winter. But to brighten this northern winter there now arose within her a soft, auroral light. Yes, the auroral light of love, blushing through the whole heaven of her thoughts. She had not breathed that word to herself, nor did she recognize any thrill of passion in the new emotion she experienced. But love it was; and it lifted her soul into a region, which she at once felt was native to it,—into a subtler ether, which seemed its natural element.

This feeling, however, was not all exhilaration.

It brought with it its own peculiar languor and sadness, its fluctuations and swift vicissitudes of excitement and depression. To this the trivial circumstances of life contributed. Kavanagh had met her in the street, and had passed her without recognition; and, in the bitterness of the moment, she forgot that she wore a thick veil which entirely concealed her face. At an evening party at Mr. Churchill's, by a kind of fatality, Kavanagh had stood very near her for a long time, but with his back turned, conversing with Miss Hawkins, from whose toils he was, in fact, though vainly, struggling to extricate himself; and, in the irritation of supposed neglect, Alice had said to herself,—

"This is the kind of woman which most fascinates men!"

But these cruel moments of pain were few and short, while those of delight were many and lasting. In a life so lonely, and with so little to enliven and embellish it as hers, the guest in disguise was welcomed with ardor, and entertained without fear or suspicion. Had he been feared or suspected, he would have been no longer dangerous. He came as friendship, where friendship was most needed; he came as devotion, where her holy ministrations were always welcome.

Somewhat differently had the same passion come to the heart of Cecilia; for as the heart is,

so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease. In Cecilia, it but heightened the keen sensation of life. To all eyes, she became more beautiful, more radiant, more lovely, though they knew not why. When she and Kavanagh first met, it was hardly as strangers meet, but rather as friends long separated. When they first spoke to each other, it seemed but as the renewal of some previous interrupted conversation. Their souls flowed together at once, without turbulence or agitation, like waters on the same level. As they found each other without seeking, so their intercourse was without affectation and without embarrassment.

Thus, while Alice, unconsciously to herself, desired the love of Kavanagh, Cecilia, as unconsciously, assumed it as already her own. Alice keenly felt her own unworthiness; Cecilia made no comparison of merit. When Kavanagh was present, Alice was happy, but embarrassed; Cecilia, joyous and natural. The former feared she might displease; the latter divined from the first that she already pleased. In both, this was the intuition of the heart.

So sat the friends together, as they had done so many times before. But now, for the first time, each cherished a secret, which she did not confide to the other. Daily, for many weeks, the feathered courier had come and gone from

window to window, but this secret had never been intrusted to his keeping. Almost daily the friends had met and talked together, but this secret had not been told. That could not be confided to another, which had not been confided to themselves; that could not be fashioned into words, which was not yet fashioned into thoughts, but was still floating, vague and formless, through the mind. Nay, had it been stated in words, each, perhaps, would have denied it. The distinct apparition of this fair spirit, in a visible form, would have startled them; though, while it haunted all the chambers of their souls as an invisible presence, it gave them only solace and delight.

"How very feverish your hand is, dearest!" said Cecilia. "What is the matter? Are you unwell?"

"Those are the very words my mother said to me this morning," replied Alice. "I feel rather languid and tired, that is all. I could not sleep last night; I never can, when it rains."

"Did it rain last night? I did not hear it."

"Yes; about midnight, quite hard. I listened to it for hours. I love to lie awake, and hear the drops fall on the roof, and on the leaves. It throws me into a delicious, dreamy state, which I like much better than sleep."

Cecilia looked tenderly at her pale face. Her eyes were very bright, and on each cheek was a

crimson signal, the sight of which would have given her mother so much anguish, that, perhaps, it was better for her to be blind than to see.

"When you enter the land of dreams, Alice, you come into my peculiar realm. I am the queen of that country, you know. But, of late, I have thought of resigning my throne. These endless reveries are really a great waste of time and strength."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; and Mr. Kavanagh thinks so, too. We talked about it the other evening; and afterwards, upon reflection, I thought he was right."

And the friends resolved, half in jest and half in earnest, that, from that day forth, the gate of their day-dreams should be closed. And closed it was, ere long;—for one, by the Angel of Life; for the other, by the Angel of Death!

XXIV

THE project of the new Magazine being heard of no more, and Mr. Churchill being consequently deprived of his one hundred and fifty thousand readers, he laid aside the few notes he had made for his papers on the Obscure Martyrs, and turned his thoughts again to the great Romance. A whole leisure Saturday afternoon was before him,—pure gold, without alloy. Ere beginning his task, he stepped forth into his garden to inhale the sunny air, and let his thoughts recede a little, in order to leap farther. When he returned, glowing and radiant with poetic fancies, he found, to his unspeakable dismay, an unknown damsel sitting in his armchair. She was rather gayly yet elegantly dressed, and wore a veil, which she raised as Mr. Churchill entered, fixing upon him the full, liquid orbs of her large eyes.

"Mr. Churchill, I suppose?" said she, rising, and stepping forward.

"The same," replied the school-master, with dignified courtesy.

"And will you permit me," she continued, not without a certain serene self-possession, "to introduce myself, for want of a better person to do

it for me? My name is Cartwright,—Clarissa Cartwright."

This announcement did not produce that powerful and instantaneous effect on Mr. Churchill which the speaker seemed to anticipate, or at least to hope. His eye did not brighten with any quick recognition, nor did he suddenly exclaim,—

"What! Are you Miss Cartwright, the poetess, whose delightful effusions I have seen in all the magazines?"

On the contrary, he looked rather blank and expectant, and only said—

"I am very glad to see you; pray, sit down."

So that the young lady herself was obliged to communicate the literary intelligence above alluded to, which she did very gracefully, and then added,—

"I have come to ask a great favor of you, Mr. Churchill, which I hope you will not deny me. By the advice of some friends, I have collected my poems together,"—and here she drew forth from a paper a large, thin manuscript, bound in crimson velvet,—"and think of publishing them in a volume. Now, would you not do me the favor to look them over, and give me your candid opinion, whether they are worth publishing? I should value your advice so highly!"

This simultaneous appeal to his vanity and his gallantry from a fair young girl, standing on the verge of that broad, dangerous ocean, in which

so many have perished, and looking wistfully over its flashing waters to the shores of the green Isle of Palms,—such an appeal, from such a person, it was impossible for Mr. Churchill to resist. He made, however, a faint show of resistance,—a feeble grasping after some excuse for refusal, —and then yielded. He received from Clarissa's delicate, trembling hand the precious volume, and from her eyes a still more precious look of thanks, and then said,—

"What name do you propose to give the volume?"

"Symphonies of the Soul, and other Poems," said the young lady; "and, if you like them, and it would not be asking too much, I should be delighted to have you write a Preface, to introduce the work to the public. The publisher says it would increase the sale very considerably."

"Ah, the publisher! yes, but that is not very complimentary to yourself," suggested Mr. Churchill. "I can already see your Poems rebelling against the intrusion of my Preface, and rising like so many nuns in a convent to expel the audacious foot that has dared to invade their sacred precincts."

But it was all in vain, this pale effort at pleasantry. Objection was useless; and the soft-hearted school-master a second time yielded gracefully to his fate, and promised the Preface. The young lady took her leave with a profusion

of thanks and blushes; and the dainty manuscript, with its delicate chirography and crimson cover, remained in the hands of Mr. Churchill, who gazed at it less as a Paradise of Dainty Devices than as a deed or mortgage of so many precious hours of his own scanty inheritance of time.

Afterwards, when he complained a little of this to his wife,—who, during the interview, had peeped in at the door, and, seeing how he was occupied, had immediately withdrawn,—she said that nobody was to blame but himself; that he should learn to say "No!" and not do just as every romantic little girl from the Academy wanted him to do; adding, as a final aggravation and climax of reproof, that she really believed he never would, and never meant to, begin his Romance!

XXV

NOT long afterwards, Kavanagh and Mr. Churchill took a stroll together across the fields, and down green lanes, walking all the bright, brief afternoon. From the summit of the hill, beside the old windmill, they saw the sun set; and, opposite, the full moon rise, dewy, large, and red. As they descended, they felt the heavy dampness of the air, like water, rising to meet them,—bathing with coolness first their feet, then their hands, then their faces, till they were submerged in that sea of dew. As they skirted the woodland on their homeward way, trampling the golden leaves under foot, they heard voices at a distance, singing; and then saw the lights of the camp-meeting gleaming through the trees, and, drawing nearer, distinguished a portion of the hymn:—

"Don't you hear the Lord a-coming
To the old church-yards,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Sounding through the air?"

These words, at once awful and ludicrous, rose on the still twilight air from a hundred voices,

thrilling with emotion, and from as many beating, fluttering, struggling hearts. High above them all was heard one voice, clear and musical as a clarion.

"I know that voice," said Mr. Churchill; "it is Elder Evans's."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kavanagh,—for only the impression of awe was upon him,—"he never acted in a deeper tragedy than this! How terrible it is! Let us pass on."

They hurried away, Kavanagh trembling in every fiber. Silently they walked, the music fading into softest vibrations behind them.

"How strange is this fanaticism!" at length said Mr. Churchill, rather as a relief to his own thoughts, than for the purpose of reviving the conversation. "These people really believe that the end of the world is close at hand."

"And to thousands," answered Kavanagh, "this is no fiction,—no illusion of an overheated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us

out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?"

They reached the wooden bridge over the river, which the moonlight converted into a river of light. Their footsteps sounded on the planks; they passed without perceiving a female figure that stood in the shadow below on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the steady flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; and when they had passed, she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moonlight, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself,—among the water-lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward, and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint, and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody,—

"O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning, at the judgment-seat of Christ!"

Kavanagh's heart was full of sadness. He left Mr. Churchill at his door, and proceeded homeward. On passing his church, he could not resist the temptation to go in. He climbed to

his chamber in the tower, lighted by the moon. He sat for a long time gazing from the window, and watching a distant and feeble candle, whose rays scarcely reached him across the brilliant moon-lighted air. Gentler thoughts stole over him; an invisible presence soothed him; an invisible hand was laid upon his head, and the trouble and unrest of his spirit were changed to peace.

"Answer me, thou mysterious future!" exclaimed he; "tell me,—shall these things be according to my desires?"

And the mysterious future, interpreted by those desires, replied,—

"Soon thou shalt know all. It shall be well with thee!"

XXVI

ON the following morning, Kavanagh sat as usual in his study in the tower. No traces were left of the heaviness and sadness of the preceding night. It was a bright, warm morning; and the window, open towards the south, let in the genial sunshine. The odor of decaying leaves scented the air; far off flashed the hazy river.

Kavanagh's heart, however, was not at rest. At times he rose from his books, and paced up and down his little study; then took up his hat as if to go out; then laid it down again, and again resumed his books. At length he arose, and, leaning on the window-sill, gazed for a long time on the scene before him. Some thought was laboring in his bosom, some doubt or fear, which alternated with hope, but thwarted any fixed resolve.

Ah, how pleasantly that fair autumnal landscape smiled upon him! The great golden elms that marked the line of the village street, and under whose shadows no beggars sat; the air of comfort and plenty, of neatness, thrift, and equality, visible everywhere; and from far-off farms the sound of flails, beating the triumphal

march of Ceres through the land;—these were the sights and sounds that greeted him as he looked. Silently the yellow leaves fell upon the graves in the churchyard; and the dew glistened in the grass, which was still long and green.

Presently his attention was arrested by a dove, pursued by a little king-bird, who constantly endeavored to soar above it, in order to attack it at greater advantage. The flight of the birds, thus shooting through the air at arrowy speed, was beautiful. When they were opposite the tower, the dove suddenly wheeled, and darted in at the open window, while the pursuer held on his way with a long sweep, and was out of sight in a moment.

At the first glance, Kavanagh recognized the dove, which lay panting on the floor. It was the same he had seen Cecilia buy of the little man in gray. He took it in his hands. Its heart was beating violently. About its neck was a silken band; beneath its wing, a billet, upon which was a single word, "Cecilia." The bird, then, was on its way to Cecilia Vaughan. He hailed the omen as auspicious, and, immediately closing the window, seated himself at his table, and wrote a few hurried words, which, being carefully folded and sealed, he fastened to the band, and then hastily, as if afraid his purpose might be changed by delay, opened the window and set the bird at liberty. It sailed once or twice round

the tower, apparently uncertain and bewildered, or still in fear of its pursuer. Then, instead of holding its way over the fields to Cecilia Vaughan, it darted over the roofs of the village, and alighted at the window of Alice Archer.

Having written that morning to Cecilia something urgent and confidential, she was already waiting the answer; and, not doubting that the bird had brought it, she hastily untied the silken band, and, without looking at the superscription, opened the first note that fell on the table. It was very brief; only a few lines, and not a name mentioned in it; an impulse, an ejaculation of love; every line quivering with electric fire,—every word a pulsation of the writer's heart. It was signed "Arthur Kavanagh."

Overwhelmed by the suddenness and violence of her emotions, Alice sat for a long time motionless, holding the open letter in her hand. Then she read it again, and then relapsed into her dream of joy and wonder. It would be difficult to say which of the two emotions was the greater,—her joy that her prayer for love should be answered, and so answered,—her wonder that Kavanagh should have selected her! In the tumult of her sensations, and hardly conscious of what she was doing, she folded the note and replaced it in its envelope. Then, for the first time, her eye fell on the superscription. It was "Cecilia Vaughan." Alice fainted.

On recovering her senses, her first act was one of heroism. She sealed the note, attached it to the neck of the pigeon, and sent the messenger, rejoicing on his journey. Then her feelings had way, and she wept long and bitterly. Then, with a desperate calmness, she reproved her own weakness and selfishness, and felt that she ought to rejoice in the happiness of her friend, and sacrifice her affection, even her life, to her. Her heart exculpated Kavanagh from all blame. He had not deluded her; she had deluded herself. She alone was in fault; and in deep humiliation, with wounded pride and wounded love, and utter self-abasement, she bowed her head and prayed for consolation and fortitude.

One consolation she already had. The secret was her own. She had not revealed it even to Cecilia. Kavanagh did not suspect it. Public curiosity, public pity, she would not have to undergo.

She was resigned. She made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great physician, Time,—the nurse of care, the healer of all smarts, the soother and consoler of all sorrows. And, thenceforward, she became unto Kavanagh what the moon is to the sun, forever following, forever separated, forever sad!

As a traveller, about to start upon his journey, resolved and yet irresolute, watches the clouds, and notes the struggle between the sunshine and

the showers, and says, "It will be fair; I will go,"—and again says, "Ah, no, not yet; the rain is not yet over,"—so at this same hour sat Cecilia Vaughan, resolved and yet irresolute, longing to depart upon the fair journey before her, and yet lingering on the paternal threshold, as if she wished both to stay and to go, seeing the sky was not without its clouds, nor the road without its dangers.

It was a beautiful picture, as she sat there with sweet perplexity in her face, and above it an immortal radiance streaming from her brow. She was like Guercino's Sibyl, with the scroll of fate and the uplifted pen; and the scroll she held contained but three words,—three words that controlled the destiny of a man, and, by their soft impulsion, directed forevermore the current of his thoughts. They were,—

"Come to me!"

The magic syllables brought Kavanagh to her side. The full soul is silent. Only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their channels. So sat the lovers, hand in hand; but for a long time neither spake,—neither had need of speech!

XXVII

IN the afternoon, Cecilia went to communicate the news to Alice with her own lips, thinking it too important to be intrusted to the wings of the carrier-pigeon. As she entered the door, the cheerful doctor was coming out; but this was no unusual apparition, and excited no alarm. Mrs. Archer, too, according to custom, was sitting in the little parlor with her decrepit old neighbor, who seemed almost to have taken up her abode under that roof, so many hours of every day did she pass there.

With a light, elastic step, Cecilia bounded up to Alice's room. She found her reclining in her large chair, flushed and excited. Sitting down by her side, and taking both her hands, she said, with great emotion in the tones of her voice,—

"Dearest Alice, I have brought you some news that I am sure will make you well. For my sake, you will be no longer ill when you hear it. I am engaged to Mr. Kavanagh!"

Alice feigned no surprise at this announcement. She returned the warm pressure of Cecilia's hand, and, looking affectionately in her face, said very calmly,—

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"I AM ENGAGED TO MR. KAVANAGH!"

"I knew it would be so. I knew that he loved you, and that you would love him."

"How could I help it?" said Cecilia, her eyes beaming with dewy light; "could any one help loving him?"

"No," answered Alice, throwing her arms around Cecilia's neck, and laying her head upon her shoulder; "at least, no one whom he loved. But when did this happen? Tell me all about it, dearest!"

Cecilia was surprised, and perhaps a little hurt, at the quiet, almost impassive manner in which her friend received this great intelligence. She had expected exclamations of wonder and delight, and such a glow of excitement as that with which she was sure she should have hailed the announcement of Alice's engagement. But this momentary annoyance was soon swept away by the tide of her own joyous sensations, as she proceeded to recall to the recollection of her friend the thousand little circumstances that had marked the progress of her love and Kavanagh's; things which she must have noticed, which she could not have forgotten; with questions interspersed at intervals, such as, "Do you recollect when?" and "I am sure you have not forgotten, have you?" and dreamy little pauses of silence, and intercalated sighs. She related to her, also, the perilous adventure of the carrier-pigeon; how it had been pursued by the cruel kingfisher;

how it had taken refuge in Kavanagh's tower, and had been the bearer of his letter, as well as her own. When she had finished, she felt her bosom wet with the tears of Alice, who was suffering martyrdom on that soft breast, so full of happiness. Tears of bitterness,—tears of blood! And Cecilia, in the exultant temper of her soul at the moment, thought them tears of joy, and pressed Alice closer to her heart, and kissed and caressed her.

"Ah, how very happy you are, Cecilia!" at length sighed the poor sufferer, in that slightly querulous tone, to which Cecilia was not unaccustomed; "how very happy you are, and how very wretched am I! You have all the joy of life, I all its loneliness. How little you will think of me now! How little you will need me! I shall be nothing to you,—you will forget me."

"Never, dearest!" exclaimed Cecilia, with much warmth and sincerity. "I shall love you only the more. We shall both love you. You will now have two friends instead of one."

"Yes; but both will not be equal to the one I lose. No, Cecilia; let us not make to ourselves any illusions. I do not. You cannot now be with me so much and so often as you have been. Even if you were, your thoughts would be elsewhere. Ah, I have lost my friend, when most I needed her!"

Cecilia protested ardently and earnestly, and dilated with eagerness on her little plan of life, in which their romantic friendship was to gain only new strength and beauty from the more romantic love. She was interrupted by a knock at the street door; on hearing which, she paused a moment, and then said,—

"It is Arthur. He was to call for me."

Ah, what glimpses of home, and fireside, and a whole life of happiness for Cecilia, were revealed by that one word of love and intimacy, "Arthur!" and for Alice, what a sentence of doom! what sorrow without a name! what an endless struggle of love and friendship, of duty and inclination! A little quiver of the eyelids and the hands, a hasty motion to raise her head from Cecilia's shoulder,—these were the only outward signs of emotion. But a terrible pang went to her heart; her blood rushed eddying to her brain; and when Cecilia had taken leave of her with the triumphant look of love beaming upon her brow, and an elevation in her whole attitude and bearing, as if borne up by attendant angels, she sank back into her chair, exhausted, fainting, fearing, longing, hoping to die.

And below sat the two old women, talking of moths, and cheap furniture, and what was the best remedy for rheumatism; and from the door went forth two happy hearts, beating side by

side with the pulse of youth and hope and joy, and within them and around them was a new heaven and a new earth!

Only those who have lived in a small town can really know how great an event therein is a new engagement. From tongue to tongue passes the swift countersign; from eye to eye flashes the illumination of joy, or the bale-fire of alarm; the streets and houses ring with it, as with the penetrating, all-pervading sound of the village bell; the whole community feels a thrill of sympathy, and seems to congratulate itself that all the great events are by no means confined to the great towns. As Cecilia and Kavanagh passed arm in arm through the village, many curious eyes watched them from the windows, many hearts grown cold or careless rekindled their household fires of love from the golden altar of God, borne through the streets by those pure and holy hands!

The intelligence of the engagement, however, was received very differently by different persons. Mrs. Wilmerdings wondered, for her part, why anybody wanted to get married at all. The little taxidermist said he knew it would be so from the very first day they had met at his aviary. Miss Hawkins lost suddenly much of her piety and all her patience, and laughed rather hysterically. Mr. Hawkins said it was impossible, but went in secret to consult a friend, an old bachelor, on the best remedy for love; and the old bachelor,

as one well versed in such affairs, gravely advised him to think of the lady as a beautiful statue!

Once more the indefatigable school-girl took up her pen, and wrote to her foreign correspondent a letter that might rival the famous epistle of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, announcing the engagement of Mademoiselle Montpensier. Through the whole of the first page, she told her to guess who the lady was; through the whole of the second, who the gentleman was; the third was devoted to what was said about it in the village; and on the fourth there were two postscripts, one at the top and the other at the bottom, the first stating that they were to be married in the Spring, and to go to Italy immediately afterwards, and the last, that Alice Archer was dangerously ill with a fever.

As for the Churchills, they could find no words powerful enough to express their delight, but gave vent to it in a banquet on Thanksgiving-day, in which the wife had all the trouble and the husband all the pleasure. In order that the entertainment might be worthy of the occasion, Mr. Churchill wrote to the city for the best cookery-book; and the bookseller, executing the order in all its amplitude, sent him the Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches, by Francatelli, pupil of the celebrated Carême, and Chief Cook to Her Majesty the Queen,—a ponderous

volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, and furnished with bills of fare for every month in the year, and any number of persons. This great work was duly studied, evening after evening; and Mr. Churchill confessed to his wife, that, although at first startled by the size of the book, he had really enjoyed it very highly, and had been much pleased to be present in imagination at so many grand entertainments, and to sit opposite the Queen without having to change his dress or the general style of his conversation.

The dinner hour, as well as the dinner itself, was duly debated. Mr. Churchill was in favor of the usual hour of one; but his wife thought it should be an hour later. Whereupon he remarked,—

"King Henry the Eighth dined at ten o'clock and supped at four. His queen's maids of honor had a gallon of ale and a chine of beef for their breakfast."

To which his wife answered,—

"I hope we shall have something a little more refined than that."

The day on which the banquet should take place was next discussed, and both agreed that no day could be so appropriate as Thanksgiving-day; for, as Mrs. Churchill very truly remarked, it was really a day of thanksgiving to Kavanagh. She then said,—

"How very solemnly he read the Governor's

Proclamation yesterday! particularly the words 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!' And what a Proclamation it was! When he spread it out on the pulpit, it looked like a tablecloth!"

Mr. Churchill then asked,—

"What day of the week is the first of December? Let me see,—

> 'At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire,
> Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Friar!'

Thursday."

"I could have told you that," said his wife, "by a shorter process than your old rhyme. Thanksgiving day always comes on Thursday."

These preliminaries being duly settled, the dinner was given.

There being only six guests, and the dinner being modelled upon one for twenty-four persons, Russian style in November, it was very abundant. It began with a Colbert soup, and ended with a Nesselrode pudding; but as no allusion was made in the course of the repast to the French names of the dishes, and the mutton, and turnips, and pancakes were all called by their English patronymics, the dinner appeared less magnificent in reality than in the bill of fare, and the guests did not fully appreciate how superb a banquet they were enjoying. The hilarity of the occasion was not marred by any un-

toward accident; though once or twice Mr. Churchill was much annoyed, and the company much amused, by Master Alfred, who was allowed to be present at the festivities, and audibly proclaimed what was coming, long before it made its appearance. When the dinner was over, several of the guests remembered brilliant and appropriate things they might have said, and wondered they were so dull as not to think of them in season; and when they were all gone, Mr. Churchill remarked to his wife that he had enjoyed himself very much, and that he should like to ask his friends to just such a dinner every week!

XXVIII

THE first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs,—no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the churchyard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed; Ce-

cilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave; Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the Past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion, unnoticed and unknown.

How often, ah, how often between the desire of the heart and its fulfilment, lies, only the briefest space of time and distance, and yet the desire remains forever unfulfilled! It is so near that we can touch it with the hand, and yet so far away that the eye cannot perceive it. What Mr. Churchill most desired was before him. The Romance he was longing to find and record had really occurred in his neighborhood, among his own friends. It had been set like a picture into the framework of his life, inclosed within his own experience. But he could not see it as an object apart from himself; and as he was gazing at what was remote and strange and indistinct, the nearer incidents of aspiration, love, and death, escaped him. They were too near to be clothed by the imagination with the golden vapors of romance; for the familiar seems trivial, and only the distant and unknown completely fill and satisfy the mind.

The winter did not pass without its peculiar

delights and recreations. The singing of the great wood fires; the blowing of the wind over the chimney-tops, as if they were organ pipes; the splendor of the spotless snow; the purple wall built round the horizon at sunset; the sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billows in their branches, on which the snows were furled like sails; the northern lights; the stars of steel; the transcendent moonlight, and the lovely shadows of the leafless trees upon the snow;—these things did not pass unnoticed nor unremembered. Every one of them made its record upon the heart of Mr. Churchill.

His twilight walks, his long Saturday afternoon rambles, had again become solitary; for Kavanagh was lost to him for such purposes, and his wife was one of those women who never walk. Sometimes he went down to the banks of the frozen river, and saw the farmers crossing it with their heavy-laden sleds, and the Fairmeadow schooner imbedded in the ice; and thought of Lapland sledges, and the song of Kulnasatz, and the dismantled, ice-locked vessels of the explorers in the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he went to the neighboring lake, and saw the skaters wheeling round their fire, and speeding away before the wind; and in his imagination arose images of the Norwegian Skate Runners, bearing the tidings of King Charles's death from Frederickshall to Drontheim, and of the retreating

Swedish army, frozen to death in its fireless tents among the mountains. And then he would watch the cutting of the ice with ploughs, and the horses dragging the huge blocks to the store-houses, and contrast them with the Grecian mules, bearing the snows of Mount Parnassus to the markets of Athens, in panniers protected from the sun by boughs of oleander and rhododendron.

The rest of his leisure hours were employed in anything and everything save in writing his Romance. A great deal of time was daily consumed in reading the newspapers, because it was necessary, he said, to keep up with the times; and a great deal more in writing a Lyceum Lecture, on "What Lady Macbeth might have been, had her energies been properly directed." He also made some little progress in a poetical arithmetic, founded on Bhascara's, but relinquished it, because the school committee thought it was not practical enough, and more than hinted that he had better adhere to the old system. And still the vision of the great Romance moved before his mind, august and glorious, a beautiful mirage of the desert.

XXIX

THE wedding did not take place till Spring. And then Kavanagh and his Cecilia departed on their journey to Italy and the East,—a sacred mission, a visit like the Apostle's to the Seven Churches, nay, to all the Churches of Christendom; hoping by some means to sow in many devout hearts the desire and prophecy that filled his own,—the union of all sects into one universal Church of Christ. They intended to be absent one year only; they were gone three. It seemed to their friends that they never would return. But at length they came,—the long absent, the long looked for, the long desired,—bearing with them that delicious perfume of travel, that genial, sunny atmosphere, and soft, Ausonian air, which returning travellers always bring about them.

It was night when they reached the village, and they could not see what changes had taken place in it during their absence. How it had dilated and magnified itself,—how it had puffed itself up, and bedizened itself with flaunting, ostentatious signs,—how it stood, rotund and rubicund with brick, like a portly man, with his back to the fire and both hands in his pockets, warm,

expansive, apoplectic, and entertaining a very favorable opinion of himself,—all this they did not see, for the darkness; but Kavanagh beheld it all, and more, when he went forth on the following morning.

How Cecilia's heart beat as they drove up the avenue to the old house! The piny odors in the night air, the solitary light at her father's window, the familiar bark of the dog Major at the sound of the wheels, awakened feelings at once new and old. A sweet perplexity of thought, a strange familiarity, a no less pleasing strangeness! The lifting of the heavy brass latch, and the jarring of the heavy brass knocker as the door closed, were echoes from her childhood. Mr. Vaughan they found, as usual, among his papers in the study;—the same bland, white-haired man, hardly a day older than when they left him there. To Cecilia the whole long absence in Italy became a dream, and vanished away. Even Kavanagh was for the moment forgotten. She was a daughter, not a wife;—she had not been married, she had not been in Italy!

In the morning, Kavanagh sallied forth to find the Fairmeadow of his memory, but found it not. The railroad had completely transformed it. The simple village had become a very precocious town. New shops, with new names over the doors; new streets, with new

forms and faces in them; the whole town seemed to have been taken and occupied by a besieging army of strangers. Nothing was permanent but the workhouse, standing alone in the pasture by the river; and, at the end of the street, the school-house, that other workhouse, where in childhood we pick and untwist the cordage of the brain, that, later in life, we may not be obliged to pull to pieces the more material cordage of old ships.

Kavanagh soon turned in despair from the main street into a little green lane, where there were few houses, and where the barberry still nodded over the old stone wall;—a place he had much loved in the olden time for its silence and seclusion. He seemed to have entered his ancient realm of dreams again, and was walking with his hat drawn a little over his eyes. He had not proceeded far, when he was startled by a woman's voice, quite sharp and loud, crying from the opposite side of the lane. Looking up, he beheld a small cottage, against the wall of which rested a ladder, and on this ladder stood the woman from whom the voice came. Her face was nearly concealed by a spacious gingham sun-bonnet, and in her right hand she held extended a large brush, with which she was painting the front of her cottage, when interrupted by the approach of Kavanagh, who, thinking she was calling to him, but not understanding what she said, made haste to cross over to her assistance.

At this movement her tone became louder and more peremptory; and he could now understand that her cry was rather a warning than an invitation.

"Go away!" she said, flourishing her brush. "Go away! What are you coming down here for, when I am on the ladder, painting my house? If you don't go right about your business, I will come down and—"

"Why, Miss Manchester!" exclaimed Kavanagh; "how could I know that you would be going up the ladder just as I came down the lane?"

"Well, I declare! if it is not Mr. Kavanagh!"

And she scrambled down the ladder backwards with as much grace as the circumstances permitted. She, too, like the rest of his friends in the village, showed symptoms of growing older. The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their foot-prints on the margin. But the pleasant smile remained, and reminded him of the bygone days, when she used to open for him the door of the gloomy house under the poplars.

Many things had she to ask, and many to tell, and for full half an hour Kavanagh stood leaning over the paling, while she remained among the hollyhocks, as stately and red as the plants themselves. At parting, she gave him one of the flowers for his wife; and, when he was fairly out

of sight, again climbed the perilous ladder, and resumed her fresco painting.

Through all the vicissitudes of these later years, Sally had remained true to her principles and resolution. At Mrs. Archer's death, which occurred soon after Kavanagh's wedding, she had retired to this little cottage, bought and paid for by her own savings. Though often urged by Mr. Vaughan's man, Silas, who breathed his soul out upon the air of Summer evenings through a keyed bugle, she resolutely refused to marry. In vain did he send her letters written with his own blood,—going barefooted into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands: she refused again and again. Was it that in some blue chamber, or some little warm back parlor, of her heart, the portrait of the inconstant dentist was still hanging? Alas, no! But as to some hearts it is given in youth to blossom with the fragrant blooms of young desire, so others are doomed by a mysterious destiny to be checked in Spring by chill winds, blowing over the bleak common of the world. So had it been with her desires and thoughts of love. Fear now predominated over hope; and to die unmarried had become to her a fatality which she dared not resist.

In the course of his long conversation with Miss Manchester, Kavanagh learned many things about the inhabitants of the town. Mrs.

Wilmerdings was still carrying on her labors in the "Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and colored straws." Her husband had taken to the tavern, and often came home very late, "with a brick in his hat," as Sally expressed it. Their son and heir was far away in the Pacific, on board a whale-ship. Miss Amelia Hawkins remained unmarried, though possessing a talent for matrimony which amounted almost to genius. Her brother, the poet, was no more. Finding it impossible to follow the old bachelor's advice, and look upon Miss Vaughan as a beautiful statue, he made one or two attempts, but in vain, to throw himself away on unworthy objects, and then died. At this event, two elderly maidens went into mourning simultaneously, each thinking herself engaged to him; and suddenly went out of it again, mutually indignant with each other, and mortified with themselves. The little taxidermist was still hopping about in his aviary, looking more than ever like his gray African parrot. Mrs. Archer's house was uninhabited.

XXX

KAVANAGH continued his walk in the direction of Mr. Churchill's residence. This, at least, was unchanged,—quite unchanged. The same white front; the same brass knocker; the same old wooden gate, with its chain and ball; the same damask roses under the windows; the same sunshine without and within. The outer door and study door were both open, as usual in the warm weather; and at the table sat Mr. Churchill, writing. Over each ear was a black and inky stump of a pen, which, like the two ravens perched on Odin's shoulders, seemed to whisper to him all that passed in heaven and on earth. On this occasion, their revelations were of the earth. He was correcting school exercises.

The joyful welcome of Mr. Churchill, as Kavanagh entered, and the cheerful sound of their voices, soon brought Mrs. Churchill to the study,—her eyes bluer than ever, her cheeks fairer, her form more round and full. The children came in also,—Alfred grown to boy's estate and exalted into a jacket; and the baby that was, less than two years behind him, and catching all his

falling mantles, and all his tricks and maladies.

Kavanagh found Mr. Churchill precisely where he had left him. He had not advanced one step,—not one. The same dreams, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same indecision. A thousand things had been planned, and none completed. His imagination seemed still to exhaust itself in running, before it tried to leap the ditch. While he mused, the fire burned in other brains. Other hands wrote the books he dreamed about. He freely used his good ideas in conversation, and in letters; and they were straightway wrought into the texture of other men's books, and so lost to him forever. His work on Obscure Martyrs was anticipated by Mr. Hathaway, who, catching the idea from him, wrote and published a series of papers on Unknown Saints, before Mr. Churchill had fairly arranged his materials. Before he had written a chapter of his great Romance, another friend and novelist had published one on the same subject.

Poor Mr. Churchill! So far as fame and external success were concerned, his life certainly was a failure. He was, perhaps, too deeply freighted, too much laden by the head, to ride the waves gracefully. Every sea broke over him, —he was half the time under water!

All his defects and mortifications he attributed to the outward circumstances of his life, the ex-

igencies of his profession, the accidents of chance. But, in reality, they lay much deeper than this. They were within himself. He wanted the all-controlling, all-subduing will. He wanted the fixed purpose that sways and bends all circumstances to its uses, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

In a few minutes, and in that broad style of handling, in which nothing is distinctly defined, but everything clearly suggested, Kavanagh sketched to his friends his three years' life in Italy and the East. And then, turning to Mr. Churchill, he said,—

"And you, my friend,—what have you been doing all this while? You have written to me so rarely that I have hardly kept pace with you. But I have thought of you constantly. In all the old cathedrals; in all the lovely landscapes; among the Alps and Apennines; in looking down on Duomo d'Ossola; at the Inn of Baveno; at Gaeta; at Naples; in old and mouldy Rome; in older Egypt; in the Holy Land; in all galleries and churches and ruins; in our rural retirement at Fiesoli;—whenever I have seen anything beautiful, I have thought of you, and of how much you would have enjoyed it!"

Mr. Churchill sighed; and then, as if, with a touch as masterly, he would draw a picture that should define nothing, but suggest everything, he said,—

"You have no children, Kavanagh; we have five."

"Ah, so many already!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "A living Pentateuch! A beautiful Pentapylon, or five-gated temple of Life! A charming number!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Churchill; "a beautiful number; Juno's own; the wedding of the first even and first uneven numbers; the number sacred to marriage, but having no reference, direct or indirect, to the Pythagorean novitiate of five years of silence."

"No; it certainly is not the vocation of children to be silent," said Kavanagh, laughing. "That would be out of nature; saving always the children of the brain, which do not often make so much noise in the world as we desire. I hope a still larger family of these has grown up around you during my absence."

"Quite otherwise," answered the school-master, sadly. "My brain has been almost barren of songs. I have only been trifling; and I am afraid, that, if I play any longer with Apollo, the untoward winds will blow the discus of the god against my forehead, and strike me dead with it, as they did Hyacinth of old."

"And your Romance,—have you been more successful with that? I hope it is finished, or nearly finished?"

"Not yet begun," said Mr. Churchill. "The

plan and characters still remain vague and indefinite in my mind. I have not even found a name for it."

"That you can determine after the book is written," suggested Kavanagh. "You can name it, for instance, as the old Heimskringla was named, from the initial word of the first chapter."

"Ah! that was very well in the olden time, and in Iceland, when there were no quarterly reviews. It would be called affectation now."

"I see you still stand a little in awe of opinion. Never fear that. The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticized."

"That is the truth, Kavanagh; and I am more afraid of deserving criticism than of receiving it. I stand in awe of my own opinion. The secret demerits of which we alone, perhaps, are conscious, are often more difficult to bear than those which have been publicly censured in us, and thus in some degree atoned for."

"I will not say," replied Kavanagh, "that humility is the only road to excellence, but I am sure that it is one road."

"Yes; humility; but not humiliation," sighed Mr. Churchill, despondingly. "As for excellence, I can only desire it, and dream of it; I cannot attain to it; it lies too far from me; I cannot reach it. These very books about me here, that once stimulated me to action, have now

become my accusers. They are my Eumenides, and drive me to despair."

"My friend," said Kavanagh, after a short pause, during which he had taken note of Mr. Churchill's sadness, "that is not always excellent which lies far away from us. What is remote and difficult of access, we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked. To speak frankly, I am afraid this is the case with your Romance. You are evidently grasping at something which lies beyond the confines of your own experience, and which, consequently, is only a play of shadows in the realm of fancy. The figures have no vitality; they are only outward shows, wanting inward life. We can give to others only what we have."

"And if we have nothing worth giving?" interrupted Mr. Churchill.

"No man is so poor as that. As well might the mountain streamlets say they have nothing worth giving to the sea, because they are not rivers. Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think. If you had looked nearer for the materials of your Romance, and had set about it in earnest, it would now have been finished."

"And burned, perhaps," interposed Mr. Churchill; "or sunk with the books of Simon Magus to the bottom of the Dead Sea."

"At all events, you would have had the pleasure of writing it. I remember one of the old traditions of Art, from which you may perhaps draw a moral. When Raphael desired to paint his Holy Family, for a long time he strove in vain to express the idea that filled and possessed his soul. One morning, as he walked beyond the city gates, meditating the sacred theme, he beheld, sitting beneath a vine at her cottage door, a peasant woman, holding a boy in her arms, while another leaned upon her knee, and gazed at the approaching stranger. The painter found here, in real life, what he had so long sought for in vain in the realms of his imagination; and quickly, with his chalk pencil, he sketched, upon the head of a wine-cask that stood near them, the lovely group, which afterwards, when brought into full perfection, became the transcendent Madonna della Seggiola."

"All this is true," replied Mr. Churchill, "but it gives me no consolation. I now despair of writing anything excellent. I have no time to devote to meditation and study. My life is given to others, and to this destiny I submit without a murmur; for I have the satisfaction of having labored faithfully in my calling, and of having perhaps trained and incited others to do what I shall never do. Life is still precious to me for its many uses, of which the writing of books is but one. I do not complain, but ac-

cept this destiny, and say, with that pleasant author, Marcus Antoninus, 'Whatever is agreeable to thee shall be agreeable to me, O graceful Universe! nothing shall be to me too early or too late, which is seasonable to thee! Whatever thy seasons bear shall be joyful fruit to me, O Nature! from thee are all things; in thee they subsist; to thee they return. Could one say, Thou dearly beloved city of Cecrops? and wilt thou not say, Thou dearly beloved city of God?' "

"Amen!" said Kavanagh. "And, to follow your quotation with another, 'The gale that blows from God we must endure, toiling but not repining.' "

Here Mrs. Churchill, who had something of Martha in her, as well as of Mary, and had left the room when the conversation took a literary turn, came back to announce that dinner was ready, and Kavanagh, though warmly urged to stay, took his leave, having first obtained from the Churchills the promise of a visit to Cecilia during the evening.

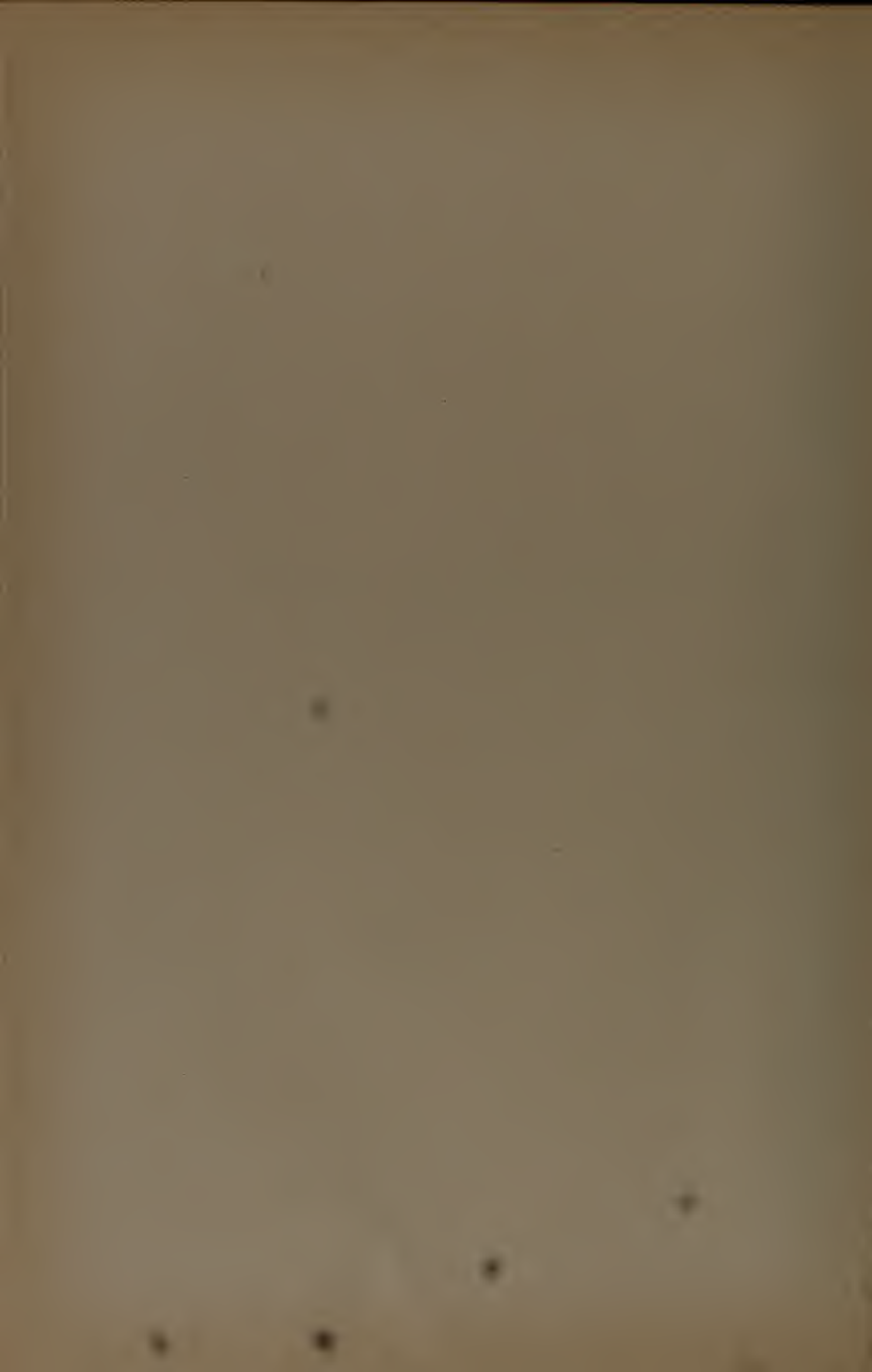
"Nothing done! nothing done!" exclaimed he, as he wended his way homeward, musing and meditating. "And shall all these lofty aspirations end in nothing? Shall the arms be thus stretched forth to encircle the universe, and come back empty against a bleeding, aching breast?"

And the words of the poet came into his mind, and he thought them worthy to be written in let-

ters of gold, and placed above every door in every house, as a warning, a suggestion, an incitement:—

"Stay, stay the present instant!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
O, let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

THE INDIAN SUMMER AND THE BALD EAGLE

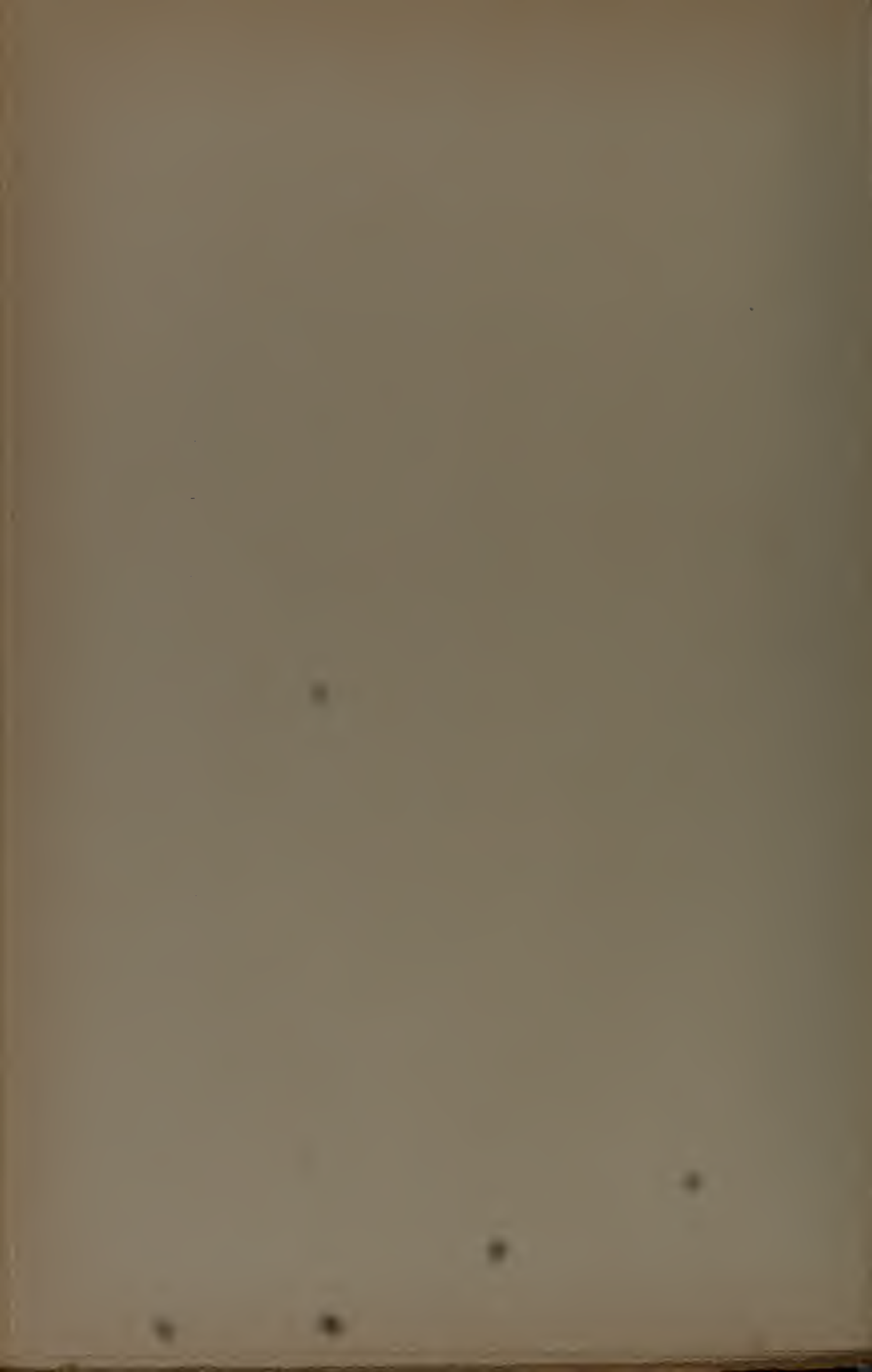


EDITORIAL NOTE

The ascription of this and the following story, to Longfellow, is based on a letter he wrote on March 9, 1833, in which he gave a list of his published writings since his return from Europe.

These two stories with "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" were his only contributions to prose fiction. "The Indian Summer" was printed in "The Token; a Christmas and New Year's Present," edited by S. G. Goodrich, published in Boston by Gray & Bowen in 1832, and "The Bald Eagle" in "The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Present," edited by S. G. Goodrich, Boston, published by Gray & Bowen, 1833. The first was signed "L," the second bore no signature; the last named has been attributed to Hawthorne and printed with his works.

Longfellow never included them in any collected edition of his works, but so affecting and pathetic a short story as "The Indian Summer," and so picturesque and characteristic a reconstruction of historic scenes long gone by as "The Bald Eagle" will be welcome to lovers of Longfellow who have not hitherto had the pleasure of making their acquaintance.



THE INDIAN SUMMER

> Farewell!—as soon as I am dead,
> Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
> Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
> To offer at it, when I go to earth.
> With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
> Write on my brow my fortune.
>
> THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

IN the melancholy month of October, when the variegated tints of the autumnal landscape begin to fade away into the pale and sickly hue of death, a few soft, delicious days, called the Indian Summer, steal in upon the close of the year, and, like a second Spring, breathe a balm round the departing season, and light up with a smile the pallid features of the dying year. They resemble those calm and lucid intervals, which sometimes precede the last hour of slow decline; mantling the cheek with the glow of health; breathing tranquillity around the drooping heart; and, though seeming to indicate, that the fountains of life are springing out afresh, are but the sad and sure precursors of dissolution; the last earthly Sabbath

> Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
> And is ready to wing her flight away.

I was making a tour, at this season of the year, in the interior of New England. The rays of the setting sun glanced from the windows and shingle roofs of the little farmhouses scattered over the landscape; and the soft hues of declining day were gradually spreading over the scene. The harvest had already been gathered in; and I could hear the indistinct sound of the flail from the distant threshing floor. Now and then a white cloud floated before the sun, and its long shadow swept across the stubble field and climbed the neighboring hill. The tap of a solitary woodpecker echoed from the orchard; and at intervals a hollow gust passed like a voice amid the trees, scattering the colored leaves, and shaking down the ruddy apples.

As I rode slowly along, I approached a neat farmhouse, that stood upon the slope of a gentle hill. There was an air of plenty about it, that bespoke it the residence of one of the better class of farmers. Beyond it, the spire of a village church rose from a clump of trees; and to the westward lay a long cultivated valley, with a rivulet winding like a strip of silver through it, and bounded on the opposite side by a chain of high, rugged mountains.

A number of horses stood tied to a rail in front of the house, and there was a crowd of peasants in their best attire at the doors and windows. I saw at once, by the sadness of every

countenance, and the half-audible tones of voice in which they addressed each other, that they were assembled to perform the last pious duties of the living to the dead. Some poor child of dust was to be consigned to its long home. I alighted, and entered the house. I feared that I might be an intruder upon that scene of grief; but a feeling of painful and melancholy curiosity impelled me on. The house was filled with country people from the neighboring villages, seated around with that silent decorum, which in the country is always observed on such occasions. I passed through the crowd to the chamber, in which, according to the custom of New England, the body of the deceased was laid out in all the appalling habiliments of the grave. The coffin was placed upon a table in the middle of the room. Several of the villagers were gazing upon the corpse, and as they turned away, speaking to each other in whispers of the ravages of death, I drew near, and looked for a moment upon those sad remains of humanity. The countenance was calm and beautiful, and the pallid lips apart, as if the last sigh had just left them. On the coffin-plate I read the name and age of the deceased. She had been cut off in the bloom of life.

As I gazed upon the features of death before me, my heart rebuked me. There was something cold and heartless in thus gazing idly upon the

relics of one whom I had not known in life; and I turned away with an emotion more than sorrow. I look upon the last remains of a friend as something that death has hallowed. The dust of one, whom I had loved in life, should be loved in death. I should feel, that I were doing violence to the tender sympathies of affection, in thus exposing the relics of a friend to the idle curiosity of the world; for the world could never feel the emotion that harrowed up my soul, nor taste the bitterness, with which my heart was running over.

At length the village clergyman arrived, and the funeral procession moved towards the church. The mother of the deceased followed the bier, supported by the clergyman, who tried in vain to administer consolation to a broken heart. She gave way to the violence of her grief, and wept aloud. Beside her walked a young man, who seemed to struggle with his sorrow, and strove to hide from the world what was passing in his bosom.

The church stood upon the outskirts of the village, and a few old trees threw their soft, religious shade around its portals. The tower was old and dilapidated; and the occasional toll of its bell, as it swung solemnly along the landscape, deepened the melancholy of the scene.

I followed the funeral train at a distance, and entered the church. The bier was placed at the

head of the principal aisle, and after a moment's pause, the clergyman arose, and commenced the funeral service with prayer. It was simple and impressive; and, as the good man prayed, his countenance glowed with pure and fervent piety. He said there was a rest for the people of God, where all tears should be wiped from their eyes, and where there should be no more sorrow nor care. A hymn was then sung, appropriate to the occasion. It was from the writings of Dr. Watts, beginning,

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

The pauses were interrupted by sobs of the mother; it was touching in the extreme. When it ceased, the aged pastor again arose and addressed his simple audience. Several times his voice faltered with emotion. The deceased had been a favorite disciple since her residence in the village, and he had watched over her slow decay with all the tender solicitude of a father. As he spoke of her gentle nature; of her patience in sickness; of her unrepining approach to the

grave; of the bitterness of death; and of the darkness and silence of the narrow house, the younger part of the audience were moved to tears. Most of them had known her in life, and could repeat some little history of her kindness and benevolence. She had visited the cottages of the poor; she had soothed the couch of pain; she had wiped away the mourner's tears!

When the funeral services were finished, the procession again formed, and moved towards the graveyard. It was a sunny spot, upon a gentle hill, where one solitary beech-tree threw its shade upon a few mouldering tombstones. They were the last mementos of the early settlers and patriarchs of the neighborhood, and were overgrown with grass and branches of the wild rose. Beside them was an open grave. The bier was placed upon its brink, and the coffin slowly and carefully let down into it. The mother came to take her last farewell. It was a scene of heart-rending grief. She paused, and gazed wistfully into the grave; her heart was buried there. At length she tore herself away in agony; and as she passed from the spot, I could read in her countenance that the strongest tie, which held her to the world, had given way.

The rest of the procession passed in order by the grave, and each cast into it some slight token of affection, a sprig of rosemary, or some other sweet-scented herb. I watched the mournful

procession returning along the dusty road, and, when it finally disappeared behind the woodland, I found myself alone in the graveyard. I sat down upon a moss-grown stone, and fell into a train of melancholy thoughts. The gray of twilight overshadowed the scene. The wind rushed by in hollow gusts, sighed in the long grass of the grave, and swept the rustling leaves in eddies around me. Side by side, beneath me, slept the hoary head of age, and the blighted heart of youth; mortality, which had long since mouldered back to dust, and that from which the spirit had just departed. I scraped away the moss and grass from the tombstone, on which I sat, and endeavored to decipher the inscription. The name was entirely blotted out, and the rude ornaments were mouldering away. Beside it was the grave that had just closed over its tenant. What a theme for meditation! The grave that had been closed for years; and that upon which the mark of the spade was still visible! One whose very name was forgotten, and whose last earthly record had crumbled and wasted away; and one over whom the grass had not yet grown, nor the shadows of night descended!

When I returned to the village, I learned the history of the deceased. It was simple, but deeply affecting. The mother had been left a widow with two children, a son and daughter. The son had been too soon exposed to the temptation of

the world; had become dissolute, and was carried away by the frenzy of intemperance. This almost broke her heart, but it could not alienate her affection. There is something so patient and so enduring in the love of a mother! The mother's love is so kind to us; so consoling; so forgiving! The world deceives us, but that deceives us not; friends forsake us, but that forsakes us not; we may wound it, we may abandon it, we may forget it; but it will never wound, nor abandon, nor forget us!

The daughter was delicate and feeble. She sickened in her mother's arms, and fell into a slow decline. Her brother's ingratitude had stricken her, too. Those who have watched the progress of slow and wasting decline, may recollect how fondly the sufferer will cling to some favorite wish, whose gratification she thinks may strengthen her wasted frame, and which, though we are persuaded it will be useless to grant, we feel it cruelty to deny. With this hope, she had longed for the calm retirement of the country, and had come with her mother into the bosom of these solitudes, to breathe their pure, exhilarating air, and to forget, in the calm of rural life, the cares that seemed to hurry on the progress of the disease. There is a quiet charm in rural occupations, which soothes and tranquillizes the soul; and the invalid, that is heartsick with the noise of the city, retires to the shades of country

life, finds the hope of existence renewed, and something taken away from the bitterness of death. When the poor girl saw her young friends around her in the bosom of health and the hilarity of youth, and she alone drooping and sickly, she felt that it was hard to die. But in the shades of the country, the gaiety of the world was forgotten. No earthly desire intruded to overshadow the soft serenity of her soul; and, when the last hope of life forsook her, a voice seemed to whisper, that in the sleep of death no cares intruded, and that they were blessed who died in the Lord.

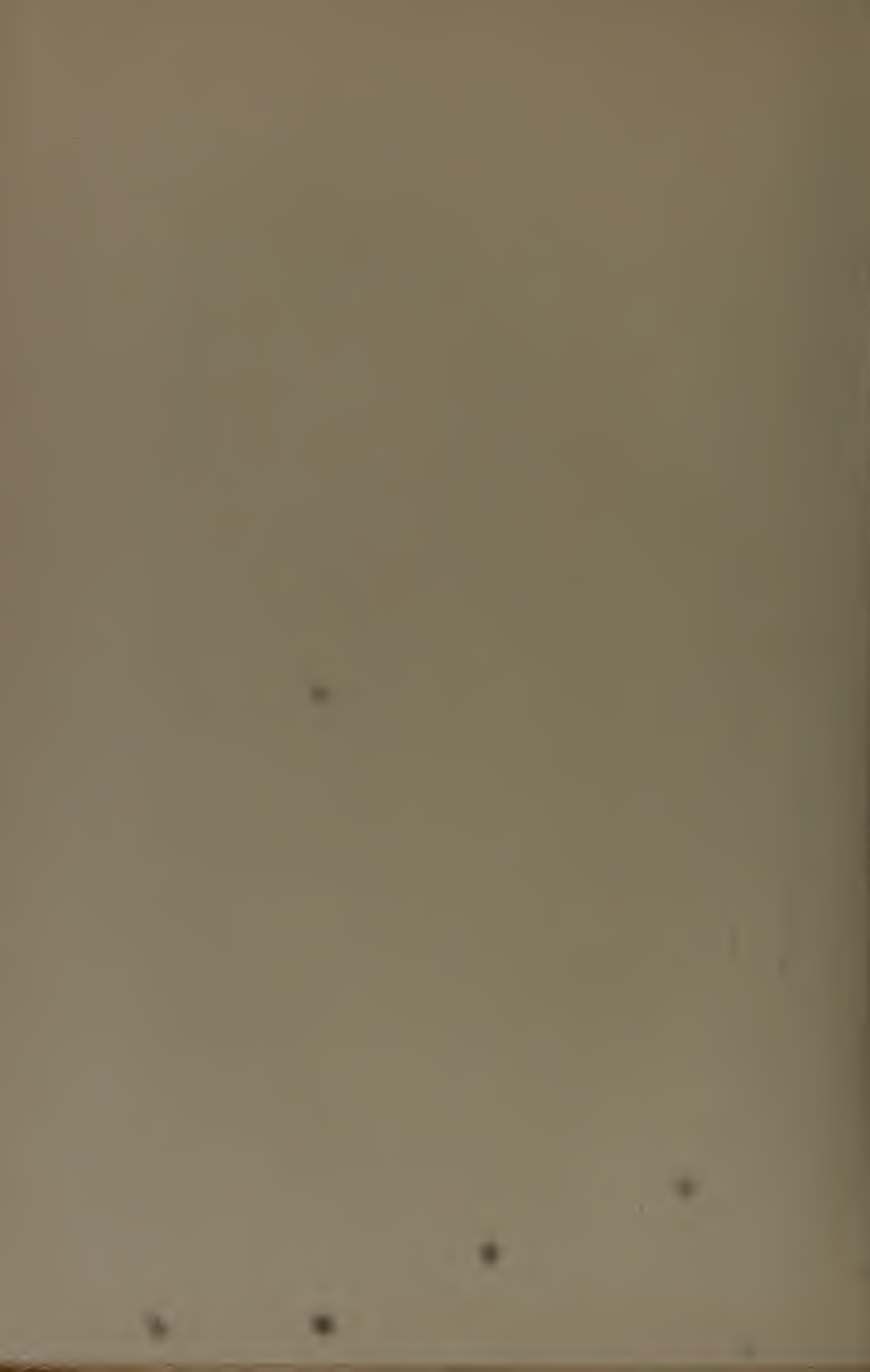
The summer passed away in rural occupations, and the simple pastimes of country life. She was regular in her devotions at the village church on Sundays, and after the service, would visit the cottages of the poor with her mother, or stroll along the woodland, and listen to the song of the birds, and the melancholy ripple of the brook. At such times she would speak touchingly of her own fate, and look up with tears into her mother's face. Then her thoughts would wander back to earlier days—to her young companions—to her brother. When she spoke of him, she wept as though her heart would break. They were nearly of the same age, had gone to school together, and had loved each other with all the tenderness of brotherly love. There was something terrible in the idea that he had

forgotten her, just as she was drooping into the grave. But there are sometimes alienations of the heart, which even the dark anticipations of death cannot change.

At length the autumn came, that sober season, whose very beauty reminds us of dissolution and decay. The summer birds had flown, the leaf changed its hue, and the wind rustled mournfully amid the trees. As the season advanced, the health of the invalid gradually declined. The lamp of life was nearly exhausted. Her rambles became confined to a little garden, where she would sometimes stroll out of a morning to gather flowers for her window. The fresh morning air seemed to revive her; but, towards the close of day, the hectic would flush her cheek, and but too plainly indicate that there was no longer any hope of life.

The mother watched her dying child with an anguish, that none but a mother's heart can feel. She would sit, and gaze wistfully upon her, as she slept, and pour out her soul in prayer, that this last solace of her declining years might yet be spared her. But the days of her child were numbered. She had become calm and resigned, and her soul seemed to be springing up to a pure and heavenly joy. Religion had irradiated the gloom of the sick chamber, and brightened the pathway of the tomb. Death had no longer a sting, nor the grave a victory.

"THE MOTHER WATCHED HER DYING CHILD"



The soft delightful days of the Indian Summer succeeded, smiling on the year's decline. The poor sick girl was too weak to leave her chamber; but she would sit for hours together at the open window, and enjoy the calm of the autumnal landscape. One evening she was thus seated, watching the setting sun, as it sank slowly behind the blue hills, dying in crimson the clouds of the western sky, and tingeing the air with soft purple light. Her feelings had taken a calm from the quiet of the scene; and she thought how sweet it were that life should close, like the close of an autumn-day, and the clouds of death catch the radiance of a glorious and eternal morning.

A little bird, that had been the companion of her sickness, was fluttering in its cage beside her, and singing with a merry heart from its wicker prison. She listened a moment to its song, with a feeling of tenderness, and sighed. "Thou hast cheered my sick chamber with thy cheerful voice," said she, "and hast shared with me my long captivity. I shall soon be free, and I will not leave thee here a prisoner." As she spoke she opened the door of the cage; the bird darted forth from the window, balanced itself a moment on its wings, as if to say farewell, and then rose up into the sky with a song of delight.

As she watched her little favorite floating upwards in the soft evening air, and growing

smaller and smaller, until it diminished to a little speck in the blue heavens, her attention was arrested by the sound of a horse's hoofs. A moment after, the rider dismounted at the door. When she beheld him, her cheek became suddenly flushed, and then turned deadly pale again. She started up and rushed towards the door, but her strength failed her; she faltered, and sunk into her mother's arms in a swoon. Almost at the same moment the door opened, and her brother entered the room.

The ties of nature had been loosened, but were too strong to be broken. The rebukes of conscience had risen above the song of the revel, and the maddening glee of drunkenness. Haunted by fearful phantoms, and full of mental terrors, he had hurried away from the scenes of debauch, hoping to atone for his errors, by future care and solicitude. His mother embraced him with all the tender yearnings of a mother's heart. Sorrow had chastened every reproachful feeling; silenced every sentiment of reproof. She had already forgotten all past unkindness.

In the meantime the poor invalid was carried to bed insensible; and an hour passed before signs of returning life appeared. A small taper threw its pale and tremulous rays round the chamber, and her brother sat by her bed-side, silently and anxiously watching her cold, inanimate features. At length a slight color flushed

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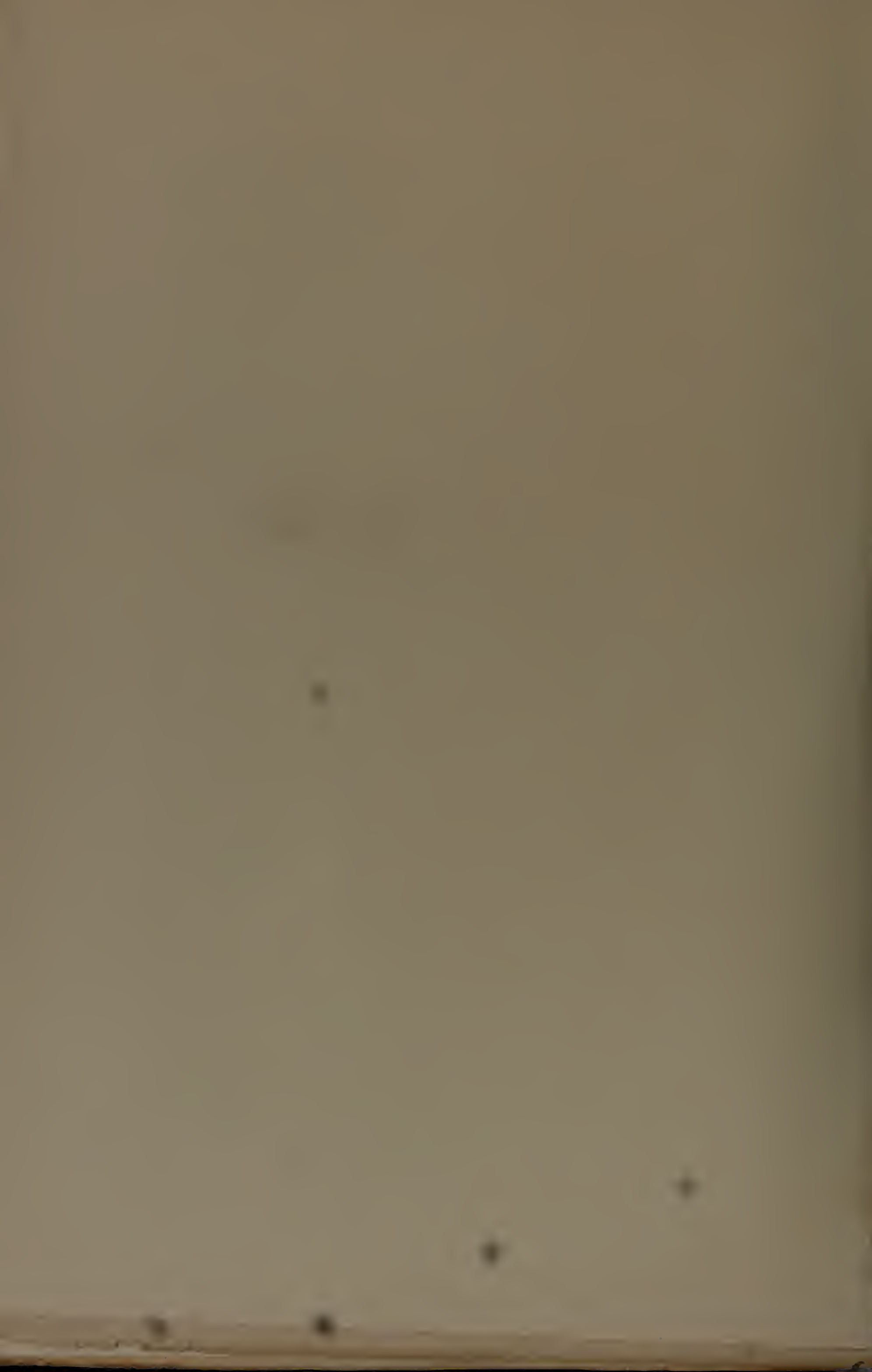
"SHE OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CAGE; THE BIRD DARTED FORTH FROM THE WINDOW"



her cheek; her lips moved, as if she were endeavoring to articulate something; then she sighed deeply, and languidly opened her eyes as if awakening from a deep sleep. Her mother was bending over her; she threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. "Mother," said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice, "I have had such a dream!—I thought that George had come back again; and that we were happy; and that I should not die—not yet! But no, it was not a dream," continued she, raising her head from the pillow, and gazing wistfully about the room. "He has come back again; and we are happy; and, oh! mother, must I die!" Here she fell back upon her pillow, and, covering her face with both hands, burst into tears.

Her brother, who sat by the bed-side hidden by the curtain, could no longer withstand the violence of his emotions. He caught her in his arms and kissed her tears away. She unclosed her eyes, smiled, and faintly articulated 'dear George;' the rest died upon her lips. It was nature's last effort. She turned her eyes from him to her mother; then back; then to her mother again her lips moved; an ashy hue spread over her countenance; and she expired with a sigh.

Such was the history of the deceased, as I gathered it from one of the villagers. I continued my journey the next morning, and passed by the grave-yard. The sun shone softly upon

it, and the dew glistened upon the turf. It seemed to me an image of the morning of that eternal day, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.

THE BALD EAGLE

I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and grav'd in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in Sæcula Sœculorum.—OLD COMEDY.

IN one of the little villages sprinkled along the delicious valley of the Connecticut, there stood, not many years ago, a little tavern called "The Bald Eagle." It was an old-fashioned building with a small antique portico in front, where, of a lazy summer afternoon, the wise men of the village assembled to read newspapers, talk politics, and drink beer. Before the door stood a tall yellow sign-post, from which hung a white sign, emblazoned with a fierce bald-headed eagle, holding an olive branch in one claw, and a flash of forked lightning in the other. Underneath was written in large black letters "The Bald Eagle: Good Entertainment for Man and Beast: by Jonathan Dewlap, Esq."

One calm, sultry summer evening, the knot of village politicians had assembled, according to custom, at the tavern door. At the entrance sat the landlord, Justice of the Peace and Quorum, lolling in a rocking chair, and dozing over

the columns of an electioneering hand-bill. Along the benches of the portico were seated the village attorney, the schoolmaster, the tailor and other personages of less note, but not less idle, nor less devoted to the affairs of the nation. To this worthy assembly of patriotic citizens the schoolmaster was drowsily doling forth the contents of the latest Gazette. It was at that memorable epoch of our national history, when Lafayette returned to visit in the evening of his days the land that owed so much to his youthful enthusiasm: and to see in the soft decline of life, the consummation of his singular glory, in the bosom of that country where it first began. His approach was everywhere hailed with heart-stirring joy. There was but one voice throughout the land; and every village through which he passed, hailed him with rural festivities, addresses, odes, and a dinner at the tavern.

Every step of his journey was regularly and minutely recorded in those voluminous chronicles of our country, the newspapers; and column after column was filled with long notices of the dinners he had eaten, and of the toasts drank, and of the songs sung on the occasion.

As the schoolmaster detailed to the group around him, an account of these busy festivals, which were so rapidly succeeding each other all over the country, the little soul he possessed kindled within him. With true oratorical emphasis

he repeated a long list of toasts, drank on a recent celebration of the kind—"The American Eagle"—"The Day We Celebrate"—"The New England Fair,"—"The Heroes Who Fought, Bled, and Died at Bunker Hill,—of which I am one!"—and a thousand other equally patriotic. He was interruped by the merry notes of a stage horn, twanging in long-drawn blasts over the blue hills, that skirted the village; and shortly after a cloud of dust came rolling its light volume along the road, and the stage-coach wheeled up to the door.

It was driven by a stout, thickset young fellow, with a glowing red face, that peeped out from under the wide brim of a white hat, like the setting sun from beneath a summer cloud. He was dressed in a wren-tailed gingham coat, with pocket holes outside, and a pair of gray linen pantaloons, buttoned down each leg with a row of yellow bell buttons. His vest was striped with red and blue; and around his neck he wore a colored silk handkerchief, tied in a loose knot before, and tucked in at the waistband. Beside him on his coach box sat two dusty travellers in riding caps, and the group within presented an uncomfortable picture of the miseries of travelling in a stage coach in the month of June.

In an instant all was noise and confusion in the bar room of the inn. Travellers, that had

just arrived, and those about to set off in the evening coach, came crowding in with their baggage; some eager to secure places, and others lodgings. A noisy group was gathered at the bar, within which the landlady was bouncing to and fro in a huff, and jingling a great bunch of keys, like some wild animal at a raree-show, stalking about its cage, whisking its tails, and jingling its iron chain.

The fire-place was filled with pine boughs and asparagus tops; and over it the wall was covered with advertisements of newly invented machines, patent machines, toll gate and turnpike companies, and coarse prints of steam boats, stage coaches, opposition lines, and Fortune's home forever. In one corner stood an old-fashioned settee, with high back and crooked elbows, which served as a seat by day, and a bed by night; in another was a pile of trunks and different articles of traveller's equipage; travelling coats hung here and there about the room; and the atmosphere was thick with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of brandy.

At length the sound of wheels was heard at the door; "Stage ready," shouted the coachman, putting his head in at the door; there was a hurry and bustle about the room; the travellers crowded out; a short pause succeeded; the carriage door was slammed to in haste; and the coach wheeled away, and disappeared in the dusk of evening.

The sound of its wheels had hardly ceased to be heard, when the tailor entered the bar room with a newspaper in his hand, and strutted up to the squire and the schoolmaster, who sat talking together upon the settee, with a step that would have done honor to the tragedy hero of a strolling theater. He had just received the tidings that Lafayette was on his way north. The stage-driver had brought the news; the passengers confirmed it; it was in the newspaper; and of course there could be no doubt upon the subject. It now became a general topic of conversation in the bar room. The villages came in one by one; all were on tiptoe; all talked together, Lafayette, the Marquis, the Gin'ral! He would pass through the village in two days from then. What was to be done! The town authorities were at their wits' end, and were quite as anxious to know how they should receive their venerable guest, as they were to receive him.

In the meantime, the news took wing. There was a crowd at the door of the Post Office talking with becoming zeal upon the subject; the boys in the street gave three cheers and shouted "Lafayette forever," and in less than ten minutes the approaching jubilee was known and talked of in every nook and corner of the village. The town authorities assembled in the little back parlor of the inn, to discuss the subject more at leisure over a mug of cider, and con-

clude upon the necessary arrangements for the occasion. Here they continued with closed doors until a late hour; and after much debate, finally decided to decorate the tavern hall, prepare a great dinner, order out the militia; and take the general by surprise. The lawyer was appointed to write an oration, and the schoolmaster an ode, for the occasion.

As night advanced, the crowd gradually dispersed from the street. Silence succeeded to the hum of rejoicing, and nothing was heard throughout the village but the occasional bark of a dog, the creaking of the tavern sign and the no less musical accents of the one keyed flute of the schoolmaster, who, perched at his chamber window in nightgown and slippers, serenaded the neighorhood with "Fire on the Mountains," and half of "Washington's March," [1] whilst the grocer, who lived next door, roused from sweet dreams of treacle and brown sugar, lay tossing in his bed, and wishing the deuce would take the schoolmaster, with his Latin and his one-keyed flute.

As day began to peep next morning, the tailor was seen to issue out of the inn yard in the land-

[1] Washington's March — There are no less than eight different pieces so called, but "The President's New March" by Francis Hopkinson is doubtless the one referred to here, and the same as that spoken of in "The Worcester Spy," May 27, 1784, as having been played at a meeting of the Sons of St. Tammany on the 1st of that month in Philadelphia.

lord's yellow wagon, with the negro hostler Cæsar, mounted behind, thumping about in the tail of the vehicle, and grinning with huge delight. As the gray of morning mellowed, life began its course again in the village. The cock hailed the daylight cheerily, the sheep bleated from the hills; the sky grew softer and clearer; the blue mountains caught the rising sun; and the mass of white vapor, that filled the valley, began to toss and roll itself away, like ebb of a feathery sea. Then the bustle of advancing day began; doors and windows were thrown open; the gate creaked on its hinge; carts rattled by; villagers were moving in the streets; and the little world began to go, like some ponderous machine, that, wheel after wheel, is gradually put in motion.

In a short time the tailor was seen slowly returning along the road, with a wagon-load of pine boughs and evergreens. The wagon was unloaded at the tavern door, and its precious cargo carried up into the hall, where the tailor, in his shirt sleeves, danced and capered about the room, with a hatchet in one hand, and a long knife in the other, like an Indian warrior before going to battle. In a moment the walls were stripped of the faded emblems of former holidays; garlands of withered roses were trampled under foot; old stars, that had lost their luster, were seen to fall; and the white pine chandelier was robbed of its yellow coat, and dangled from

the ceiling quite woebegone and emaciated. But ere long the whole room was again filled with arches, and garlands, and festoons, and stars, and all kinds of singular devices in green leaves and asparagus tips. Over the chimney-piece were suspended two American flags, with a portrait of General Washington beneath them; and the names of Trenton, Yorktown, Bunker Hill, etc., peeped out from between the evergreens, cut in red morocco, and fastened to the wall with a profusion of brass nails. Every part of the room was literally decorated with paper eagles; and in a corner hung a little black ship, rigged with twine, and armed with a whole broadside of umbrella tips.

It were in vain to attempt a description of all the wonders that started up beneath the tailor's hand, as from the touch of a magician's wand. In a word, before night everything was in readiness. Travellers, that arrived in the evening, brought information, that the general would pass through the village at noon the next day; but without the slightest expectation of the jubilee, that awaited him. The tailor was beside himself with good natured self-complacency, the surprise and delight of the venerable patriot, when he should receive the public honors prepared for him, and the new blue coat, with bright buttons and velvet collar, which was then making at his shop.

In the meantime the landlady had been busy in making preparations for a sumptuous dinner; the lawyer had been locked up all day, hard at work upon his oration; and the pedagogue was hard ridden by the phantom of a poetic eulogy, that bestrode his imagination like a nightmare. Nothing was heard in the village but the bustle of preparation, and the martial music of drums and fifes. For a while the ponderous wheel of labor seemed to stand still. The clatter of the cooper's mallet was silent, the painter left his brush, the cobbler his awl, and the blacksmith's bellows lay sound asleep, with its nose buried in the ashes.

The next morning at daybreak the whole military force of the town was marshalled forth in front of the tavern, "armed and equipped as the law directs!" Conspicuous among this multitude stood the tailor, arrayed in a coat of his own making, all lace and buttons, and a pair of buff pantaloons, drawn up so tight, that he could hardly touch his feet to the ground. He wore a military hat, shaped like a clam shell, with little white goose feathers stuck all around the edge. By his side stood the gigantic figure of the blacksmith, in rusty regimentals. At length the roll of the drum announced the order for forming the ranks, and the valiant host displayed itself in a long wavering line. Here stood a tall lantern-jawed fellow, all legs, furbished up with

a red waistcoat, and shining green coat, a little round wool hat perched on the back of his head, and downward tapering off in a pair of yellow nankeens, twisted and wrinkled about the knees, as if his legs had been screwed into them. Beside him stood a long waisted being, with a head like a hurra's nest, set off with a willow hat, and a face that looked as if it were made of sole leather, and a gash cut in the middle of it for a mouth. Next came a little man with fierce black whiskers, and sugar loaf hat, equipped with a long fowling piece, a powder horn, and a white canvas knapsack, with a red star on the back of it. Then a country bumpkin standing bolt upright, his head elevated, his toes turned out, holding fast to his gun with one hand, and keeping the other spread out upon his right thigh. Then figured the descendant of some revolutionary veteran, arrayed in the uniform, and bearing the arms and accoutrements of his ancesters, a crooked hat on his head, a heavy musket on his shoulder, and on his back a large knapsack marked U. S. Here was a man in straw hat and gingham jacket; and there a pale nervous fellow, buttoned up to the chin in a drab greatcoat, to guard him against the morning air, and keep out the fever and ague.

"Attention the whole! Front face! Eyes right! Eyes left! Steady! Attention to the

roll call!" shouted the blacksmith, in a voice like a volcano.

"Peleg Popgun!"

"Here."

"Tribulation Sheepshanks!"

"He-e-e-re."

"Return Jonathan Babcock!"

"Here."

And so on through a whole catalogue of long, hard names.

"Attention! Shoulder—arms! Very well. Fall back there on the extreme left! No talking in the ranks! Present—arms! Squire Wiggins you're not in the line, if you please, a little farther in, a little farther out, there, I guess that will do! Carry—arms! Very well done. Quick time, upon your post—march!"

The little red-coated drummer flourished his drum sticks, the bandy-legged fifer struck up "Yankee Doodle," Cæsar showed his flat face over the horizon of a great bass drum, like the moon in an eclipse, the tailor brandished his sword, and the whole company, wheeling with some confusion round the tavern sign post, streamed down the road, covered with dust, and followed by a troop of draggle tailed boys.

As soon as this company had disappeared, and the dub of its drum ceased to be heard, the too-too of a shrill trumpet sounded across the plains,

and a troop of horses came riding up. The leader was a jolly round faced butcher, with a red fox tail nodding over his head, and came spurring on, with his elbows flapping up and down like a pair of wings. As he approached the tavern, he ordered the troop to wheel, and form a line in front; a maneuver, which, though somewhat arduous, was nevertheless executed with wonderful skill and precision.

This body of light horse was the pride of the whole country round, and was mounted and caparisoned in a style of splendor, that dazzled the eyes of all the village. Each horseman wore a cap of bear skin, crested with a fox tail, a short blue jacket, faced with yellow, and profusely ornamented with red morocco and quality binding. The pantaloons were of the same color as the jackets, and were trimmed with yellow cord. Some rode with long stirrups, some with short stirrups, and some with no stirrups at all; some sat perpendicular upon their saddles, some sat at an obtuse angle, and others at an angle of forty-five. One was mounted on a tall one-eyed bone setter, with his tail and ears cropped, another on a little red nag, with shaggy mane, and long switch tail, and as vicious as if the very devil were in him. Here was a great fellow, with long curly whiskers, looking as fierce as Mars himself; there, a little hooked-nose creature, with red crest, short spurs, elbows stuck

out, and jacket cocked up behind, looking like a barn door "rooster," with his tail clipped, just preparing to crow.

When this formidable troop was formed to the satisfaction of their leader, the word of command was given, and they went through the sword exercise, hewing and cutting the air in all directions, with the most cool and deliberate courage. The order was then given to draw pistols. Ready!— aim!— fire! Pop—pop—pop, went the pistols. Too—too—too—went the trumpet. The horses took fright at the sound; some plunged, others reared and kicked, and others started out of line, and capered up and down *"like mad."* The captain being satisfied with this display of the military discipline of his troop, they wheeled off in sections, and rode gallantly into the tavern yard, to recruit from the fatigues of the morning.

Crowds of country people now came driving in from all directions, to see the fun and the general. The honest farmer in broad brimmed hat, and broad skirted coat, jogged slowly on, with his wife and half a dozen blooming daughters, in a square top chaise; and country beaux, in all their Sunday finery, came racing along in wagons, or parading round on horseback to win a sidelong look from some fair country lass in gipsy hat and blue ribbons.

In the meantime the schoolmaster was far

from being idle. His scholars had been assembled at an early hour, and after a deal of drilling and good advice, were arranged in a line in front of the school house, to bask in the sun and wait for the general. The little girls had wreaths of roses upon their heads, and baskets of flowers in their hands; and the boys carried bibles, and wore papers on their hats, inscribed "Welcome Lafayette." The schoolmaster walked up and down before them, with a rattan in his hand, repeating to himself his poetic eulogy; stopping now and then to rap some unlucky little rogue over the knuckles for misdemeanor; shaking one to make him turn out his toes; and pulling another's ear, to make him hold up his head and look like a man.

In this manner the morning wore away, and the hour at which it had been rumored that the general was to arrive, drew near. The whole military force, both foot and horse, was then summoned together in front of the tavern and formed into a hollow square, and the colonel, a swarthy knight of the forge, by the aid of a scrawl, written by the squire and placed in the crown of his hat, made a most eloquent and patriotic harangue, in which he called the soldiers his "brothers in arms, the hope of their country, the terror of their enemies, the bulwark of liberty, and the safeguard of the fair sex." They

were then wheeled back again into a line, and dismissed for ten minutes.

An hour or two previous, an honest old black, named Boaz, had been stationed upon the high road, not far from the entrance of the village, equipped with a loaded gun, which he was ordered to discharge by way of signal, as soon as the general should appear. Full of the importance and dignity of his office, Boaz marched to and fro across the dusty road, with his musket ready cocked and his finger on the trigger. This maneuvering in the sun, however, diminished the temperature of his enthusiasm, in proportion as it increased that of his body; till at length he sat down on a stump in the shade, and leaning his musket against the trunk of a tree, took a short stemmed pipe out of his pocket, and began to smoke. As noon drew near, he grew hungry and homesick; his heart sunk into his stomach. His African philosophy dwindled apace into mere theory. Overpowered by the heat of the weather he grew drowsy, his pipe fell from his mouth, his head lost its equipoise, and drooped, like a poppy, upon his breast, and sliding gently from his seat, he fell asleep at the root of the tree. He was aroused from his slumber by the noise of an empty wagon, that came rattling along a cross road near him. Thus suddenly awakened, the thought of the general's approach,

the idea of being caught sleeping at his post, and the shame of having given the signal too late, flashed together across his bewildered mind, and springing upon his feet, he caught his musket, shut both eyes, and fired, to the utter consternation of the wagoner, whose horses took fright at the sound, and became unmanageable. Poor Boaz, when he saw the mistake he had made, and the mischief he had done, did not wait long to deliberate, but throwing his musket over his shoulder, bounded into the woods, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

The sharp report of the gun rang far and wide through the hush of noontide, awakening many a drowsy echo that grumbled in the distance, like a man aroused untimely from his rest. At the sound of the long expected signal gun, the whole village was put in motion. The drum beat to order, the ranks were formed in haste, and the whole military force moved off to escort the general in, amid the waving of banners, the roll of drums, the scream of fifes, and the twang of the horse trumpet.

All was now anxious expectation at the village. The moments passed like hours. The lawyer appeared at the tavern, with his speech in his hand; the schoolmaster and his scholars stood broiling in the sun, and many a searching look was cast along the dusty highway to descry some indication of their guest's approach. Some-

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"SPRINGING UPON HIS FEET, HE CAUGHT HIS MUSKET, SHUT BOTH EYES AND FIRED"

times a little cloud of dust, rolling along the distant road would cheat them with a vain illusion. Then the report of musketry, and the roll of drums, rattling among the hills, and dying on the breeze, would inspire the fugitive hope, that he had at length arrived, and a murmur of eager expectation would run from mouth to mouth. "There he comes!—that's he," and the people would crowd into the street to be again disappointed.

One o'clock arrived; two, three, but no general! The dinner was overdone, the landlady in great tribulation, the cook in a great passion. The gloom of disappointment began to settle on many a countenance. The people looked doubtingly at each other and guessed. The sky, too, began to lower. Volumes of black clouds piled themselves up in the west, and threatened a storm. The ducks were unusually noisy and quarrelsome around the green pool in the stable-yard; and a flock of ill-boding crows were holding ominous consultation round the top of a tall pine. Everything gave indication of an approaching thunder gust. A distant irregular peal rattled along the sky, like a volley of musketry. They thought it was a salute to the general. Soon after the air grew damp and misty, it began to drizzle, a few scattered drops pattered on the roofs, and it set in to rain.

A scene of confusion ensued. The peda-

gogue and his disciples took shelter in the school house, the crowd dispersed in all directions, with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads, and their gowns tucked up, and everything looked dismal and disheartening. The bar room was full of disconsolate faces. Some tried to keep their spirits up by drinking, others wished to laugh the matter off, and others stood with their hands in their pockets looking out of the window to see the rain, and making wry faces.

Night grew on apace, and the rain continued. Still nothing was to be heard of the general. Some were for despatching a messenger to ascertain the cause of this delay, but who would go out in such a storm! At length the monotonous too—too of the horse trumpet was heard, there was a great clattering and splashing of hoofs at door, and the troop reined up, spattered with mud, drenched through and through, and completely crestfallen. Not long after the foot company came straggling in, dripping wet, and diminished to one half its numbers by desertions. The tailor entered the bar room reeking and disconsolate, a complete epitome of the miseries of human life written on his face. The feathers were torn out of his clam shell hat, his coat was thoroughly sponged, his boots full of water, and his buff pantaloons clung tighter than ever to his little legs. He trembled like a leaf; one might have taken him for Fever and Ague

personified. The blacksmith, on the contrary, seemed to dread the water as little as if it were his element. The rain did not penetrate him, and he rolled into the bar room like a great sea calf, that after sporting about in the waves, tumbles himself out upon the sand to dry.

A thousand questions were asked at once about the general, but there was nobody to answer them. They had seen nothing of him, they had heard nothing of him, they knew nothing of him! Their spirit and patience were completely soaked out of them; no patriotism was proof against such torrents of rain.

Every heart seemed now to sink in despair. Every hope had given way, when the twang of the stage horn was heard, sending forth its long drawn cadences, and enlivening the gloom of a rainy twilight. The coach dashed up to the door. It was empty, not a solitary passenger. The coachman came in without a dry thread about him. A little stream of water trickled down his back from the rim of his hat. There was something dismally ominous in his look, he seemed to be a messenger of bad news.

"The gin'ral!—the gin'ral!—where's the gin-'ral!"

"He's gone on by another road. So much for the opposition line and the new turnpike!" said the coachman, as he tossed off a glass of New England.

"He has lost a speech!" cried the lawyer.

"He has lost a coat!" said the tailor.

"He has lost a dinner!" said the landlord.

It was a gloomy night at The Bald Eagle. A few boon companions sat late over their bottle, drank hard, and tried to be merry; but it would not do. Good humor flagged, the jokes were bad, the laughter forced, and one after another slunk away to bed, full of bad liquor, and reeling with the fumes of brandy and beer.

DRIFT-WOOD

A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

So must I likewise take some time to view
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to add; the work is mine;
And I may manage it as I see best.

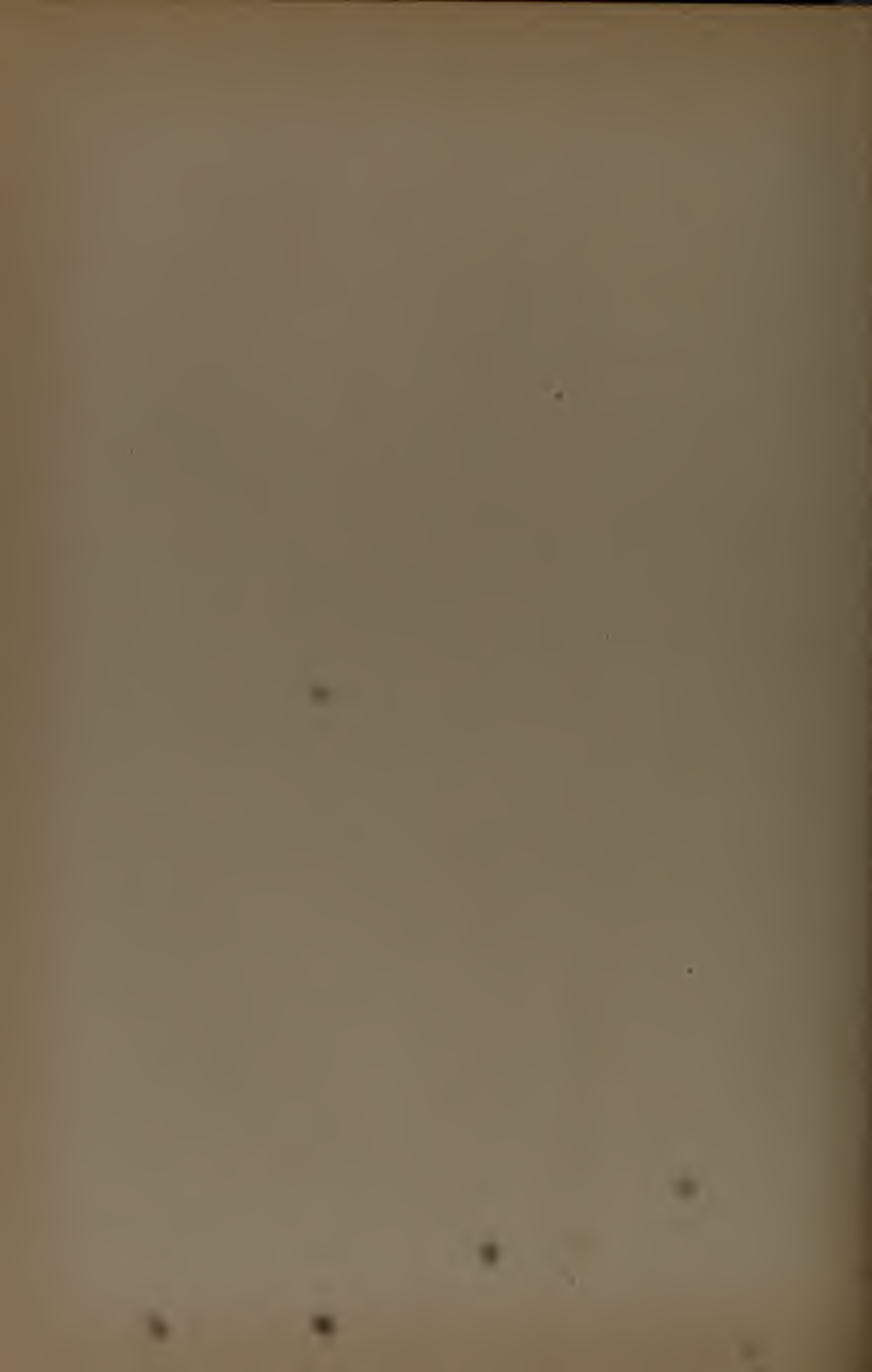
Quarles.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Under this name Longfellow in 1852 was proposing to publish his various contributions to periodical literature. He appears, however, to have given up the idea, but he included some of them with this title in the "Blue and Gold Edition" of his prose works, published in 1857.

In that edition he did not include "Ancient French Romances," first printed in "The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature" for January 1833, published by Charles Bowen of Boston, but he restored it later on, and cut out the articles on "Dante" and "The Divine Commedia," which we have replaced in the Dante volumes in this edition.

We print the article on "Ancient French Romances" as it first appeared in 1833.



ANCIENT FRENCH ROMANCES

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAULIN PARIS

(The original of the following dissertation appears in Férussac's "Bulletin Universel." It is introduced with these remarks: "This letter is a good critical dissertation upon one of the most interesting points in the literature of the South of Europe during the Middle Ages. It is prefixed to a volume, entitled, Li Roman de Berae aus grans piés, published for the first time by M. Paris. (Techener, 12mo. 1832.) As only a small number (two hundred and twenty) copies of this work have been struck off, we hasten to lay before our readers the interesting letter which forms its Preface. It will show that M. Paris holds a high rank among those who employ themselves with taste and discernment in the study of our ancient literature."—Ed.)

A letter to M. de Monmerque upon the Romances of the Twelve Peers of France; by M. Paulin Paris.

(Translated from the French, with notes, by Professor Longfellow.)

Sir,

In dedicating to you the Romance of Berte aus grans piés ("Bertha of the great feet"), permit me to hope that you will accept the proffered dedication. A work of this kind should be revived at the present day under the auspices of the most enlightened and ingenious critic of the productions of the Middle Ages.

This ancient monument of our language has struck me as worthy of attention; and your example, more than anything else, has encouraged me to undertake its publication. How much, indeed, are the lovers of our ancient literature indebted to you, for devoting to their gratification and improvement, every moment of leisure, which you can spare from the severer duties of the magistracy! In this solicitude for the cause of literature,

you have shown yourself far different from those pretended antiquaries, whose hearts are touched by no recollections of their country, and who seek in the brightest pages of national history only an opportunity for scandalous invectives. Truly these violators of the tombs of the great and good are to be pitied; for the best way to interest the living is to show a pious regard for the ashes of the dead.

THE very name of Queen Bertha carries us back to the remotest period of the merry days of old. Many an old romance records the praises of her unspotted virtue; and, if we may rely upon the testimony of a ballad-monger of the nineteenth century, it was she who founded the monastery of Sainte-Avelle, dedicated to Our Lady of the Woods. I know not whether you have ever observed, among the statues that look down upon us from the portals of our Gothic churches, the figure known throughout France by the name of *la Reine Pédauque,* Queen Goose-Foot. She is the heroine of our romance; and, be it said with all the veracity of an historian, for this opprobrious surname she must thank her own feet, whose vast dimensions are revealed to us by the indiscretion of the statuary. During her lifetime she was surnamed Bertha of the Great Feet; after her death, she was neither more nor less than Bertha of the Goose Feet. So true is it that the origin of the custom of flattering the great while living, and reviling them when dead, is lost in the night of ages. The story of Queen Pédauque reminds

me of poor Midas; perhaps the ears of the Phry gian monarch, who fell a victim to the malevolence of his barber, were in truth only rather lengthy.

This statue of Queen Pédauque has long exercised the imagination of the antiquaries. They have successively imagined it to be Clotilde, wife of Clovis, Brunehault, and Frédégonde.[1] The Abbé Lebœuf, however, supposes it to be the Queen of Sheba; though it is no easy matter to devise why the Abbé Lebœuf, generally so very considerate, should thus have felt himself obliged to call in question the beauty of the Oriental princess and the practised taste of Solomon, the wisest of men. He remarks, in his learned dissertation, that the Masorites,[2] who were great admirers of the hands of the Queen of Sheba, have maintained the most scrupulous silence in regard to her feet:—there is, however, a vast distance between the silence of Biblical commentators and the conjecture he has adopted.

Now both the historians and the poets, who

[1] Brunehault, or Brunichilde, daughter of Athanagilde, one of the Visigoth kings, and wife of Sigébert, the son of Clovis,—and Frédégonde, wife of Chilpéric, Sigébert's brother, are renowned both in song and history for their beauty and their crimes. M. Gaillard, in his Mémoire sur Frédégonde et sur Brunehaut, observes: "Leurs noms, trop fameux, semblaient egalement devoues a l'execration eternelle de la posterité."—Mem. de l'Acad. T. XXX, p. 633 Tr.

[2] Apparently, the Abbé Lebœuf or M. Paris should have written, the Talmudists.

make mention of Queen Bertha, affirm that she had large feet; and this is the first point of analogy between her and the celebrated statue. Moreover, the inhabitants of Toulouse, according to the author of the "Contes d'Eutrapel," are in the habit of swearing by the distaff of Queen Pédauque,—(*par la quenouille de la reine Pédauque;*) while we speak proverbially of the time when Bertha spun,—(*du temps que Berthe filait*); and the Italians say, in nearly the same signification, "The days when Bertha spun have gone by,"—*Non é più il tempo che Berta filava.* After all this, and especially after the direct testimony of the poem which I now present you, how can any one doubt the perfect identity of Berthe *aux grands pieds,* and the queen *aux pieds d'oie.* I entertain a high respect for the Abbé Lebœuf, but a higher for the truth; and I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, that he would have done better to look to the court of Pepin-le-Bref for the model of the statue which he saw at the church of Saint-Bénigne in Dijon, at the cathedral of Nevers, at the priory of Saint Pourçain, and at the abbey of Nesle.

Bertha, the wife of Pepin, has been often named by the most respectable historians. She died in 783, and until the revolution of 1793 her tomb was still to be seen in the vaults of Saint-Denis. It bore this beautiful inscription: *Berta mater Caroli Magni.*

Eginhart speaks of the respectful deference which the hero of the West generally paid to the virtues of his mother. All historians coincide in regard to the time of her coronation and her death; but in regard to the name of her father, some difference of opinion prevails. According to the "Annals of Metz," she was the daughter of Caribert, Count of Laon; but unfortunately for this hypothesis, the city Laon was not at that time governed by a Count.[1] Some trace her origin to the court of Constantinople, and others to the kingdom of Germany. You will perceive that our poet has embraced this last opinion. In the romance, Flores, king of Hungary, is father of Berthe *aux-grands-pieds*. This Flores himself and his wife Blanche-fleurs are the hero and heroine of another celebrated poem of the Middle Ages,[2] and their adventures, badly

[1] This remark of the annalist of Metz is probably an inadvertence. He must have confounded Bertha, the wife of Pepin, with another Bertha canonized after her death, who was the daughter of Caribert, king of Paris, and was married to Ethelbert, king of Kent, towards the commencement of the seventh century.

[2] The old romance of Flores and Blanche-fleurs was originally written in Spanish verse, and afterward translated into French prose by Jacques Vincent. The analysis spoken of above was by the Comte de Tressan, and may be found in his Œuvres Choisies, T. VII, p. 207, et seq. There is also preserved a fragment of a very curious old English metrical romance upon the adventures of Flores and Blanche-fleurs. It is published in the "Ancient Metrical Tales; edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne," and is there entitled, "Florice and Blanche flour." The following short extract will exhibit the style of this fragment, and convey a general outline of the tale:

enough analyzed in one of the numbers of the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, seem to have been put into rhyme before those of Queen Bertha their daughter.

Thus, it appears that Bertha can boast her statuaries as well as her poets; but whilst the former have given to her countenance a marked and striking character, the latter, by recording her touching misfortunes, have only followed the

"Thanne spak the louerd (landlord) of that inne,
'Thous sat, this other dai, her inne (herein),
That fare maide Blaunchesflour,
Bothe in halle and eke in bour.
Ouere zhe (ever she) made mourning chere,
And bimette (bemoaned) Florice here leue (love) sere (sore);
Joie ne bliss ne hadde zhe none,
And on Florice was al here mone.
Florice het (had) a coupe of silver whizt (white),
And a mantel of scarlet,
Ipaned (lined) al wiz meniver (with fur),
And zaf (gave) his hostesse ther.
"Have this," zhe saide, "to thine honour;
And thou hit myztze (for it must) thonke Blaunchesflour
Stolen zhe was out mine countreie,
Her ich (I) here seche (seek) by the waie.
He mizte (might) make mi herte glad,
Than couthe (who could) me telle whider zhe was lad."
"Child, to babeloyne (Babylon) zhe his ibrouzt (is brought);
And ameral (Emir) hir had ibouzt (bought).
He zaue (gave) for hire, as zhe stod uprizt,
Seven scheshere (shekels) gold of wizt (weight);
For hire faired (beauty) and for hire schere (face),
The ameral hire bowzte (bought) so dere.
For he thinkez, wizouten wene (without doubt),
That fair mai (maid) to honen (dishonor) to quene (paramour).
Amang other maidnes in his tour,
He hath hire ido (kept) wiz mochel hour (much honor)."

beaten path, and added another delicate flower to that poetic wreath, which was woven in the heroic ages of our history. The poem of Bertha is of one of the series of *"Romances of the Twelve Peers"* (*Romans des douze Pairs*). It belongs to the number of those great epic compositions, whose origin is incontestably linked to the cradle of the modern languages, and whose subjects are always borrowed from our old national traditions.

Until the present day, both critics and antiquaries have neglected to examine these singular creations of the human mind. Even those who have been wise enough to avail themselves of them in the composition of their learned works have gone no farther than to make such extracts as would throw light upon the subjects of heraldry or philology, hardly bestowing a passing glance upon those questions of manners and literature, which they might suggest, enlighten, and perhaps resolve. It is strange that the press should have been so busy in giving to the world the *Fabliaux,* which lay buried in our vast libraries, and yet should never have preserved from the most unmerited oblivion a single one of these ancient epics! If by a catastrophe, improbable, yet not impossible, the Royal Cabinet of Manuscripts should be destroyed, nothing of our old heroic poetry would remain but a few shreds scattered here and there through the *"Glossary"* of

Ducange and the *"History of Lorraine"* by Dom Calmet. Such a loss would indeed be immense and irreparable to those, who wish, even at this distant period, to study the manners and customs of our ancestors.

Perhaps, then, I may justly claim some right to the thanks of the friends of letters for this attempt to preserve and perpetuate the *"Romances of the Twelve Peers of France."* I now commence the series of these publications with *Berte aus Grans Piés.* In selecting this poem of the minstrel-king Adenès, I have been guided by the consideration, that, in order to gain readers for our ancient poets, it would be necessary to commence, not with the most beautiful, but with the shortest, and the least encumbered with philological difficulties. And again, the romance of Bertha, however inferior it may be to some of the longer romances of the twelfth century, as, for example, *Raoul de Cambrai, Guillaume au court nez,* or *Garin de Loherain,* nevertheless possesses the most lively interest for readers of the present age. Besides, as its subject is drawn from the close of the reign of Pepin-le-Bref, it has the advantage of commencing that series of historic paintings, of which the eighth and ninth centuries may be said to form the frame.

And now, Sir, I will venture a few reflections upon the structure of all these great works, which I would willingly call our French *Epopées,* had

it not been decided since the days of Ronsard, Chapelain, and Voltaire, that the French have no genius for epic poetry, and had not the word *Èpopée,* which always recalls the Iliad of Homer, been of late so much abused. But in thus submitting my opinions to your judgment, I feel myself bound to advance nothing either incorrect or imaginary. Besides, I am well aware, that at length we have become quite weary of those long and admirable theories, to which nothing is wanting but proof. All mine will be found in the works, concerning which I now write you, and which I intend to publish in succession, if leisure and the favor of the public permit.

Independently of sacred subjects, the early French poets or *Trouvères* of the Middle Ages possessed three distinct sources of inspiration: the traditions of classic antiquity, of the Britons, and of the French. All the chief compositions in the vulgar tongue, down to the thirteenth century, may be traced back to one of these three sources.

To the first belong the numerous poems of Alexander the Great, Philip of Macedon, Æneas, the valiant Hector, Jason, and Theseus. But this class of traditions has lost all its value, through our better acquaintance with the facts of ancient history. In proportion as we have been further removed from antiquity, we have

become better acquainted with it. The writers of the Middle Ages were all more or less the dupes of the simplicity of their own times; they could never comprehend the distinction between the fictions of the poets of the historic ages and the narratives of prose writers. And hence, blending the most marvellous tales with the more authentic events of history, they have made of the records of antiquity a confused picture, totally destitute of every kind of perspective. We can derive no possible advantage, then, from their undiscriminating copies of ancient writers; and their simple credulity, exercised alike towards Ovid and Cornelius Nepos, soon becomes insupportable.

The traditions of the Britons, however, are full of lively interest. The romances of the Round Table, which have sprung from these traditions, refer us back to a glorious epoch in the history of Albion; an epoch, of which, by some strange fatality, no distinct account has been transmitted to us. All that we can be said to know is, that in the fifth century, whilst Clovis was laying the foundation of the French empire, the Britons, more successful than the Gauls, repulsed the hordes of Picts, Angles, and Saxons who menaced them on all sides. Arthur was then their king. A century later, having fallen a prey to those fierce barbarians, the Britons cherished the memory of a hero, whose name represented all

that a noble-minded people esteems most dear on earth,—religion and liberty. Songs of departed glory are the privilege of a conquered people, and prophetic hopes are a consolation seldom wanting to the oppressed. Thus sprang up and multiplied those marvellous tales, which recorded the glory of Arthur, and in which the recollection of former victories was joined to the promise of victories yet to come. Not far from the twelfth century, a priest collected various traditions, and wrought them up into those religious forms in which his zeal prompted him to embody them. This collection, originally written in Latin, was afterwards translated into the vulgar tongue in prose during the reign of Henry the Second, father of Richard Cœur de Lion. Ere long it reappeared in a poetic dress in all the modern languages of Europe. Even at the present day the old prose translation would be a work "full of pleasant mirth and delight."

Still we cannot hope to trace the footsteps of history in these romances of the Round Table; for the primitive story is lost amid the multitude of episodes and embellishments. Excepting the name of the hero, whose deeds they celebrate, there is nothing—I do not say Celtic, for that would be too indefinite—nothing Armoric about them. The heroic valor of King Arthur is displayed throughout,—but it is directed against giants, wild beasts, or the adversaries of perse-

cuted beauty, and not against the oppressors of his country. His steed is barbed with iron, and we recognize the gallant warrior's shield by its golden crowns in a field of blue;—but his good sword Excalibur seems rather the handiwork of a skilful Norman artisan, than of an ancient *forgeron* of Armorica. Let us not, then, seek in these old romances the history of ages anterior to the Roman, Saxon, or even Norman conquest;—it would be a loss of time and labor. But if we desire only piquant adventures of love and gallantry, fierce saber-blows, and terrible *mélées* of Pagans and Christians, we shall find enough to repay the study of this ancient lore;—particularly if we take care to peruse the oldest prose translations.

We now come to the old romances, which have their source in our national traditions. These are the true standard of our ancient poetry; for surely you would not pretend, that it could claim a very elevated rank in the history of the human mind, if it could boast no other *chefs-d'œuvre* than such epics as the *Alexandréide* [1] or *Perce-*

[1] The Roman d'Alexandre is one of the ancient French monorhyme romances, and was written in the latter half of the twelfth century, by Lambert-li-cors (the short) and Alexandre de Paris. It is given out as a translation from the Latin, as the following passage shows:

"La verite de l'istorie si com li roys la fist,
Un clerc de Chasdiandun, Lambert li cors l'escrit
Qui du latin la trest et en romant la mist. . . .

val;[1] such dramas as the *Mystère de Saint Christophe,* or even the curious and simple pastoral of *Robin et Marion,* for whose publication we are indebted to you;—and, in fine, such satires as our coarse and vulgar *Fabliaux,* which (as one of our most profound and erudite scholars has remarked) are generally full *d'un merveilleux si insipide.* Not having sufficiently compared the various productions of the Middle Ages, we have hitherto been in the habit of passing judgment upon them, if I may use the phrase, in the lump, and with a sweeping expression of unlimited praise or censure. Those who have been disheartened by the *Romance of the Rose,*[2] or the *Tales of Barbazan,* can dis-

> Alixandre nous dit que de Bernay fu nez
> Et de Paris refu ses sournoms appellez,
> Qui ot les siens vers o les Lambert mellez."

The life and death of Alexander the Great are the subject of the poem. It is analyzed in the Histoire Litteraire de la France, T. XV, p. 163, et seq., and more briefly by M. La Ravallière in his essay on the Revolutions de la Langue Francoise, prefixed to Les Poesies du Roy de Navarre, T. I, p, 158, et seq.—Tr.

[1] Perceval le Gallois, a metrical romance by Chrestien de Troyes, one of the most voluminous and famous poets of the twelfth century. A short analysis of this romance may be found in the Hist. Litt. de la France, T. XV, p. 246, et seq., and another in Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. I, p. 233. It is one of the Romans de la Table Ronde Tr.

> [2] "Ce est li Rommanz de la Roze
> Ou l'art d'amors est tote enclose."

The romance of the Rose is an allegorical poem of no inconsiderable fame. It was commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century by Guillaume de Lorris, and completed nearly a

cover nothing in our ancient literature but a confused mass of coarse and tedious fictions. To others, whom a more superficial study of the classics has rendered more indulgent in their opinions, these same productions appear in a far different light, possessing a grace, a charm, a naïveté, that no language can describe;—nay, the very sight of a manuscript blotted with ink of the fourteenth century is enough to excite their enthusiasm. Midway between these two contending parties, and on the field which you, Sir, have trodden before them, all judicious critics will hereafter pitch their tents. True, it is painful thus to annoy the doughty champions of the ancient muse of France;—but the love of the Middle Ages bears an enchanter's wand, and leads its votaries blindfold; and I fear, that if, like them, we should proclaim the merit of so many productions, composed by ignorant mountebanks to amuse the populace, we should give occasion for

half century later by Jean de Meum. The bitter sarcasms against the corruption and hypocrisy of the priesthood contained in this Romaunt drew upon it and its authors the anathemas of the clergy. A certain Gerson, then chancellor, writes thus of Meum and his book: "There is one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called 'The Romaunt of the Rose'; which book, if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pound for the same, I would 'rather burn it than take the money.'" About the middle of the fourteenth century The Romance of the Rose was translated into English by Chaucer, under the title of "The Romaunt of the Rose or the Art of Love; wherein is showed the helpes and furtherances, and also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits." Tr.

the belief that we are incapable of appreciating the full value of those great poems, which were destined to charm the most brilliant assemblies, and grace the most magnificent festivals.

The same remark is true of the Middle Ages, as of our own, and of every age. If the state of society is shadowed forth in its literature, then this literature must necessarily represent two distinct and strongly marked characters: one, of the castle and the court;—another, of the middle classes and the populace; the former, elegant, harmonious, and delicate;—the latter, rude, grotesque, and vulgar. Each of these classes has its own peculiar merits; but our manuscripts by presenting them to us united, sometimes in the same volume, and always upon the same shelves of our libraries, have led us insensibly into the habit of confounding the manners of the court with those of the city. Hence great prejudices have arisen against the purity of some of our most estimable writers, and against the refinement of society in those ages, in which they were admired. Hence, too, all the difficulties which later historians have encountered, when, before classifying their authorities, they have sought to examine anew the manners and customs of an age.

But the desire of proving, that even in the twelfth century there was a refined and polished class in society, would lead me too far from my

original design, and I will therefore resist the temptation. I would only ask those, whom the love of a native land they *do* know, has too strongly prejudiced against that *other* and earlier native land they do *not* know,—to cast their eyes for a moment upon some noble monument of Gothic architecture; for example, upon the cathedral of Rheims. When they have contemplated this "Pantheon of our glory," as a writer of our own day has appropriately called it, let them ask themselves, whether those ages, which conceived the design and completed the construction of that noble edifice, ignorant as they were of Homer, Cicero, and Quinctilian, must not have possessed a native literature worthy, in some degree, of such a stupendous style of architecture? What! Villehardouin, Joinville, Philip Augustus, and Saint Louis, ignorant of all other poetry but the burlesque proverbs of Marcon, the superstitious reveries of Gautier de Coinsy,[1] and the indecent profanities of such writers as Rutebeuf[2] and

[1] Gautier de Coinsi was a Trouvère of the thirteenth century. He was born in Amiens in the year 1177. In 1233 he was made prior of the monastery of Saint Medard in Soissons, where he died in the year 1236. He was the author of a Fabliau entitled Sainte Leocadie, a monkish legend of nearly two thousand five hundred lines. It may be found in Barbazan's Fabliaux et Contes, T. I, p. 270. His principal work, however, is entitled, Miracles de la Vierge. One of these Miracles is given in the Bibliothèque Choisie de Poetes Francois. Tr.

[2] A Trouvère of the thirteenth century, and the author of a great number of Fabliaux, among which may be mentioned Li

Jean de Condé![1] Were it true it would not be probable, and, in such a case, we must say that the Gothic architecture is an effect without a cause,—*prolem sine matre creatam.*

But it is not true. We possessed in former times great epic poems, which, for four centuries, constituted the principal study of our fathers. And during that period all Europe,—Germany, England, Spain, and Italy,—having nothing of the kind to boast of, either in their historic recollections or in their historic records, disputed with each other the secondary glory of translating and imitating them.

Even amid the darkness of the ninth and tenth centuries, the French still preserved the recollection of an epoch of great national glory. Under Charlemagne, they had spread their conquests from the Oder to the Ebro, from the Baltic to the Sicilian sea. Mussulmans and Pagans, Saxons, Lombards, Bavarians, and Batavians,—all had submitted to the yoke of France, all had trembled at the power of Charles the Great. Emperor of the West, King of France and Germany, restorer of the arts and sciences, wise law-giver, great converter of infidels,—how many titles to

Testament de l'Asne, and Ci du Vilain Mire, from which Molière took his *Medecin malgre lui.* Tr.

[1] A Trouvère of the thirteenth century, and author of Les Chanoinesses et les Bernadines, which has been translated into English verse by Mr. Way: "Fabliaux, or Tales abridged from French Manuscript, of the 13th and 14th Centuries, by M. Le Grand; selected and translated into English Verse." Vol. I, p. 73. Tr.

the recollection and gratitude of posterity! Add to this, that long before his day the Franks were in the habit of treasuring up in their memory the exploits of their ancestors; that Charlemagne himself, during his reign, caused all the heroic ballads, which celebrated the glory of the nation, to be collected together; and, in fine, that the weakness of his successors, the misfortunes of the times, and the invasions of the Normans must have increased the national respect and veneration for the illustrious dead,—and you will be forced to confess that if no poetic monuments of the ninth century remained, we ought rather to conjecture, that they had been lost, than that they had never existed.

As to the contemporaneous history of those times, it offers us, if I may so speak, only the outline of this imposing colossus. Read the Annals of the Abbey of Fulde and those of Metz, Paul the Deacon, the continuator of Frédégaire, and even Eginhart himself, and you will there find registered, in the rapid style of an itinerary, the multiplied conquests of the French. The Bavarians, the Lombards, the Gascons revolt; Charles goes forth to subdue the Bavarians, the Lombards, and the Gascons. Witikind rebels ten times, and ten times Charles passes the Rhine and routs the insurgent army; and there the history ends. Nevertheless, the Emperor had his generals, his companions in

glory, his rivals in genius;—but in all history we find not a whisper of their services;—hardly are their names mentioned. It has been left to the popular ballads, barren as they are of all historic authority, to transmit to posterity the proofs of their ancient renown.

But although these ancient *chansons de geste,* or historic ballads, fill up the chasms of true history, and clothe with flesh the meager skeleton of old contemporaneous chroniclers, yet, Sir, you must not thence conclude that I am prepared to maintain the truth of their narratives. Far from it. Truth does not reign supreme on earth; and those romances, after all, are only the expression of public opinion, separated by an interval of many generations from that whose memory they transmit to us. But to supply the want of historians, each great epoch in national history inspires the song of bards; and when the learned and the wise neglect to prepare the history of events which they themselves have witnessed, the people prepare their national songs; their sonorous voice, prompted by childish credulity and a free and unlimited admiration, echoes alone through succeeding ages, and kindles the imagination, the feelings, the enthusiasm of the children, by proclaiming the glory of the fathers. Thus Homer sang two centuries after the Trojan war; and thus arose, two or three centuries after the death of Charlemagne, all those great

poems called the *"Romances of the Twelve Peers."*

And now let us suppose for a moment, that, after the lapse of two centuries, the mirror of history should reflect nothing of the reign of Napoleon, but the majestic figure of the conqueror himself, and a chronological list of his victories and defeats. Then the exploits of his marshals and the deeds of his high dignitaries would excite the suspicion and the skepticism of the historian; but then, too, would songs and popular ballads proclaim loudly, not the final treason of Murat, but his chivalrous gallantry; they would repeat the pretended death of Cambronne, and the odious crimes with which the people so blindly charge M. de Raguse. Nor would a Roland and a Ganelon suffice; around the new Charlemagne would be grouped another warlike Almoner, another prudent Duke Naimes. Such, were history silent, would be outlines of the poetic tale; and our children would easily supply the coloring.

To return to the *"Romances of the Twelve Peers."* They recommend themselves equally to the admiration of the poet, and to the attention of the antiquary. Whilst the former will be astonished at the unity of the plots, the connection of the episodes, the interest of the stories, and the originality of the descriptions they contain,—the latter will find new light thrown by

them upon the ancient topography of France, upon the date of many venerable structures, and upon the history of an infinite number of cities, fiefs, châteaux, and signiories. When these singular productions shall appear in the broad day-light of the press, then shall we see France enveloped in a bright poetic glory, new and unexpected. And, on the other hand, what an ample field will then be laid open for new doubts concerning our ancient jurisprudence, our ancient political constitution, and the nature of the feudal system, so complicated in modern theory, but so natural in its origin and so simple in its form! In the writings of our old romancers, the feudal system is embodied; it moves, acts, speaks, battles; now with the monarch at its head, it is present at the tilts and tournaments, and now it discusses the affairs of state; now it suffers penalties, and now cries aloud for vengeance. I assert, then, without fear of contradiction, that, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Middle Ages,—I do not mean the bare history of facts, but of the manners and customs which render those facts probable,—we must study it in the pages of old romance; and this is the reason, why the history of France is yet unwritten.

Hitherto the fate of these great works has been a singular one. I have already remarked, that for the space of four hundred years, that is

from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, they constituted almost the only literature of our ancestors. Immediately afterward foreign nations took possession of them; first the Germans, and next the Italians; and it would seem, that in thus relinquishing them to our neighbors, we have had some scruples as to the propriety of retaining even so much as the memory of them. Thus by slow degrees they have quite disappeared from our literature. The renown, however, of the enchanting fictions of Pulci and Ariosto gave birth to a few lifeless and paltry imitations; only one point was forgotten, and that was to have recourse to the old Gallic originals. But, alas! what was ancient France, her history, her manners, and her literature to a class of writers, who only dreamed of reviving once more the ages of Rome and Athens, and who, in their strange hallucination, hoped to persuade the people to suppress all rhyme in their songs, and to supply its place by dactyles and anapests.

This exclusive love of classic antiquity acquired new force during the whole of the seventeenth century so that no one thought of contradicting Boileau, when he so carelessly called Villon

> "The first, who in those rude unpolished times,
> Cleared the dark mystery of our ancient rhymes." [1]

[1] "Villon fut le premier qui, dans ces temps grossiers,
Débrouilla l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

In the eighteenth century a kind of conservative instinct seemed to bring our men of letters back to the productions of the Middle Ages; but by their anxiety to remove all philological difficulties from the old romances, they have retarded the time when these poems shall be as universally read among us, as the *Romanceros* are in Spain, and Dante and Boccaccio in Italy. The imitations of Tressan and Caylus had their day; but as these productions were tricked out to suit the fashion of the age, they disappeared with the fashion which gave them birth.

But the moment seems at length to have arrived when these ancient poems shall be raised from the dead. A desire to know more of the earliest monuments of modern literature is at length manifesting itself among us; and before the expiration of ten years, it is probable that the most important of these works will have emerged, so to speak, into the perpetual light of the press.

One word concerning the meter of these poems. They were written to be sung; and this is one point of resemblance observable between the old Greek rhapsodies and the heroic ballads of France. Doubtless the music of these poems was solemn and monotonous, like that of our devotional chants, or those village songs, whose final notes mark the recommencement of the tune. The ancient ballad of "Count Orri" is a piece

of this kind; and so also is the burlesque description of the death of Malbrouk, if you suppress the *syllables de refrain.*[1] This kind of music strikes the ear agreeably, though its cadence is monotonous; in proof of which I appeal to all our recollections of childhood.

In these old romances, as in the song to which I have just alluded, the verse is monorhyme, and the meter either pentameter or Alexandrine. As these poems were written to be sung, it is evident, that the pause or rest would naturally come after the fourth syllable in pentameter lines, and after the sixth in Alexandrines.[2] Nor is this all. This necessary rest in the middle of the line gave the poet an opportunity of introducing at the close of the hemistich a *syllable de suspension,* as at the end of the feminine rhymes of the present day.

After an attentive examination of our ancient literature, it is impossible to doubt for a moment,

[1] Though this song is certainly well enough known, yet it may be necessary to quote a few lines in proof of my assertion. It will be seen that the measure is *Alexandrine,* and the verse *monorhythmic.*

> Madame á sa tour monte,—si haut qu'el peut monter,
> Elle aperçoit son page—de noir tout habillé.
> "Beau page, mon beau page,—quel' nouvelle a ortés?"
> "La nouvell' que j'aporte,—vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;
> Monsieur Malbrough est mort,—est mort et enterré," etc.

[2] To this rest, which was absolutely essential to the musical accompaniment, we can trace back the use of the hemistich, which is still preserved by the French, though all other modern nations have abandoned it.

that the old monorhyme romances were set to music, and accompanied by a viol, harp, or guitar; and yet this seems hitherto to have escaped observation. In the olden time no one was esteemed a good minstrel, whose memory was not stored with a great number of historic ballads, like those of *Roncesvalles, Garin de Loherain,* and *Gerars de Roussillon.* It is not to be supposed that any one of these poems was ever recited entire; but as the greater part of them contained various descriptions of battles, hunting adventures, and marriages, scenes of the court, the council, and the castle, the audience chose those stanzas and episodes which best suited their taste. And this is the reason why each stanza contains in itself a distinct and complete narrative, and also why the closing lines of each stanza are in substance repeated at the commencement of that which immediately succeeds.

In the poem of *Gerars de Nevers* I find the following curious passage. Gerars, betrayed by his mistress and stripped of his earldom of Nevers by the Duke of Metz, determines to revisit his ancient domains. To avoid detection and arrest, he is obliged to assume the guise of a minstrel.

> Then Gerars donned a garment old,
> And round his neck a viol hung,
> For cunningly he played and sung. . . .
> Steed he had none; so he was fain

To trudge on foot o'er hill and plain,
Till Nevers' gate he stood before.
There merry burghers full a score,
Staring, exclaimed in pleasant mood:
"This minstrel cometh for little good;
I ween, if he singeth all day long,
No one will listen to his song." [1]

In spite of these unfavorable prognostics, Gerars presents himself before the castle of the Duke of Metz.

Whilst at the door he thus did wait,
A knight came through the courtyard gate,
Who bade the minstrel enter straight,
And led him to the crowded hall,
That he might play before them all.
The minstrel then full soon began,
In gesture like an aged man,
But with clear voice and music gay,
The song of Guillaume au Cornez.
Great was the court in the hall of Loön,
The tables were full of fowl and venison,
On flesh and fish they feasted every one;
But Guillaume of these viands tasted none,
Brown crusts ate he, and water drank alone.

[1] "Lors vesti un viex garnement
Et pend a son col une vielle;
Car Girars bel et bien viele. . . .
Il aloit a pie, sans cheval.
Tant a marchie plain et val
Qu' a la cité de Mevers vint.
Borjois l'esgardent plus de vint
Qui disoient tout en riant:
'Cist Jongleres vient por noiant,
Quar toute jor porroit chanter
Que nus ne l'alast escouter.' "

When had feasted every noble baron,
The cloths were removed by squire and scullion.
Count Guillaume then with the king did thus reason:
"What thinketh now," quoth he, "the gallant Charlon?
Will he aid me against the prowess of Mahon?"
Quoth Loéis, "We will take council thereon,
To-morrow in the morning shalt thou conne,
If aught by us in this matter can be done."
Guillaume heard this,—black was he as carbon,
He louted low, and seized a baton,
And said to the king, "Of your fief will I none,
I will not keep so much as a spur's iron;
Your friend and vassal I cease to be anon;
But come you shall, whether you will or non."
Thus full four verses sang the knight,
For their great solace and delight.[1]

[1] "A la porte tant atendi
Qu'uns chevalier ens l'apela
Qui, par la cour traiant, alla.
En la salle l'emmene à mont
Et de vieler le semont. . . .
Lors comence, si com moi semble
Com cil qui mout iert senés
Ces vers de Guillaume au cornés
A clere vois et â dous son.
'Grant fu la cort en la sale â Lôôn
Moult ot as tables oiseax et venoison.
Qui que manjest la char et le poisson,
Oncques Guillaume n'en passe le menton
Ains menja tourte, et but aigue a foison.
Quant mengier orent li chevalier baron,
Les napes otent escuier et garçon.
Li quens Guillaume mist le roi à raison:
—'Qu'as en pense, dit-il, li fies Charlon?
Secores-moi vers la geste Mahon.'
Dist Loeis: 'Nous en consillerons,
Et le matin savoir le vous ferons

Observe the expression "full four verses," (*vers jusqu'à quatre*); which very evidently means four stanzas or couplets.

Thus, then, we may consider the fact as well established, that the old romances were sung; and that hence there was a good reason for dividing them into monorhyme stanzas.

And thus, too we discover the reason why these romances were called *chansons*, or songs, and why they generally commenced with some such expressions as the following:—

"Good song, my lords, will it please you to hear?" . . .
"Listen, lordlings, to a merry song." . . .
"Historic song, and of marvelous renown." . . .[1]

We shall no longer look for the famous *Chanson de Roland* or *de Roncevaux* in some forgotten page of our ancient manuscripts; nor shall we longer insist upon its having the brevity, the form, and even the accustomed refrain of the modern ballad. We shall now be content with

Ma volente, se je irai o non.'
Guillaume l'ot, si taint come charbon;
Il s'abaissa, si a pris un baston,
Puis dit au roi: 'Vostre fiez vos rendon.
N'en tenrai mes vaillant une esperon,
Ne vostre ami ne serai ne voste hom,
Et si venrez, o vous voillez o non.'—
Ensi lor dit vers jusqu'a quatre
Pour aus solacier et esbatre," etc.

[1] "Bone chanson, siegneur, plaist-vos oir?" . . .
"Seigneur oëz une bele chanson." . . .
"Chanson de geste, et de marveilleus pris," . . . etc.

a reference to the Manuscripts entitled *Li Romans*, or *La Chansons de Roncevals*, which can be easily found in the Royal Library;—and after having read them, we shall no longer believe that this precious monument of our national traditions and literature has forever perished.

It is because we have not already done this, that we have always interpreted so incorrectly the passage in the romance of the *Brut*,[1] where the author, after enumerating the army of William the Conqueror, adds:—

> Taillefer, who sung full well, I wot,
> Mounted on steed that was swift of foot,
> Went forth before the armed train
> Singing of Roland and Charlemain,
> Of Oliver and the brave vassals,
> Who died at the pass of Roncesvals.[1]

We formerly thought with the Duc de la Vallière, that some short ballad was here spoken of; and M. de Chateaubriand was the first to suspect the truth, when he said, "This ballad must still exist somewhere in the romance of 'Oliver,' which was formerly preserved in the Royal Library."

[1] "Taillefer qui moult bien cantoit,
Sur un ceval qui tost aloit
Devant as s'en aloit constant
De Carlemane et de Rolant
Et d'Olivier et des vassaus
Qui moururent â Rainscevaus."

The whole truth is that the Chanson de Roncevaulx exists nowhere but in the *Chanson de Roncevaulx.*

Hitherto, by way of excuse for not reading these old romances, it has been fashionable to load them with all kinds of censure. It may not be amiss to examine some of the charges brought against them.

It has been said that they contain nothing but ridiculous and incredible adventures; that these adventures are *all* founded upon a pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem; and that they are a copy or a paraphrase of that absurd and insipid history of Charlemagne, attributed to the Archbishop Turpin. Consequently their date is fixed no earlier than the close of the twelfth or the commencement of the thirteenth century. But these opinions will not bear a very rigid scrutiny.

Those who urge the improbability of the adventures contained in these writings, confound together two classes of works, which have no kind of connection,—that is to say, the old traditions of Brittany, and the ancient heroic ballads of France. The former, indeed, founded upon the marvels of the Saint Graal, contain nothing but strange and miraculous adventures; but the *Romances of the Twelve Peers* contain a continued narrative, the more probable in its detail, inasmuch as these romances belong to a period of

greater antiquity. The impossible forms no part of their plan, and Lucan is not more sparing of the marvellous than the first poets who sang the praises of Roland and Guillaume au Cornez. Nay, if any one should compare the details of the lives of our ancient kings, as they are described in the Chronicle of Saint-Denis, and in our oldest romances, he would soon be persuaded that the latter have incontestably the advantage in point of probability.

The second charge is equally ill-founded. I am well aware, that the antiquarians of the last century discovered a legend describing the journey of Charlemagne to the Holy Land; I am equally well aware that in addition to this there exists a very ancient romance, whose subject is the conquest of a part of the Grecian empire by Charlemagne, and his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But it is very unfair to conclude from this, that all the romances of the Twelve Peers have the same chimerical foundation; for the only one which treats of the war in the East, was first discovered by the Abbé de la Rue, not in France, but in the British Museum. With regard to the other monorhyme romances, far from being founded on the same event, the greater part of them do not even belong to the age of Charlemagne. Thus, *Gerars de Roussillon,* of which nothing now remains but an imitation of a later date, records the wars of Charles Martel;

Garin de Loherain, Girbert, and *Berte aus grans piés* embrace the reign of Pepin-le-Bref; *Raoul de Cambray, Guillaume au cornez, Gerars de Nevers,* transport us to the days of Louis-le-Débonnaire; and others refer back to the age of Charles-le-Chauve. Of the poems which embrace the age of Charlemagne, the most ancient and authentic are the following: *Agolant,* or the expulsion of the Saracens from Italy;—*Jean de Lanson,* or the Lombard war;—*Guiteclin de Sassoigne,* or the wars of Saxony against Witikind;—*Les Quatre Fils Aymon* and *Girard de Vienna,* or the wars of Auvergne and Dauphiny; and *Ogier le Danois* and *Roncevaux,* or the expedition to Spain. In all these there is not one word about Jerusalem,—not even so much as an allusion to that chimerical pilgrimage. We must not, then, condemn these romances, because "they are *all* founded on the pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem."

I now come to the last charge. And are the *Romances of the Twelve Peers* a paraphrase of the chronicle of Turpin, and consequently of a later date than this chronicle?

All your friends, Sir, are well aware that you have been long engaged in preparing a valuable edition of the work of the Archbishop of Rheims. You have consulted the various manuscripts, and the numerous translations of this work; you have compared the most correct texts

and the most ancient readings. It is then for you to decide, whether our ancient poems, being only an imitation of this chronicle, are to be dated no farther back than the thirteenth, or, at farthest, than the twelfth century. And if I venture to offer you, in anticipation of your judgment, my own imperfect views upon this subject, I am urged to this step by the conviction, that my researches, though far less enlightened than your own, will notwithstanding coincide with them.

The author of this chronicle, whoever he may be, is very far from having made good the title of his work,—*De Vita et Gestis Caroli Magni.* With the exception of a few sentences which are bestowed upon the first exploits and upon the death of Charlemagne, the whole work is taken up in describing the crusade against the Saracens of Spain, and the defeat of the French rear-guard near Roncesvalles. According to the chronicler, the true motive of this expedition was a dream, in which Saint James commanded the Emperor to go and rescue his precious relics from the hands of the Saracens. In return for this, the Saint promised him victory on earth and paradise in heaven. The first care of Charlemagne was, therefore, to build churches to Saint James, and to honor his relics. Notwithstanding all this, his rear-guard, as everybody knows, was cut to pieces; but this, according to the same

chronicler, was the fault of the French themselves, who were enticed from their duty by the allurements of the Moorish maidens. At all events, he declares, that Charlemagne would have been damned after death, had it not been for the great number of churches which he built or endowed.

This brief analysis of the famous chronicle affords us a glimpse of its design. The author was, without doubt, a monk; and Geoffrey, Prior of Saint-André-de-Vienne, who first brought it from Spain, was living in the year 1092. Until that time, the very existence of that legend was unknown in France; and there can be little doubt, that even the protection of the monk of Dauphiny would not have rescued it from the obscurity into which all the pious frauds of the same kind have so justly fallen, had it not been for the infallible recommendation which Pope Calixtus II., formerly Archbishop of Vienne, let fall upon it from the height of his pontifical throne. But after all, the Holy Father never declared, that this chronicle gave birth to the old French romances; and we may therefore, with all due respect to his decision, maintain that the greater part of these romances are anterior in date to the chronicle.

Indeed, who does not perceive, that if free scope had been given to the pious chronicler,—if he had not been restrained by the necessity of

adapting his work to the exigency of traditions generally adopted,—he would have omitted the defeat at Roncesvalles, which so unfortunately deranges the promises made to Charlemagne by Monseigneur Saint Jacques?

But there are other proofs even more incontestable than these. In the epistle, which the Prior of Vienne wrote to the clergy of Limoges, when he sent them the chronicle of Turpin, he observes that he had been the more anxious to procure the work from Spain, because that, previous to that time, the expedition of Charlemagne was known in France by the songs of the Troubadours only. It would seem, then, that these Troubadours, or Jongleurs, did not wait for the inspiration of the Spanish legend in order to enable them to celebrate the exploits of Roland, and to sing the sad but glorious day of Roncesvalles.

In the course of this miserable monkish chronicle, the fictitious Turpin happens to name the principal leaders of the army of Charlemagne. In doing this he confounds, with the most singular ignorance, the poetic heroes of different generations; as, for example, Garin le Loherain and Oliver, the former of whom lived at the commencement of the reign of Pépin, and the latter in the last years of the reign of Charlemagne. On the same occasion he speaks of the valiant Ogier le Danois, who, says he, did such marvels,

"that his praise is sung in ballads even down to the present day." The Chansons of Roland and of Ogier, which are still preserved, are not, then, mere imitations of the legend of Turpin.

I feel, that all further proof would be superfluous:—still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact, that this Turpin, whom the forger of these writings has transformed into an historian, far from being cited in the *Chanson de Roland* as the guarantee of the circumstances accompanying the death of this Paladin, expires covered with wounds some time before the death of Roland. But in the chronicle, which was made *for* and *by* the monks, and with the simple design of exciting the zeal of the pilgrims to the shrine of Saint James, Turpin appears only in order to confess the dying, and afterwards to carry to Charlemagne the story of the disastrous defeat. Surely if the poets had followed this chronicle, and had taken it, as has been pretended, for the foundation of their poems, they would have represented the good Archbishop in the same manner in which he has represented himself. And if his testimony had been of any importance in their opinion, as it was in that of all the annalists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they surely would not have begun by entirely overthrowing the authority of this testimony.

The following is the description given in the

famous *Chanson de Roland* of the death of Turpin. I have praised these ancient poems so highly, that I might be accused of prejudice in their favor, if I brought forward no quotations to sustain my opinion.

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining haubert from his breast,
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where Almoners live again,
There are our couches spread,—there shall we rest
from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave!
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;—

Whate'er my fate, Christ's benizon on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath,
The Hebrew Prophets from the second death."
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;—
No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom God's benizon rest,
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands, and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified,—
In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;—
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;—
God grant to him his holy benizon.

One question more remains to be touched upon. To what century do these historic songs, or *"Romances of the Twelve Peers,"* belong? Some have been so skeptical in regard to their antiquity as to fix their date as late as the thirteenth century;—let us not fall into the opposite extreme, by referring them back to so early a period as that in which occurred the events they celebrate. But this discussion would demand a

more profound erudition, and a more experienced judgment, than I can bring to the task;—and above all a more extended view of the whole ground of controversy, than my present limits allow. Nor shall I ever undertake this task, unless more skilful critics should be backward in maintaining the good cause; a supposition which is by no means probable, for on all sides a taste, nay a passion, for these earliest monuments of modern literature is springing up. Even before a professorship has been endowed in the Collége de France, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the early stages of the French language, the public welcomes with avidity whatever is thus dug up from the fruitful soil of our ancient country. The mine is hardly open;—and yet every day we hear of the publication of some old manuscript before unknown. Immediately subsequent to the publication of *Le Roman de Renard* appeared under your own auspices our earliest comic opera, *Le Jeu de Robin et Marion,* and our earliest drama, *Le Jeu d' Adam le Bossu d' Arras.* M. de Roquefort has presented, as his offering, the poems of Marie de France; and M. Crapelet, the agreeable romance of *Le Chatelain de Coucy.*[1] M. F. Michel, not satisfied with having published

[1] This writer flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century. The romance spoken of above is entitled, Romans du Châtelain de Coucy et de Dame de Fayel.—Tr.

the romance of *Le Comte de Poitiers,* is about bringing forward, with the assistance of an able orientalist, a poem entitled *Mahomet,* which will show us in what light the religion and the person of the Arab lawgiver were regarded in the East during the thirteenth century. M. Bourdillon, who has long felt all the historic and literary importance of the *Chanson de Roncevaux,* is now occupied in preparing an edition for the press; and M. Robert, already favorably known by his work upon La Fontaine, will soon publish an edition of the fine old romance of *Partenopex de Blois.*[1] Meanwhile the celebrated M. Raynouard is about completing his *Glossaire des Langues Vulgaires;* and the Abbé de la Rue is superintending the publication of a large work on *les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouvères.* Thus the knowledge of our ancient literature develops itself more and more daily; and thus will arise, if indeed it has not already arisen, a sober and enlightened judgment concerning the productions of the human mind, during that long period, bounded on one side by antiquity and on the other by the sixteenth century, the epoch of the revival of the arts and sciences.

The author of the romance of *Berte aus grans piés* flourished about the close of the thirteenth

[1] The romance of Parthenopex de Bois belongs to the commencement of the thirteenth century. The name of the author is unknown.—Tr.

century. His name was Adans or Adenès, according to the general custom of designating an individual indifferently by his patronymic name or by its diminutive. The greater part of the manuscripts give him the surname of *Roi*, or King; and M. Roquefort thinks that it was bestowed upon him because one of his poems bore off the palm at a *puy d'amour;* whilst the learned authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* suppose that Adenès was indebted for this title to the justice of his contemporaries and to the superiority of his poetic talent. I shall hazard an opinion of my own, which does not conform to either of these. We are acquainted with several Trouvères, whose works obtained prizes in the *Puys* of Valenciennes or Cambray; —they all took the surname of *couronné,* and not that of *roi.*

But in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a King of the Minstrels (*Roi des Ménestrels*). This pacific sovereign had the direction of the Jongleurs or Troubadours of the court, and I am inclined to think, that his duties bore no inconsiderable resemblance to those of a modern leader of an orchestra. To him people addressed themselves, when they wanted a good singer, a good lute-player, or a good harper; and the King of the Minstrels, as the most skilful of all, directed and animated the concert by voice and gesture. Such were probably the

prerogatives and functions of *le Roi Adenès*.[1]

However this may be, and although no one can doubt, on running over the names of his numerous and illustrious protectors, that Adenès enjoyed a high reputation as Trouvère and minstrel,—yet I do not find that any contemporary writer makes mention of him. It is true, that in one of the copies of the fables of Marie de France, this poetess designates *le Roi Adans* as the author of the first English translation of the fables of Esop—

> Esop call we this book;
> King Adanès did highly rate it,
> And into English did translate it.[2]

But this copy deceived the learned author of the catalogue of the La Vallière manuscripts. All other copies of Marie de France read *Li rois Henrys,* instead of *Li rois Adans.* At all events, as many of the manuscripts of Marie de France belong to the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is evident that they can make no mention of the works of Adenès, who did not flourish till near its close.

It is, then, to the writings of Adenès, and particularly to his romance of *Cléomadès,*[3] that we

[1] By other writers he is spoken of as the Roi d'armes, the King-at-arms, of Henry, Duke of Brabant.—Tr.

[2] "Ysopet apelons cest livre:
Li rois Adans qui moult l'ama
En engleis puis translaté l'a," . . . etc.

[3] An analysis or paraphrase of this romance is given by the Comte de Tressan. Œuvres Choisies, VL. II, p. 271. Tr.

must look for information respecting the time in which he flourished, and for some circumstances of his life.

Adenès was born in the duchy of Brabant, about 1240. He doubtless exhibited, at an early age, a remarkable talent for poetry; for Henry III., then Duke of Brabant, the warm friend of poets, and yet a poet himself, had him educated with care, and afterward chose him for his minstrel. It is very possible that the pretty songs of Henry III., which are still preserved in the Royal Library, were submitted to the correction of the young Adenès, before they were sung in public. Nearly all the princes of the thirteenth century give proofs of great talent, and sometimes of true poetic genius. But perhaps their highest, their most indisputable merit was mainly owing to the choice of their minstrels:—thus, Blondel was distinguished by the patronage of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Gaces Brulés by that of the king of Navarre; Charles d'Anjou, king of Naples, was accompanied by the Bossu d'Arras, and we have seen that Adenès had merited the good graces of the Duke of Brabant.

> Minstrel was I to the good Duke Henry;
> He it was that brought me up and nourished me,
> And made me learn the art of minstrelsy.[1]

[1] "Menestrés au bon duc Henri
Fui, cil m'aleva et norri
Et me fist mon mestier aprendre."

Henry died in 1260, regretted by his subjects, and above all by the poets, whose labors he liberally rewarded. Adenès, who, after the death of his benefactor, took every opportunity of praising his virtues, soon gained the affection of the Duke's children. Jean and Guyon preserved the poet from the ills of penury, and when Marie de Brabant became queen of France, she took him with her to Paris. There, in his double capacity of poet and courtier, he was honored with the most marked distinction. In those days, poets were permitted to eulogize the great, and to celebrate their numerous virtues. In doing this Adenès had no peer; but whilst he rendered due homage to those, whom fortune surrounded with all the splendor of power, he listened also to the natural promptings of his heart, and both respected and cherished all self-acquired renown. He somewhere says in *Buevon de Comarchis*:—

If it please God and his saints, through all my earthly days,
Of good men and of valiant, I will gladly speak in praise;
What good I hear of them, I will record it in my lays,
If aught I hear that 's ill, I will hold my peace always.[1]

The precise date of the death of Adenès is unknown. The last poem to which he has prefixed

[1] "Se Diex plaist et ses sains, tant com je viverai
Des vons et des preudoms volentiers parlerai;
Se d'ans sais aucun bien je le recorderai:
Se de nului sai mal, trestout quoi m'en tairai."

his name is *Cléomadès,* whose story transports us back to the reign of Diocletian. This is the longest of the author's poems, and contains no less than nineteen thousand octosyllabic lines. The principal narrative is often interrupted by agreeable episodes, such as the history of the miraculous deeds of the poet Virgil, "the greatest enchanter of Rome." Among other marvels, which unfortunately time hath put into his wallet as "alms for oblivion" Adenès mentions the baths of Pozzuoli. On each of these Virgil had inscribed the name of that disease, which was instantly cured by the virtue of its waters.

> But the Physicians every one,
> Who much ill and much good have done,
> All of these writings did decry;—
> For nothing could they gain thereby.
> And if those baths existed now,
> They'd like them little enough, I trow.[1]

A great number of copies of *Cléomadès* are still extant,—some of them under the title of *Cheval de Fust.* This *cheval de fust,* or wooden horse, takes a very active part in the romance. He traversed the air, you know, with inconceivable rapidity, and was guided in his course by

[1] "Mais sachiez que Phisicien,
Qui ont fait maint mal et maint bien
Depecierent tous les escris:
Car ce n'estoit pas leur pourfis.
Et si Ces bains encore estoient,
Croi-je que pou les ameroient."

turning a peg, which is sufficient to prove, that this famous courser is the type of the horse on which Pierre de Provence carried away the fair Maguelonne, and which, at a later period, under the name of *Clavileño,* bore the divine Sancho so high in air as to make him confound the earth with a grain of mustard-seed, and its inhabitants with filberts.

Cléomadès was written at the joint request of Marie de Brabant and Blanche de France, who was married in 1269 to the Infante of Castile. The names of these two princesses determine very nearly the date of its composition. Marie de Brabant was married in 1274 to Philippe-le-Hardi; and Blanche, on the death of her husband, returned to France in 1275. *Cléomadès* must, therefore, have been written between 1275 and 1283, the year in which Philippe-le-Hardi died.

I have one word more to say of this romance. It thus commences:—

> He who did write *Ogier the Dane,*
> And *She of the wood,* yclept *Bertain,*
> And *Buevon of Comarchis* did make,
> Another book doth undertake.[1]

These three romances are still preserved in the Royal Library, all of them complete, except

[1] "Cil qui fit d'Ogier le Danois
Et de Bertain qui fu au bois,
Et de Buevon de Comarchis,
Ai un autre livre entrepris."

Buevon de Comarchis, of which the first part only remains. *Buevon de Comarchis* is a kind of appendage to the old romances which immortalize the family of Guillaume au cornéz; in the same manner that the *Enfances Ogier* are the sequel of the romances of Ogier. It has been often supposed, that Adenès was the author of all the poems of Guillaume au cornéz, and also of Ogier le Danois; but this is an error; for the origin of the greater part of these romances can be traced back to the very cradle of French poetry,—to a period far beyond the thirteenth century.

Adenès, on the contrary, is one of the last poets, who sang, in monorhyme verse, the traditions of our fabulous and heroic ages. His versification is pure and correct; but it may be said, that the subject of his narratives is the less poetic in proportion as his style is the more so.

But this letter is already a thousand times too long; and I therefore close these desultory remarks upon Adenès and his works, leaving it to the romance of *Berte aus grans piés* to plead its own cause, and to justify the importance which I attach to its publication.

Adieu, Sir, and believe me with much respect, etc., etc.

PAULIN PARIS.

Paris, 20 December 1831.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA

1837.

HERE beginneth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant. He was the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane, and loved fair Ingeborg, the daughter of a king. His fame was great in the North, and his name in the songs of bards. His marvellous deeds on land and sea are told in tradition; and his history is written in the old Icelandic Saga that bears his name. This Saga is in prose, with occasionally a few stanzas of verse. Upon the events recorded in it the poem of Tegnér is founded.

Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in 1782 and died in 1846. He stands first among the poets of Sweden; a man of a grand and gorgeous imagination,—a poetic genius of high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegnér will be the first name upon their lips. They will tell you with enthusiasm of Frithiof's Saga; and of Axel, and Svea, and the Children of the Lord's Supper. The modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes; not on the

bark of trees alone, in the "unspeakable rural solitudes" of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his fatherland, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems.

The Legend of Frithiof is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with the action described in the ballad. This is a novel idea; and perhaps thereby the poem loses something in sober, epic dignity. But the loss is more than made up by the greater spirit of the narrative; and it seems a laudable innovation thus to describe various scenes in various meters, and not to employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea.

It may be urged against Tegnér, with some show of truth, that he is too profuse and elaborate in his use of figurative language, and that the same figures are sometimes repeated with little variation. But the reader must bear in mind that the work before him is written in the spirit of the Past; in the spirit of that old poetry of the North, in which the same images and expressions are oft repeated, and the sword is called the Lightning's Brother; a banner, the Hider of Heaven; gold, the Daylight of Dwarfs; and the grave, the Green Gate of Paradise. The old Scald smote the strings of his harp with as bold

a hand as the Berserk smote his foe. When heroes fell in battle, he sang of them in his Drapa, or Death-Song, that they had gone to drink beer with the gods. He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the Past. He was

> "The skylark in the dawn of years,
> The poet of the morn."

In the vast solitudes around him, "the heart of Nature beat against his own." From the midnight gloom of groves the melancholy pines called aloud to the neighboring sea. To his ear these were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

With this same baptism has the soul of the modern Scald been baptized. He dwells in that land where the sound of the sea and the midnight storm are the voices of tradition, and the great forests beckon to him, and in mournful accents seem to say, "Why hast thou tarried so long?" They have not spoken in vain. In this spirit the poem has been written, and in this spirit it must be read. We must visit, in imagination at least, that distant land, and converse with the Genius of the place. It points us to the great mounds, which are the tombs of kings. Their bones are within; skeletons of warriors mounted on the skeletons of their steeds; and Vikings sit-

ting gaunt and grim on the plankless ribs of their pirate ships. There is a wooden statue in the Cathedral of Upsala. It is an image of the god Thor, who in Valhalla holds seven stars in his hand, and Charles's Wain.[1] In the village of Gamla Upsala there is an ancient church. It was once a temple, in which the gods of the old mythology were worshipped. In every mysterious sound that fills the air, the peasant still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many centuries ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. The memory of Balder is still preserved in the flower that bears his name, and Freja's spinning-wheel still glimmers in the stars of the constellation Orion. The sound of Strömkarl's flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls. In the forest, the Skogsfrun, of wondrous beauty, leads young men astray; and Tomtgubbe hammers and pounds away, all night long, at the peasant's unfinished cottage.[2]

I am but too well aware that a brief analysis and a few scattered extracts can give only a faint idea of the original, and that consequently

[1] Thor Gudh war högsten aff them
Han satt naken som ett Barn
Siv stiernor i handen och Karlewagn.

Old Swedish Rhyme-Chronicle.

[2] Note—In the collection entitled "Driftwood" Longfellow here inserted the article on Life in Sweden printed in "The Boston Book" in 1841, which is included in Volume II of this edition of his prose works as it was therein originally published.

the admiration of my readers will probably lag somewhat behind my own. If the poem itself should ever fall into their hands, I hope that the foregoing remarks on Sweden, which now may seem to them a useless digression, will, nevertheless, enable them to enter more easily into the spirit of the poem, and to feel more truly the influences under which it was written.

The first canto describes the childhood and youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg the fair, as they grew up together under the humble roof of Hilding, their foster-father. They are two plants in the old man's garden;—a young oak, whose stem is like a lance, and whose leafy top is rounded like a helm; and a rose, in whose folded buds the Spring still sleeps and dreams. But the storm comes, and the young oak must wrestle with it; the sun of Spring shines warm in heaven, and the red lips of the rose open. The sports of their childhood are described. They sail together on the deep blue sea; and when he shifts the sail, she claps her small white hands in glee. For her he plunders the highest bird's-nests, and the eagle's eyry, and bears her through the rushing mountain brook, it is so sweet, when the torrent roars to be pressed by small white arms.

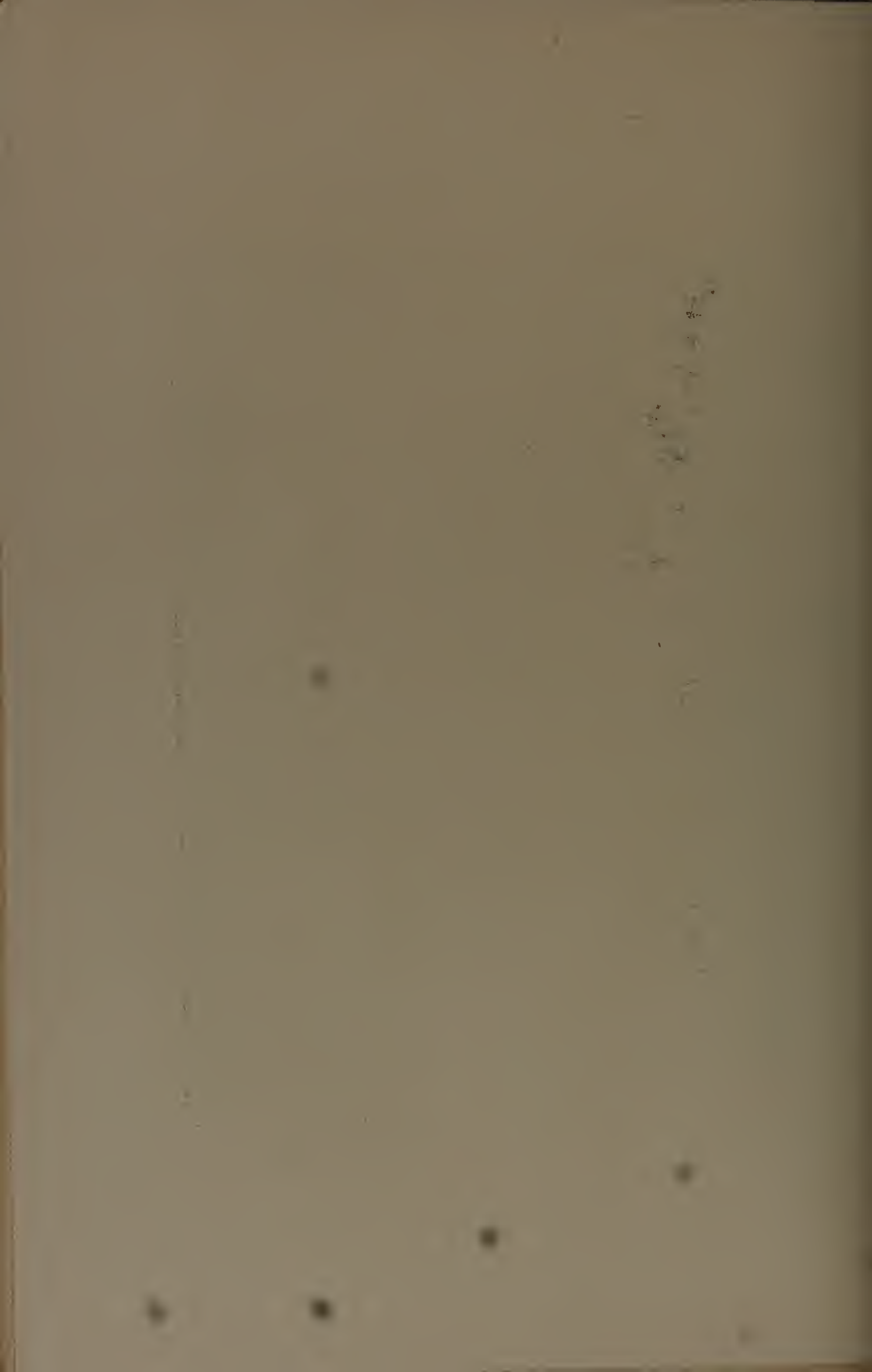
But childhood and the sports thereof soon pass away, and Frithiof becomes a mighty hunter.

He fights the bear without spear or sword, and lays the conquered monarch of the forest at the feet of Ingeborg. And when, by the light of the winter-evening hearth, he reads the glorious songs of Valhalla, no goddess, whose beauty is there celebrated, can compare with Ingeborg. Freya's golden hair may wave like a wheat-field in the wind, but Ingeborg's is a net of gold around roses and lilies. Iduna's bosom throbs full and fair beneath her silken vest, but beneath the silken vest of Ingeborg two Elves of Light leap up with rose-buds in their hands. And she embroiders in gold and silver the wondrous deeds of heroes; and the face of every champion that looks up at her from the woof she is weaving is the face of Frithiof; and she blushes and is glad; —that is to say, they love each other a little. Ancient Hilding does not favor their passion, but tells his foster-son that the maiden is the daughter of King Bele, and he but the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane; he should not aspire to the love of one who has descended in a long line of ancestors from the star-clear hall of Odin himself. Frithiof smiles in scorn, and replies that he has slain the shaggy king of the forest, and inherits his ancestors with his hide; and moreover that he will possess his bride, his white lily, in spite of the very god of thunder; for a puissant wooer is the sword.

Thus closes the first canto. In the second,

old King Bele stands leaning on his sword in his hall, and with him is his faithful brother in arms, Thorsten Vikingsson, the father of Frithiof, silver-haired, and scarred like a runic stone. The king complains that the evening of his days is drawing near, that the mead is no longer pleasant to his taste, and that his helmet weighs heavily upon his brow. He feels the approach of death. Therefore he summons to his presence his two sons, Helge and Halfdan, and with them Frithiof, that he may give a warning to the young eagles before the words slumber on the dead man's tongue. Foremost advances Helge, a grim and gloomy figure, who loves to dwell among the priests and before the altars, and now comes, with blood upon his hands, from the groves of sacrifice. And next to him approaches Halfdan, a boy with locks of light, and so gentle in his mien and bearing that he seems a maiden in disguise. And after these, wrapped in his mantle blue, and a head taller than either, comes Frithiof, and stands between the brothers, like midday between the rosy morning and the shadowy night. Then speaks the king, and tells the young eaglets that his sun is going down, and that they must rule his realm after him in harmony and brotherly love; that the sword was given for defence and not for offence; that the shield was forged as a padlock for the peasant's barn; and that they should not glory in their

KING BELE AND THORSTEN VIKINGSSON



father's honors, as each can bear his own only. If we cannot bend the bow, he says, it is not ours; what have we to do with worth that is buried? The mighty stream goes into the sea with its own waves. These, and many other wise sayings, fall from the old man's dying lips; and then Thorsten Vikingsson, who means to die with his king as he has lived with him, arises and addresses his son Frithiof. He tells him that old age has whispered many warnings in his ear, which he will repeat to him; for as the birds of Odin descended upon the sepulchres of the North, so words of manifold wisdom descend upon the lips of the old. Then follows much sage advice;— that he should serve his king, for one alone shall reign,—the dark Night has many eyes, but the Day has only one; that he should not praise the day until the sun had set, nor his beer until he had drunk it; that he should not trust to ice but one night old, nor snow in spring, nor a sleeping snake, nor the words of a maiden on his knee,—sagacious hints from the High Song of Odin. Then the old men speak together of their long-tried friendship; and the king praises the valor and heroic strength of Frithiof, and Thorsten has much to say of the glory which crowns the Kings of the North-land, the sons of the gods. Then the king speaks to his sons again, and bids them greet his daughter, the rose-bud. In retirement, says he, as it be-

hoved her, has she grown up; protect her; let not the storm come and fix upon his helmet my delicate flower. And he bids them bury him and his ancient friend by the seaside,—by the billow blue, for its song is pleasant to the spirit evermore, and like a funeral dirge ring its blows against the strand.

And now King Bele and Thorsten Vikingsson are gathered to their fathers; Helge and Halfdan share the throne between them, and Frithiof retires to his ancestral estate at Framnäs; of which a description is given in the third canto, conceived and executed in a truly Homeric spirit.

"Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hill-sides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the greensward
Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.
Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberlesss flocks of

Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder,
Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)[1]
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.
Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin[2] with lordly look, and Frey[3] with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man
Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings[4]

[1] An old fashion of reckoning in the North.
[2] Odin, the All-father; the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology.
[3] Frey, the god of Fertility; the Bacchus of the North.
[4] The old pirates of the North.

Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White
Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on
the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of
Brage,[1]
Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is
seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's [2]
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever
the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-
mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the
great hall.
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in
order
Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among
them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star
shoots.
More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall were
resplendent,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of
silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up
the drink-horns,
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her
reflection
Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drinking cham-
pions."

[1] Brage, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

[2] Mimer, the Giant, who possessed the Well of Wisdom, under one of the roots of the Ash Igdrasil.

Among the treasures of Frithiof's house are three of transcendent worth. The first of these is the sword Angurvadel, brother of the lightning, handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Björn Blåtand, the Blue-toothed Bear. The hilt thereof was of beaten gold, and on the blade were wondrous runes, known only at the gates of the sun. In peace these runes were dull, but in time of war they burned red as the comb of a cock when he fights; and lost was he who in the night of slaughter met the sword of the flaming runes!

The second in price is an arm-ring of pure gold, made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the North; and containing upon its border the signs of the zodiac,—the Houses of the Twelve Immortals. This ring had been handed down in the family of Frithiof from the days when it came from the hands of Vaulund, the founder of the race. It was once stolen and carried to England by Viking Sote, who there buried himself alive in a vast tomb, and with him his pirate-ship and all his treasures. King Bele and Thorsten pursue him, and through a crevice of the door look into the tomb, where they behold the ship, with anchor and masts and spars; and on the deck, a fearful figure, clad in a mantle of flame, sits, gloomily scouring a blood-stained sword. The ring is upon his arm. Thorsten bursts the doors of the great tomb asunder with

his lance, and, entering, does battle with the grim spirit, and bears home the ring as a trophy of his victory.[1]

The third great treasure of the house of Frithiof is the dragon-ship Ellida. It was given to one of Frithiof's ancestors by a sea-god, whom this ancestor saved from drowning, somewhat as St. Christopher did the angel. The ancient mariner was homeward bound, when at a distance on the wreck of a ship he espied an old man with sea-green locks, a beard white as the foam of waves, and a face which smiled like the sea when it plays in sunshine. Viking takes this Old Man of the Sea home with him, and entertains him in hospitable guise; but at bed-time the green-haired guest, instead of going quietly to his rest like a Christian man, sets sail again on his wreck, like a hobgoblin, having, as he says, a hundred miles to go that night, at the same time telling the Viking to look the next morning on the sea-shore for a gift of thanks. And the next morning, behold! the dragon-ship Ellida comes sailing up the harbor, like a phantom ship, with all her sails set, and not a man on board. Her prow is a dragon's head, with jaws of gold; her stern, a dragon's tail, twisted and scaly with silver; her wings black, tipped with red; and when

[1] Not unlike the old tradition of the ring of Gyges; which was found on a dead man's finger in the flank of a brazen horse, deep buried in a chasm of the earth.

she spreads them all, she flies a race with the roaring storm, and the eagle is left behind.

These were Frithiof's treasures, renowned in the North; and thus in his hall, with Björn, his bosom friend, he sat, surrounded by his champions twelve, with breasts of steel and furrowed brows, the comrades of his father, and all the guests that had gathered together to pay the funeral rites to Thorsten, the son of Viking. And Frithiof, with eyes full of tears, drank to his father's memory, and heard the song of the Scalds, a dirge of thunder.

Frithiof's Courtship is the title of the fourth canto.

> "High sounded the song in Frithiof's hall,
> And the Scalds they praised his fathers all;
> But the song rejoices
> Not Frithiof, he hears not the Scalds' loud voices.
>
> "And the earth has clad itself green again,
> And the dragons swim once more on the main,
> But the hero's son
> He wanders in woods, and looks at the moon."

He had lately made a banquet for Helge and Halfdan, and sat beside Ingeborg the fair, and spoke with her of those early days when the dew of morning still lay upon life; of the reminiscences of childhood; their names carved in the birch-tree's bark; the well-known valley and woodland, and the hill where the great oaks grew

from the dust of heroes. And now the banquet closes, and Frithiof remains at his homestead to pass his days in idleness and dreams. But this strange mood pleases not his friend the Bear.

> "It pleased not Björn these things to see:
> 'What ails the young eagle now,' said he,
> 'So still, so oppressed?
> Have they plucked his wings? have they pierced his
> breast?
>
> " 'What wilt thou? Have we not more than we need
> Of the yellow lard and the nut-brown mead?
> And of Scalds a throng?
> There's never an end to their ballads long.
>
> " 'True enough, the coursers stamp in their stall,
> For prey, for prey, scream the falcons all;
> But Frithiof only
> Hunts in the clouds, and weeps so lonely.'
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Then Frithiof set the dragon free,
> And the sails swelled full, and snorted the sea.
> Right over the bay
> To the sons of the King he steered his way."

He finds them at the grave of their father, King Bele, giving audience to the people, and promulgating laws, and he boldly asks the hand of their sister Ingeborg, this alliance being in accordance with the wishes of King Bele. To this proposition Helge answers, in scorn, that his sister's hand is not for the son of a thane; that

he needs not the sword of Frithiof to protect his throne, but if he will be his serf, there is a place vacant among the house-folk which he can fill. Indignant at this reply, Frithiof draws his sword of the flaming runes, and at one blow cleaves in twain the golden shield of Helge as it hangs on a tree, and, turning away in disdain, departs over the blue sea homeward.

In the next canto the scene changes. Old King Ring pushes back his golden chair from the table, and arises to speak to his heroes and Scalds,—old King Ring, a monarch renowned in the North, beloved by all as a father to the land he governs, and whose name each night goes up to Odin with the prayers of his people. He announces to them his intention of taking to himself a new queen as a mother to his infant son, and tells them he has fixed his choice upon Ingeborg, the lily small, with the blush of morn on her cheeks. Messengers are forthwith sent to Helge and Halfdan, bearing golden gifts, and attended by a long train of Scalds, who sing heroic ballads to the sound of their harps. Three days and three nights they revel at the court; and on the fourth morning receive from Helge a solemn refusal and from Halfdan a taunt, that King Graybeard should ride forth in person to seek his bride. Old King Ring is wroth at the reply, and straightway prepares to avenge his wounded pride with his sword. He

smites his shield as it hangs on the bough of the high linden-tree, and the dragons swim forth on the waves with blood-red combs, and the helms nod in the wind. The sound of the approaching war reaches the ears of the royal brothers, and they place their sister for protection in the temple of Balder.[1]

In the next canto, which is the sixth, Frithiof and Björn are playing chess together, when old Hilding comes in, bringing the prayer of Helge and Halfdan, that Frithiof would aid them in the war against King Ring. Frithiof, instead of answering the old man, continues his game, making allusions as it goes on to the king's being saved by a peasant or pawn, and the necessity of rescuing the queen at all hazards. Finally, he tells the ancient Hilding to return to Bele's sons and tell them that they have wounded his honor, that no ties unite them together, and that he will never be their bondman. So closes this short and very spirited canto.

The seventh canto describes the meeting of Frithiof and Ingeborg in Balder's temple, when silently the high stars stole forth, like a lover to his maid, on tiptoe. Here all passionate vows are retold; he swears to protect her with his sword while here on earth, and to sit by her side hereafter in Valhalla, when the champions ride forth to battle from the silver gates, and maid-

[1] Balder, the god of the Summer Sun.

ens bear round the mead-horn mantled with golden foam.

The eighth canto commences in this wise. Ingeborg sits in Balder's temple, and waits the coming of Frithiof, till the stars fade away in the morning sky. At length he arrives, wild and haggard. He comes from the Ting, or council, where he has offered his hand in reconciliation to King Helge, and again asked of him his sister in marriage, before the assembly of the warriors. A thousand swords hammered applause upon a thousand shields, and the ancient Hilding with his silver beard stepped forth and held a talk full of wisdom, in short, pithy language, that sounded like the blows of a sword. But all in vain. King Helge says him nay, and brings against him an accusation of having profaned the temple of Balder by daring to visit Ingeborg there. Death or banishment is the penalty of the law; but instead of being sentenced to the usual punishment, Frithiof is ordered to sail to the Orkney Islands, in order to force from Jarl Angantyr the payment of an annual tribute, which since Bele's death he has neglected to pay. All this does Frithiof relate to Ingeborg, and urges her to escape with him to the lands of the South, where the sky is clearer, and the mild stars shall look down with friendly glance upon them through the warm summer nights. By the light of the winter-evening's

fire, old Thorsten Vikingsson had told them tales of the Isles of Greece, with their green groves and shining billows;—where, amid the ruins of marble temples, flowers grow from the runes that utter forth the wisdom of the past, and golden apples glow amid the leaves, and red grapes hang from every twig. All is prepared for their flight; already Ellida spreads her shadowy eagle-wings; but Ingeborg refuses to escape. King Bele's daughter will not deign to steal her happiness. In a beautiful and passionate appeal, she soothes her lover's wounded pride, and at length he resolves to undertake the expedition to Jarl Angantyr. He gives her the golden arm-ring of Vaulunder, and they part, she with mournful forebodings, and he with ardent hope of ultimate success. This part of the poem is a dramatic sketch in blank verse. It is highly wrought, and full of poetic beauties.

Ingeborg's Lament is the subject of the ninth canto. She sits by the seaside, and watches the westward-moving sail, and speaks to the billows blue, and the stars, and to Frithiof's falcon, that sits upon her shoulder,—the gallant bird whose image she has worked into her embroidery, with wings of silver and golden claws. She tells him to greet again and again her Frithiof, when he returns and weeps by her grave.

And now follows the ballad of Frithiof at Sea; one of the most spirited and characteristic

cantos of the poem. The versification, likewise, is managed with great skill; each strophe consisting of three parts, each in its respective meter. King Helge stands by the sea-shore and prays to the fiends for a tempest; and soon Frithiof hears the wings of the storm flapping in the distance, and, as the wind-cold Ham and snowy Heid beat against the flanks of his ship, he sings:—

> "Fairer was the journey,
> In the moonbeam's shimmer,
> O'er the mirrored waters
> Unto Balder's grove;
> Warmer than it here is,
> Close by Ingeborg's bosom;—
> Whiter than the sea-foam
> Swelled the maiden's breast."

But the tempest waxes sore;—it screams in the shrouds, and cracks in the keel, and the dragon-ship leaps from wave to wave like a goat from cliff to cliff. Frithiof fears that witchcraft is at work; and calling Björn, he bids him gripe the tiller with his bear-paw while he climbs the mast to look out upon the sea. From aloft he sees the two fiends riding on a whale; Heid with snowy skin, and in shape like a white bear,—Ham with outspread, sounding wings, like the eagle of the storm. A battle with these sea-monsters ensues. Ellida hears the hero's voice, and with her copper keel smites the whale so that he dies; and the whale-riders learn how bitter it

is to bite blue steel, being transfixed with Northern spears hurled from a hero's hands. And thus the storm is stilled, and Frithiof reaches at length the shores of Angantyr.

In the eleventh canto Jarl Angantyr sits in his ancestral hall carousing with his friends. In merry mood he looks forth upon the sea, where the sun is sinking into the waves like a golden swan. At the window the ancient Halvar stands sentinel, watchful alike of things within doors and without; for ever and anon he drains the mead-horn to the bottom, and, uttering never a word, thrusts the empty horn in at the window to be filled anew. At length he announces the arrival of a tempest-tost ship; and Jarl Angantyr looks forth, and recognizes the dragon-ship Ellida, and Frithiof, the son of his friend. No sooner has he made this known to his followers, than the Viking Atle springs up from his seat and screams aloud: "Now will I test the truth of the tale that Frithiof can blunt the edge of hostile sword, and never begs for quarter." Accordingly he and twelve other champions seize their arms, and rush down to the sea-shore to welcome the stranger with warlike sword-play. A single combat ensues between Frithiof and Atle. Both shields are cleft in twain at once; Angurvadel bites full sharp, and Atle's sword is broken. Frithiof, disdaining an unequal contest, throws his own away, and the combatants wrestle to-

gether unarmed. Atle falls; and Frithiof, as he plants his knee upon the breast of his foe, says that, if he had his sword, the Viking should feel its sharp edge and die. The haughty Atle bids him go and recover his sword, promising to lie still and await death, which promise he fulfills. Frithiof seizes Angurvadel, and when he returns to smite the prostrate Viking, he is so moved by his courage and magnanimity that he stays the blow, seizes the hand of the fallen, and they return together as friends to the banquet-hall of Angantyr. This hall is adorned with more than wonted splendor. Its walls are not wainscoted with roughhewn planks, but covered with gold-leather, stamped with flowers and fruits. No hearth glows in the center of the floor, but a marble fireplace leans against the wall. There is glass in the windows, there are locks on the doors; and instead of torches, silver chandeliers stretch forth their arms with lights over the banquet-table, whereon is a hart roasted whole with larded haunches, and gilded hoofs lifted as if to leap, and green leaves on its branching antlers. Behind each warrior's seat stands a maiden, like a star behind a stormy cloud. And high on his royal chair of silver, with helmet shining like the sun, and breastplate inwrought with gold, and mantle star-spangled, and trimmed with purple and ermine, sits the Viking Angantyr, Jarl of the Orkneys. With friendly saluta-

tions he welcomes the son of Thorsten, and in a goblet of Sicilian wine, foaming like the sea, drinks to the memory of the departed; while Scalds, from the hills of Morven, sing heroic songs. Frithiof relates to him his adventures at sea, and makes known the object of his mission; whereupon Angantyr declares, that he was never tributary to King Bele; that, although he pledged him in the wine-cup, he was not subject to his laws; that his sons he knew not; but that, if they wished to levy tribute, they must do it with the sword, like men. And then he bids his daughter bring from her chamber a richly embroidered purse, which he fills with golden coins of foreign mint, and gives to Frithiof as a pledge of welcome and hospitality. And Frithiof remains his guest till spring.

In the twelfth canto we have a description of Frithiof's return to his native land. He finds his homestead at Framnäs laid waste by fire; house, fields, and ancestral forests are all burnt over. As he stands amid the ruins, his falcon perches on his shoulder, his dog leaps to welcome him, and his snow-white steed comes with limbs like a hind and neck like a swan. He will have bread from his master's hands. At length old Hilding appears from among the ruins, and tells a mournful tale; how a bloody battle had been fought between King Ring and Helge; how Helge and his host had been routed, and in

their flight through Framnäs, from sheer malice, had laid waste the lands of Frithiof; and finally, how, to save their crown and kingdom, the brothers had given Ingeborg to be the bride of King Ring. He describes the bridal as the train went up to the temple, with virgins in white, and men with swords, and Scalds, and the pale bride seated on a black steed like a spirit on a cloud. At the altar the fierce Helge had torn the bracelet, the gift of Frithiof, from Ingeborg's arm, and adorned with it the image of Balder. And Frithiof remembers that it is now mid-summer, and festival time in Balder's temple. Thither he directs his steps.

Canto thirteenth. The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North. It is not day, it is not night, but something between the two. The fire blazes on the altar in the temple of Balder. Priests with silver beards and knives of flint in their hands stand there, and King Helge with his crown. A sound of arms is heard in the sacred grove without, and a voice commanding Björn to guard the door. Then Frithiof rushes in like a storm in autumn. "Here is your tribute from the Western seas," he cries; "take it, and then be there a battle for life and death between us twain, here by the light of Balder's altar;—shields behind us, and bosoms bare;—and the first blow be thine, as king; but forget not that mine is the second. Look not

thus toward the door; I have caught the fox in his den. Think of Framnäs, think of thy sister with golden locks!" With these words he draws from his girdle the purse of Angantyr, and throws it into the face of the king with such force that the blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls senseless at the foot of the altar. Frithiof then seizes the bracelet on Balder's arm, and in trying to draw it off he pulls the wooden statue from its base, and it falls into the flames of the altar. In a moment the whole temple is in a blaze. All attempts to extinguish the conflagration are vain. The fire is victorious. Like a red bird the flame sits upon the roof, and flaps its loosened wings. Mighty was the funeral pyre of Balder!

The fourteenth canto is entitled Frithiof in Exile. Frithiof sits at night on the deck of his ship, and chants a song of welcome to the sea, which, as a Viking, he vows to make his home in life and his grave in death. "Thou knowest naught," he sings, "thou Ocean free, of a king who oppresses thee at his own will.

"Thy king is he
Among the free,
Who trembles never,
How high soever
Heaves in unrest
Thy foam-white breast.
Blue fields like these

The hero please.
His keels go thorough
Like a plough in the furrough,
But steel-bright are
The seeds sown there."

He turns his prow from shore, and is putting to sea, when King Helge, with ten ships, comes sailing out to attack him. But anon the ships sink down into the sea, as if drawn downward by invisible hands, and Helge saves himself by swimming ashore. Then Björn laughed aloud, and told how the night before he had bored holes in the bottom of each of Helge's ships. But the king now stood on a cliff, and bent his mighty bow of steel against the rock with such force that it snapped in twain. And Frithiof jeering cried that it was rust that had broken the bow, not Helge's strength; and to show what nerve there was in a hero's arm, he seized two pines, large enough for the masts of ships, but shaped into oars, and rowed with such marvellous strength that the two pines snapped in his hands like reeds. And now uprose the sun, and the land-breeze blew off shore; and bidding his native land farewell, Frithiof the Viking sailed forth to scour the seas.

The fifteenth canto contains the Viking's Code, the laws of the pirate-ship. No tent upon deck, no slumber in house; but the shield must be the Viking's couch, and his tent the blue sky over-

head. The hammer of victorious Thor is short, and the sword of Frey but an ell in length; and the warrior's steel is never too short if he goes near enough to the foe. Hoist high the sail when the wild storm blows; 'tis merry in stormy seas; onward and ever onward; he is a coward who strikes; rather sink than strike. There shall be neither maiden nor drunken revelry on board. The freighted merchantman shall be protected, but must not refuse his tribute to the Viking; for the Viking is king of the waves, and the merchant a slave to gain, and the steel of the brave is as good as the gold of the rich. The plunder shall be divided on deck, by lot and the throwing of dice; but in this the sea-king takes no share; glory is his prize; he wants none other. They shall be valiant in fight, and merciful to the conquered; for he who begs for quarter has no longer a sword, is no man's foe; and Prayer is a child of Valhalla,—they must listen to the voice of the pale one. With such laws sailed the Viking over the foaming sea for three weary years, and came at length to the Isles of Greece, which in days of yore his father had so oft described to him, and whither he had wished to flee with Ingeborg. And thus the forms of the absent and the dead rose up before him, and seemed to beckon him to his home in the North. He is weary of sea-fights, and of hewing men in twain, and of the glory of battle. The flag at the mast-

head pointed northward; there lay the beloved land; he resolved to follow the course of the winds of heaven, and steer back again to the North.

Canto sixteenth is a dialogue between Frithiof and his friend Björn, in which the latter gentleman exhibits some of the rude and uncivilized tastes of his namesake, Bruin the Bear. They have again reached the shores of their fatherland. Winter is approaching. The sea begins to freeze around their keel. Frithiof is weary of a Viking's life. He wishes to pass the Yule-tide on land, and to visit King Ring, and his bride of the golden locks, his beloved Ingeborg. Björn, dreaming all the while of bloody exploits, offers himself as a companion, and talks of firing the king's palace at night, and bearing off the queen by force. Or if his friend deems the old king worthy of a holmgang,[1] or of a battle on the ice, he is ready for either. But Frithiof tells him that only gentle thoughts now fill his bosom. He wishes only to take a last farewell of Ingeborg. These delicate feelings cannot penetrate the hirsute breast of Bruin. He knows not what this love may be;—this sighing and sorrow for a maiden's sake. The world, he says, is full of

[1] A duel between the Vikings of the North was called a *holmgång,* because the two combatants met on an island to decide their quarrel. Fierce battles were likewise fought by armies on the ice; the frozen bays and lakes of a mountainous country being oftentimes the only plains large enough for battle-fields.

maidens; and he offers to bring Frithiof a whole ship-load from the glowing South, all red as roses and gentle as lambs. But Frithiof will not stay. He resolves to go to King Ring; but not alone, for his sword goes with him.

The seventeenth canto relates how King Ring sat in his banquet-hall at Yule-tide and drank mead. At his side sat Ingeborg his queen, like Spring by the side of Autumn. And an old man, and unknown, all wrapped in skins, entered the hall, and humbly took his seat near the door. And the courtiers looked at each other with scornful smiles, and pointed with the finger at the hoary bear-skin man. At this the stranger waxed angry, and seizing with one hand a young coxcomb, he "twirled him up and down." The rest grew silent; he would have done the same with them. "Who breaks the peace?" quoth the king. "Tell us who thou art, and whence, old man." And the old man answered,

> "In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead hight,
> Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night."

But King Ring is not so easily duped, and bids the stranger lay aside his disguise. And straight the shaggy bear-skin fell from the head of the unknown guest, and down from his lofty forehead, over his shoulders broad and full, floated his shining ringlets like a wave of gold. Frith-

"KING RING SAT IN HIS BANQUET-HALL AT YULE-TIDE AND DRANK MEAD"

iof stood before them in a rich mantle of blue velvet, with a hand-broad silver belt around his waist; and the color came and went in the cheek of the queen, like the Northern light on fields of snow,

> "And as two water-lilies, beneath the tempest's might,
> Lie heaving on the billow, so heaved her bosom white."

And now a horn blew in the hall, and kneeling on a silver dish, with haunch and shoulder hung "with garlands gay and rosemary," and holding an apple in his mouth, the wild-boar was brought in.[1]

And King Ring rose up in his hoary locks, and, laying his hand upon the boar's head, swore an oath that he would conquer Frithiof, the great champion, so help him Frey and Odin, and the mighty Thor. With a disdainful smile Frithiof threw his sword upon the table so that the hall echoed to the clang, and every warrior sprang up from his seat, and turning to the king he said: "Young Frithiof is my friend; I know him well, and I swear to protect him, were it against the world; so help me Destiny and my good sword." The king was pleased at this great freedom of speech, and invited the stranger

[1] The old English custom of the boar's head at Christmas dates from a far antiquity. It was in use at the festivals of Yule-tide among the pagan Northmen. The words of Chaucer in the Franklein's Tale will apply to the old hero of the North:—

> "And he drinketh of his bugle-horn the wine,
> Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine."

to remain their guest till spring; bidding Ingeborg to fill a goblet with the choicest wine for the stranger. With downcast eyes and trembling hand she presented Frithiof a goblet, which two men, as men are now, could not have drained; but he, in honor of his lady-love, quaffed it at a single draught. And then the Scald took his harp and sang the song of Hagbart and Fair Signe, the Romeo and Juliet of the North. And thus the Yule-carouse was prolonged far into the night, and the old fellows drank deep, till at length

"They all to sleep departed, withouten pain or care,
But old King Ring, the graybeard, slept with Ingeborg the fair."

The next canto describes a sledge-ride on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a northwester.

"King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

" 'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;
'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

" 'The king drowns not easily,' Ring outspake;
'He who's afraid may go round the lake.'

"Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

"The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

" 'Strike out,' screamed the king, 'my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's [1] blood.'

"They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

"But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth by them as swift as he will.

"He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide."

Thus they speed away over the ice, but beneath them the treacherous Ran [2] lies in ambush. She breaks a hole in her silver roof, the sledge is sinking, and fair Ingeborg is pale with fear, when the stranger on his skates comes sweeping by like a whirlwind. He seizes the steed by his mane, and at a single pull places the sledge upon firm ice again. They return together to the king's palace, where the stranger, who is none else than Frithiof, remains a guest till spring.

The nineteenth canto is entitled Frithiof's Temptation. It is as follows.

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;

[1] The steed of Odin.

[2] A giantess holding dominion over the waters.

Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

"Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport:
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey.

"See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya,[1] half of Rota,[2] yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

"Gaze not at her eye's blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!
O beware! her waist is slender, full her bosom is, beware!
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May.

"Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.

1 The goddess of Love and Beauty; the Venus of the North.

2 One of the Valkyrs, or celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them the Valkyr comes."

The old king cannot keep pace with the chase. Frithiof rides beside him, silent and sad. Gloomy musings rise within him, and he hears continually the mournful voices of his own dark thoughts. Why had he left the ocean, where all care is blown away by the winds of heaven? Here he wanders amid dreams and secret longings. He cannot forget Balder's grove. But the grim gods are no longer friendly. They have taken his rosebud and placed it on the breast of Winter, whose chill breath covers bud and leaf and stalk with ice. And thus they come to a lonely valley shut in by mountains, and overshadowed by beeches and alders. Here the king alights; the quiet of the place invites to slumber.

"Then threw Frithiof down the mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head,
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after war's alarm,
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth on its mother's arm.

"As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough:
Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end your quarrel at a blow;

Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss
she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the
grave.'

"Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon
the bough:
Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee
now.
Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a defenceless old man
slay?
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame
this way.'

"Thus the two wood-birds did warble: Frithiof took his war-
sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy
wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand,[1] but on light, un-
folded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun,
upsprings.

"Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my
sleep,' he said;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave
man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother,
where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other
parted be?'

" 'It avails not,' Frithiof answered; 'in the North are other
swords:

[1] The Strand of Corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian hell.

Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem;
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'"

To this the old king replies, that he has not been asleep, but has feigned sleep, merely to put Frithiof—for he has long recognized the hero in his guest—to the trial. He then upbraids him for having come to his palace in disguise, to steal his queen away; he had expected the coming of a warrior with an army; he beheld only a beggar in tatters. But now he has proved him, and forgiven; has pitied, and forgotten. He is soon to be gathered to his fathers. Frithiof shall take his queen and kingdom after him. Till then he shall remain his guest, and thus their feud shall have an end. But Frithiof answers, that he came not as a thief to steal away his queen, but only to gaze upon her face once more. He will remain no longer. The vengeance of the offended gods hangs over him. He is an outlaw. On the green earth he seeks no more for peace; for the earth burns beneath his feet, and the trees lend him no shadow. "Therefore," he cries, "away to sea again! Away, my dragon brave, to bathe again thy pitch-black breast in the briny wave! Flap thy white wings in the clouds, and cut the billow with a whistling sound; fly, fly, as

far as the bright stars guide thee, and the subject billows bear. Let me hear the lightning's voice again; and on the open sea, in battle, amid clang of shields and arrowy rain, let me die, and go up to the dwelling of the gods!"

In the twentieth canto the death of King Ring is described. The sunshine of a pleasant spring morning plays into the palace-hall, when Frithiof enters to bid his royal friends a last farewell. With them he bids his native land good night.

"No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave;
The Fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

"Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

"Then quoth the king,
''Tis mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die.' "

He then says that he himself is about to depart for Valhalla; that a death on the straw be-

comes not a King of the Northmen. He would fain die the death of a hero; and he cuts on his arms and breast the runes of death,—runes to Odin. And while the blood drops from among the silvery hairs of his naked bosom, he calls for a flowing goblet, and drinks a health to the glorious North; and in spirit hears the Gjallar Horn,[1] and goes to Valhalla, where glory, like a golden helmet, crowns the coming guest.

The next canto is the Drapa, or Dirge of King Ring, in the unrhymed, alliterative stanzas of the old Icelandic poetry. The Scald sings how the high-descended monarch sits in his tomb, with his shield on his arm and his battle-sword by his side. His gallant steed, too, neighs in the tomb, and paws the ground with his golden hoofs.[2] But the spirit of the departed rides over the rainbow, which bends beneath its burden, up to the open gates of Valhalla. Here the gods receive him, and garlands are woven for him of golden grain with blue flowers intermingled, and Brage sings a song of praise and welcome to the wise old Ring.

"Now rideth royal
Ring over Bifrost,[3]

[1] The Gjallar Horn was blown by Heimdal, the watchman of the gods. He was the son of nine virgins, and was called "the God with the Golden Teeth." His watch-tower was upon the rainbow, and he blew his horn whenever a fallen hero rode over the Bridge of Heaven to Valhalla.

[2] It was a Scandinavian, as well as a Scythian custom, to bury the favorite steed of a warrior in the same tomb with him.

[3] The rainbow.

Sways with the burden
The bending bridge.
Open spring Valhall's
Vaulted doors widely;
Asanar's [1] hands are
Hanging in his.

. . . . .

Brage, the graybeard,
Gripeth the gold string,
Stiller now soundeth
Song than before.
Listening leaneth
Vannadi's [2] lovely
Breast at the banquet
Burning to hear.

. . . . .

" 'High sings the sword-blade
Steady on helmet;
Boisterous the billows, and
Bloody alway.
Strength, of the gracious
Gods is the gift, and
Bitter as Berserk
Biteth in shield.

. . . . .

" 'Welcome, thou wise one,
Heir of Valhalla!
Long learn the Northland
Laud to thy name.
Brage doth hail thee,
Honored with horn-drink,
Nornorna's herald
Now from the North.' "

[1] The great gods.
[2] Freya.

The twenty-second canto describes, in a very spirited and beautiful style, the election of a new king. The yeoman takes his sword from the wall, and, with clang of shields and sound of arms, the people gather together in a public assembly, or Ting, whose roof is the sky of heaven. Here Frithiof harangues them, bearing aloft on his shield the little son of Ring, who sits there like a king on his throne, or a young eagle on the cliff, gazing upward at the sun. Frithiof hails him as King of the Northmen, and swears to protect his kingdom; and when the little boy, tired of sitting on the shield, leaps fearlessly to the ground, the people raise a shout, and acknowledge him for their monarch, and Jarl Frithiof as regent, till the boy grows older. But Frithiof has other thoughts than these. He must away to meet the Fates at Balder's ruined temple, and make atonement to the offended god. And thus he departs.

Canto twenty-third is entitled Frithiof at his Father's Grave. The sun is sinking like a golden shield in the ocean, and the hills and vales around him, and the fragrant flowers, and song of birds, and sound of the sea, and shadow of trees, awaken in his softened heart the memory of other days. And he calls aloud to the gods for pardon of his crime, and to the spirit of his father that he should come from his grave and bring him peace and forgiveness from the city

of the gods. And lo! amid the evening shadows, from the western wave uprising, landward floats the Fata Morgana, and, sinking down upon the spot where Balder's temple once stood, assumes itself the form of a temple, with columns of dark blue steel, and an altar of precious stone. At the door, leaning upon their shields, stand the Destinies. And the Destiny of the Past points to the solitude around, and the Destiny of the Future to a beautiful temple newly risen from the sea. While Frithiof gazes in wonder at the sight, all vanishes away, like a vision of the night. But the vision is interpreted by the hero without the aid of prophet or of soothsayer.

Canto twenty-fourth is the Atonement. The temple of Balder has been rebuilt, and with such magnificence that the North beholds in it an image of Valhalla. And two by two, in solemn procession, walk therein the twelve virgins, clad in garments of silver tissue, with roses upon their cheeks, and roses in their innocent hearts. They sing a solemn song of Balder, how much beloved he was by all that lived, and how he fell, by Höder's arrow slain, and earth and sea and heaven wept. And the sound of the song is not like the sound of a human voice, but like the tones which come from the halls of the gods; like the thoughts of a maiden dreaming of her lover, when the nightingale is singing in the midnight

stillness, and the moon shines over the beech-trees of the North. Frithiof listens to the song; and as he listens, all thoughts of vengeance and of human hate melt within him, as the icy breast-plate melts from the bosom of the fields when the sun shines in Spring. At this moment the high-priest of Balder enters, venerable with his long, silver beard; and welcoming the Viking to the temple he has built, he delivers for his special edification a long homily on things human and divine, with a short catechism of Northern mythology. He tells him, likewise, very truly, that more acceptable to the gods than the smoke of burnt-offerings is the sacrifice of one's own vindictive spirit, the hate of a human soul; and then speaks of the Virgin's Son,—

"Sent by All-father to declare aright the runes
On Destiny's black shield-rim, unexplained till now.
Peace was his battle-cry, and his white sword was love,
And innocence sat dove-like on his silver helm.
Holy he lived and taught, he dīed and he forgave,
And under distant palm-trees stands his grave in light.
His doctrine, it is said, wanders from dale to dale,
Melting the hard of heart, and laying hand in hand,
And builds the realm of Peace on the atonèd earth.
I do not know his lore aright, but darkly still
In better hours I have presentiment thereof,
And every human heart feeleth alike with mine.
One day, that know I, shall it come, and lightly wave
Its white and dove-like wings over the Northern hills.
But there shall be no more a North for us that day,
And oaks shall whisper soft o'er the graves of the for-
gotten."

He then speaks of Frithiof's hatred to Bele's sons; and tells him that Helge is dead, and that Halfdan sits alone on Bele's throne, urging him at the same time to sacrifice to the gods his desire of vengeance, and proffer the hand of friendship to the young king. This is done straight way, Halfdan opportunely coming in at that moment; and the priest removes forthwith the ban from the Varg-i-Veum, the sacrilegious and outlawed man. And then Ingeborg enters the vaulted temple, followed by maidens, as the moon is followed by stars in the vaulted sky; and from the hand of her brother, Frithiof receives the bride of his youth, and they are married in Balder's temple.

And here endeth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant, the noblest poetic contribution which Sweden has yet made to the literary history of the world.[1]

[1] The poem Tegnér's Drapa in Longfellow's Poems "By the Fireside" with the ringing cry of "Balder the Beautiful is dead," may be said to form a sort of epilogue to this essay.

HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES

1837.

WHEN a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they can find. In the stream of thought which flows so peacefully deep and clear through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be fain to gaze "with the naked eye, and with the spy-glasses of criticism." This star is but newly risen; and ere long the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched upon arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of poetry, whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear, or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle. Our own observations are as follows.

To this little work let us say, as was said to Sidney's Arcadia: "Live ever, sweet, sweet book! the simple image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, the honey-

bee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art." It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Everything about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm, and cool; and the green trees look into them and "God's blue heaven."

This book, though in prose, is written, nevertheless, by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Francis of old, when he kissed his bride of snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and of song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars, that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are "stars in the firmament of the earth."

It is one of the attributes of the poetic mind to feel a universal sympathy with Nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. It identifies itself likewise with every object of its sympathy, giving it new sensation and poetic life, whatever that object may be, whether man,

bird, beast, flower, or star. As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical. To such souls no age and no country can be utterly dull and prosaic. They make unto themselves their age and country; dwelling in the universal mind of man, and in the universal forms of things. Of such is the author of this book.

There are many who think that the ages of poetry and romance are gone by. They look upon the Present as a dull, unrhymed, and prosaic translation of a brilliant and poetic Past. Their dreams are of the days of old; of the Dark Ages, the ages of Chivalry, and Bards, and Troubadours and Minnesingers; and the times of which Milton says: "The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbec reads even to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia and his Monte Mayors."

We all love ancient ballads. Pleasantly to all ears sounds the voice of the people in song, swelling fitfully through the desolate chambers of the Past like the wind of evening among ruins. And yet this voice does not persuade us that the days of balladry were more poetic than our own. The spirit of the Past pleads for itself, and the spirit of the Present likewise. If poetry be an element of the human mind, and

consequently in accordance with nature and truth, it would be strange indeed if, as the human mind advances, poetry should recede. The truth is, that, when we look back upon the Past, we see only its bright and poetic features. All that is dull, prosaic, and commonplace, is lost in the shadowy distance. We see the moated castle on the hill, and,

> "Golden and red, above it
> The clouds float gorgeously";

but we see not the valley below, where the patient bondman toils like a beast of burden. We see the tree-tops waving in the wind, and hear the merry birds singing under their green roofs; but we forget that at their roots there are swine feeding upon acorns. With the Present it is not so. We stand too near to see objects in a picturesque light. What to others, at a distance, is a bright and folded summer cloud, is to us, who are in it, a dismal, drizzling rain. Thus has it been since the world began. Ours is not the only Present which has seemed dull, commonplace, and prosaic.

The truth is, the heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us. So long as truth is stranger than fiction, the elements of poetry and romance will not be wanting in common life. If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single

day of his life, and know all his secret thoughts and hopes and anxieties, his prayers and tears and good resolves, his passionate delights and struggles against temptation,—all that excites, and all that soothes the heart of man,—we should have poetry enough to fill a volume. Nay, set the imagination free, like another bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night's observation you may sit down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life.

The Twice-Told Tales are so called from having been first published in various annuals and magazines, and now collected together and told a second time in a volume. And a very delightful volume they make;—one of those which excite in you a feeling of personal interest for the author. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page, with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus.

One of the prominent characteristics of these tales is, that they are national in their character. The author has chosen his themes among the traditions of New England; the dusty legends of "the good old colony times, when we lived under

a king." This is the right material for story. It seems as natural to make tales out of old, tumble-down traditions, as canes and snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The dreary, old Puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance. Who would not like to have strolled through the city of Agamenticus, where a market was held every week, on Wednesday, and there were two annual fairs at St. James's and St. Paul's? Who would not like to have been present at the court of the worshipful Thomas Gorges, in those palmy days of the law when Tom Heard was fined five shillings for being drunk, and John Payne the same, "for swearing one oath"? Who would not like to have seen Thomas Taylor presented to the grand jury "for abusing Captain Raynes, being in authority, by thee-ing and thou-ing him"; and John Wardell likewise, for denying Cambridge College to be an ordinance of God; and people nned for winking at comely damsels in church; and others for being common sleepers there on the Lord's day? Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale, and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest which surpasses in beauty that of the Phantom Ship of New Haven. The Fly-

ing Dutchman of the Cape, and the Klabotermann of the Baltic, are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury, of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheel-barrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury.

Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters. Indeed, he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast, and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this I do not object, Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own Mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS

1837.

I HAVE an affection for a great city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy "the sweet security of streets." The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to me. I find sermons in the stones of the pavement, and in the continuous sound of voices and wheels and footsteps hear "the sad music of humanity." I feel that life is not a dream, but a reality;—that the beings around me are not the insects of an hour, but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to others, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibers are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach the gospel of a good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers and wants and passions and deeds, preach this same gospel. The greatest works of his handicraft delight me hardly less than the greatest

works of Nature. They are "the masterpieces of her own masterpiece." Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please me evermore, for they conduct me into the fellowship of great minds. And thus my sympathies are with men, and streets, and city gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles.

And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul, to "look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation, joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue."

Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the Great Metropolis. It comprises the City of London and

its Liberties, with the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five; its circumference, from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees "growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness." Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where, with George Herbert, you may think that, "when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music;" and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapor, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Kingston and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a

rural, silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time can hardly believe that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks, perhaps, the coachman what stream it is; and the coachman answers, with a stare of wonder and pity, "The Thames, sir." Pleasure-boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages and church towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song, "in sepulchres unhearsed and green."

In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro; and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into moonlight. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal-lamp at the mast-head of a steam-vessel, that flits by, cloud-

like and indistinct. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices,—curses, laughter, and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, "the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity."

And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes,—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then, close at hand, the great bell of St. Paul's, with a heavy, solemn sound,—one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapors of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed as you float down the river between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, to-

ward which we are swiftly gliding; and, dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind us rises

> "A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
> Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
> Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
> In sight, then lost amid the forestry
> Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping,
> On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy;
> A huge dun cupola, like a fool's cap crown
> On a fool's head;—and there is London town."

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

1838.

WE read in history, that the beauty of an ancient manuscript tempted King Alfred, when a boy at his mother's knee, to learn the letters of the Saxon tongue. A volume which that monarch minstrel wrote in after years now lies before me, so beautifully printed, that it might tempt any one to learn, not only the letters of the Saxon language, but the language also. The monarch himself is looking from the ornamented initial letter of the first chapter. He is crowned and careworn; having a beard, and long, flowing locks, and a face of majesty. He seems to have just uttered those remarkable words, with which his Preface closes: "And now he prays, and for God's name implores, every one of those whom it lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could; for every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and according to his leisure, speak that which he speaketh, and do that which he doeth."

I would fain hope, that the beauty of this and

other Anglo-Saxon books may lead many to the study of that venerable language. Through such gateways will they pass, it is true, into no gay palace of song; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls; and inscriptions, worth the trouble of deciphering. To point out the most curious and important of these is my present purpose; and according to the measure of my understanding, and according to my leisure, I speak that which I speak.

The Anglo-Saxon language was the language of our Saxon forefathers in England, though they never gave it that name. They called it English. Thus King Alfred speaks of translating "from book-Latin into English;" Abbot Ælfric was requested by Æthelward "to translate the book of Genesis from Latin into English;" and Bishop Leofric, speaking of the manuscript he gave to the Exeter Cathedral, calls it "a great English book." In other words, it is the old Saxon, a Gothic tongue, as spoken and developed in England. That it was spoken and written uniformly throughout the land is not to be imagined, when we know that Jutes and Angles were in the country as well as Saxons. But that it was essentially the same language everywhere is not to be doubted, when we com-

pare pure West-Saxon texts with Northumbrian glosses and books of Durham. Hickes speaks of a Dano-Saxon period in the history of the language. The Saxon kings reigned six hundred years; the Danish dynasty, twenty only. And neither the Danish boors, who were earthlings in the country, nor the Danish soldiers, who were dandies at the court of King Canute, could, in the brief space of twenty years, have so overlaid or interlarded the pure Anglo-Saxon with their provincialisms, as to give it a new character, and thus form a new period in its history, as was afterwards done by the Normans.

The Dano-Saxon is a dialect of the language, not a period which was passed through in its history. Down to the time of the Norman Conquest, it existed in the form of two principal dialects; namely, the Anglo-Saxon in the South; and the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian, in the North. After the Norman Conquest, the language assumed a new form, which has been called, properly enough, Norman-Saxon and Semi-Saxon.

This form of the language, ever flowing and filtering through the roots of national feeling, custom, and prejudice, prevailed about two hundred years; that is, from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century, when it became English. It is impossible to fix the landmarks of a language with any great pre-

cision; but only floating beacons, here and there.

It is oftentimes curious to consider the far-off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years—only a few years—afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race lords it over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans; they were a wild and warlike people; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes, and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god Irminsula;—in figure like an armed man; his helmet crested with a cock; in

his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose; a bear carved upon his breast; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield on which was a lion in a field of flowers.

Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity. Ælfric, in his homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, informs us, that this conversion was accomplished by the holy wishes of that good man, and the holy works of St. Augustine and other monks. St. Gregory, beholding one day certain slaves set for sale in the market-place of Rome, who were "men of fair countenance and nobly-haired," and learning that they were heathens, and called Angles, heaved a long sigh, and said: "Well-away! that men of so fair a hue should be subjected to the swarthy Devil! Rightly are they called Angles, for they have angels' beauty; and therefore it is fit that they in heaven should be companions of angels." As soon, therefore, as he undertook the popehood, the monks were sent to their beloved work. In the Witena Gemot, or Assembly of the Wise, convened by King Edwin of Northumbria to consider the propriety of receiving the Christian faith, a Saxon Ealdorman arose, and spoke these noble words: "Thus seemeth to me, O king, this present life of man upon earth, compared with the time which is unknown to us; even as if you were sitting at a feast, amid your Ealdormen and Thegns in win-

ter-time. And the fire is lighted, and the hall warmed, and it rains and snows and storms without. Then cometh a sparrow, and flieth about the hall. It cometh in at one door, and goeth out at another. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter's storm; but that is only for a moment, only for the least space. Out of the winter it cometh, to return again into the winter eftsoon. So also this life of man endureth for a little space. What goeth before it and what followeth after, we know not. Wherefore, if this new lore bring aught more certain and more advantageous, then is it worthy that we should follow it."

Thus the Anglo-Saxons became Christians. For the good of their souls they built monasteries and went on pilgrimages to Rome. The whole country, to use Malmesbury's phrase, was "glorious and refulgent with relics." The priests sang psalms night and day; and so great was the piety of St. Cuthbert, that, according to Bede, he forgot to take off his shoes for months together,—sometimes the whole year round;—from which Mr. Turner infers, that he had no stockings.[1] They also copied the Evangelists, and illustrated them with illuminations; in one of which St. John is represented in a pea-green dress with red stripes. They also drank ale out of buffalo horns and wooden-knobbed

[1] History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii, p. 61.

goblets. A Mercian king gave to the Monastery of Croyland his great drinking-horn, that the elder monks might drink therefrom at festivals, and "in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor, Witlaf." They drank his health, with that of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other saints. Malmesbury says, that excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people. King Hardicanute died in a revel, and King Edmund in a drunken brawl at Pucklechurch, being, with all his court, much overtaken by liquor, at the festival of St. Augustine. Thus did mankind go reeling through the Dark Ages; quarrelling, drinking, hunting, hawking, singing psalms, wearing breeches,[1] grinding in mills, eating hot bread, rocked in cradles, buried in coffins,—weak, suffering, sublime. Well might King Alfred exclaim, "Maker of all creatures! help now thy miserable mankind."

A national literature is a subject which should always be approached with reverence. It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices,

[1] In an old Anglo-Saxon dialogue, a shoemaker says that he makes "slippers, shoes, and leather breeches" (*swyftleras, sceos, and lether-hose*).

half understood; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no further, but died with these last words upon his lips; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries; lives of saints, who went to their reward long before the world began to scoff at sainthood; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no further comment or illustration than may be drawn from an isolated fact found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past; and put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age.

> "This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind?
> Wo to it for its fate!—Alas! it is old."

What an Anglo-Saxon glee-man was, we know from such commentaries as are mentioned above. King Edgar forbade the monks to be ale-poets; and one of his accusations against the

clergy of his day was, that they entertained glee-men in their monasteries, where they had dicing, dancing, and singing, till midnight. The illumination of an old manuscript shows how a glee-man looked. It is a frontispiece to the Psalms of David. The great Psalmist sits upon his throne, with a harp in his hand, and his masters of sacred song around him. Below stands the glee-man, throwing three balls and three knives alternately into the air, and catching them as they fall, like a modern juggler. But all the Anglo-Saxon poets were not glee-men. All the harpers were not dancers. The Sceop, the creator, the poet, rose, at times, to higher themes. He sang the deeds of heroes, victorious odes, death-songs, epic poems; or sitting in cloisters, and afar from these things, converted holy writ into Saxon chimes.

The first thing which strikes the reader of Anglo-Saxon poetry is the structure of the verse; the short exclamatory lines, whose rhythm depends on alliteration in the emphatic syllables, and to which the general omission of the particles gives great energy and vivacity. Though alliteration predominates in all Anglo-Saxon poetry, rhyme is not wholly wanting. It had line-rhymes and final rhymes; which, being added to the alliteration, and brought so near together in the short, emphatic lines, produce a singular ef-

fect upon the ear. They ring like blows of hammers on an anvil. For example:—

"Flah mah fliteth,
Flan man hwiteth,
Burg sorg biteth,
Bald ald thwiteth,
Wræc-fæc writheth,
Wrath ath smiteth." [1]

Other peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which cannot escape the reader's attention, are its frequent inversions, its bold transitions, and abundant metaphors. These are the things which render Anglo-Saxon poetry so much more difficult than Anglo-Saxon prose. But upon these points I need not enlarge. It is enough to allude to them.

One of the oldest and most important remains of Anglo-Saxon literature is the epic poem of Beowulf. Its age is unknown; but it comes from a very distant and hoar antiquity; somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries. It is like a piece of ancient armor; rusty and battered, and yet strong. From within comes a voice sepulchral, as if the ancient armor spoke, telling a simple, straightforward narrative; with

[1] "Strong dart flitteth,
Spear-man whetteth,
Care the city biteth,
Age the bold quelleth,
Vengeance prevaileth,
Wrath a town smiteth."

here and there the boastful speech of a rough old Dane, reminding one of those made by the heroes of Homer. The style, likewise, is simple,—perhaps one should say, austere. The bold metaphors, which characterize nearly all the Anglo-Saxon poems, are for the most part wanting in this. The author seems mainly bent upon telling us, how his Sea-Goth slew the Grendel and the Fire-drake. He is too much in earnest to multiply epithets and gorgeous figures. At times he is tedious, at times obscure; and he who undertakes to read the original will find it no easy task.

The poem begins with a description of King Hrothgar the Scylding, in his great hall of Heort, which reëchoed with the sound of harp and song. But not far off, in the fens and marshes of Jutland, dwelt a grim and monstrous giant, called Grendel, a descendant of Cain. This troublesome individual was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Scylding's palace by night, to see, as the author rather quaintly says, "how the doughty Danes found themselves after their beer-carouse." On his first visit, he destroyed some thirty inmates, all asleep, with beer in their brains; and ever afterwards kept the whole land in fear of death. At length the fame of these evil deeds reached the ears of Beowulf, the Thane of Higelac, a famous Viking in those days, who had slain sea-monsters, and wore a

wild-boar for his crest. Straightway he sailed with fifteen followers for the court of Heort; unarmed, in the great mead-hall, and at midnight, fought the Grendel, tore off one of his arms, and hung it up on the palace wall as a curiosity; the fiend's fingers being armed with long nails, which the author calls the hand-spurs of the heathen hero. Retreating to his cave, the grim ghost departed this life; whereat there was great carousing at Heort. But at night came the Grendel's mother, and carried away one of the beer-drunken heroes of the ale-wassail. Beowulf, with a great escort, pursued her to the fen-lands of the Grendel; plunged, all armed, into a dark-rolling and dreary river, that flowed from the monster's cavern; slew worms and dragons manifold; was dragged to the bottom by the old-wife; and seizing a magic sword, which lay among the treasures of that realm of wonders, with one fell blow, let her heathen soul out of its bone-house. Having thus freed the land from the giants, Beowulf, laden with gifts and treasures, departed homeward, as if nothing special had happened, and, after the death of King Higelac, ascended the throne of the Scylfings. Here the poem should end, and, we doubt not, did originally end. But, as it has come down to us, eleven more cantos follow, containing a new series of adventures. Beowulf has grown old. He has reigned fifty years; and now, in

his gray old age, is troubled by the devastations of a monstrous Fire-drake, so that his metropolis is beleaguered, and he can no longer fly his hawks and merles in the open country. He resolves, at length, to fight with this Fire-drake; and, with the help of his attendant, Wiglaf, overcomes him. The land is made rich by the treasures found in the dragon's cave; but Beowulf dies of his wounds.

Thus departs Beowulf, the Sea-Goth; of the world-kings the mildest to men, the strongest of hand, the most clement to his people, the most desirous of glory. And thus closes the oldest epic in any modern language; written in forty-three cantos of some six thousand lines. The outline here given is filled up with abundant episodes and warlike details. We have ale-revels, and giving of bracelets, and presents of mares, and songs of bards. The battles with the Grendel and the Fire-drake are minutely described; as likewise are the dwellings and rich treasure-houses of these monsters. The fire-stream flows with lurid light; the dragon breathes out flame and pestilential breath; the gigantic sword, forged by the Jutes of old, dissolves and thaws like an icicle in the hero's grasp; and the swart raven tells the eagle how he fared with the fell wolf at the death-feast. Such is, in brief, the machinery of the poem. It possesses great epic merit, and in parts is strikingly graphic in

its descriptions. As we read, we can almost smell the brine, and hear the sea-breeze blow, and see the mainland stretch out its jutting promontories, those sea-noses, as the poet calls them, into the blue waters of the solemn ocean.

The next work to which I would call the attention of my readers is very remarkable, both in a philological and in a poetical point of view; being written in a more ambitious style than Beowulf. It is Cædmon's Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ. Cædmon was a monk in the Minster of Whitby. He lived and died in the seventh century. The only account we have of his life is that given by the Venerable Bede in his Ecclesiastical History.

By some he is called the Father of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, because his name stands first in the history of Saxon song-craft; by others, the Milton of our Forefathers; because he sang of Lucifer and the Loss of Paradise.

The poem is divided into two books. The first is nearly complete, and contains a paraphrase of parts of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The second is so mutilated as to be only a series of unconnected fragments. It contains scenes from the New Testament, and is chiefly occupied with Christ's descent into the lower regions; a favorite theme in old times, and well known in the history of miracle-plays, as the Harrowing of Hell. The author is a pious, prayerful

monk; "an awful, reverend, and religious man." He has all the simplicity of a child. He calls his Creator the Blithe-heart King; the patriarchs, Earls; and their children, Noblemen. Abraham is a wise-heedy man, a guardian of bracelets, a mighty earl; and his wife Sarah, a woman of elfin beauty. The sons of Reuben are called Sea-Pirates. A laugher is a laughter-smith; the Ethiopians, a people brown with the hot coals of heaven.

Striking poetic epithets and passages are not wanting in his works. They are sprinkled here and there throughout the narrative. The sky is called the roof of nations, the roof adorned with stars. After the overthrow of Pharaoh and his folk, he says, the blue air was with corruption tainted, and the bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm. Nebuchadnezzar is described as a naked, unwilling wanderer, a wondrous wretch and weedless. Horrid ghosts, swart and sinful,

> "Wide through windy halls
> Wail woful."

And, in the sack of Sodom, we are told how many a fearful, pale-faced damsel must trembling go into a stranger's embrace; and how fell the defenders of brides and bracelets, sick with wounds. Indeed, whenever the author has a battle to describe, and hosts of arm-bearing and warfaring men draw from their sheaths the ring-

hilted sword of edges doughty, he enters into the matter with so much spirit, that one almost imagines he sees, looking from under that monkish cowl, the visage of no parish priest, but a grim war-wolf, as the great fighters were called, in the days when Cædmon wrote.

Such are the two great narrative poems of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Of a third, a short fragment remains. It is a mutilated thing, a mere *torso.* Judith of the Apocrypha is the heroine. The part preserved describes the death of Holofernes in a fine, brilliant style, delighting the hearts of all Anglo-Saxon scholars. But a more important fragment is that on the Death of Byrhtnoth at the battle of Maldon. It savors of rust and of antiquity, like "Old Hildebrand" in German. What a fine passage is this, spoken by an aged vassal over the dead body of the hero, in the thickest of the fight!

"Byrhtwold spoke; he was an aged vassal; he raised his shield; he brandished his ashen spear; he full boldly exhorted the warriors. 'Our spirit shall be the hardier, our heart shall be the keener, our soul shall be the greater, the more our forces diminish. Here lieth our chief all mangled; the brave one in the dust; ever may he lament his shame that thinketh to fly from this play of weapons! Old am I in life, yet will I not stir hence; but I think to lie by the side of my lord, by that much-loved man!' "

Shorter than either of these fragments is a third on the Fight of Finsborough. Its chief

value seems to be, that it relates to the same action which formed the theme of one of Hrothgar's bards in Beowulf. In addition to these narrative poems and fragments, there are two others, founded on lives of saints. They are the Life and Passion of St. Juliana, and the Visions of the Hermit Guthlac.

There is another narrative poem, which I must mention here on account of its subject, though of a much later date than the foregoing. It is the Chronicle of King Lear and his Daughters, in Norman-Saxon; not rhymed throughout, but with rhymes too often recurring to be accidental. As a poem, it has no merit, but shows that the story of Lear is very old; for, in speaking of the old king's death and burial, it refers to a previous account, "as the book telleth." Cordelia is married to Aganippus, king of France; and, after his death, reigns over England, though Maglaudus, king of Scotland declares that it is a "muckle shame, that a queen should be king in the land." [1]

Besides these long, elaborate poems, the Anglo-Saxons had their odes and ballads. Thus, when King Canute was sailing by the Abbey of Ely, he heard the voices of the monks chanting their vesper hymn. Whereupon he sang, in the

[1] For hit was swithe mochel same,
and eke hit was mochel grame,
that a cwene solde
be king in thisse land.

best Anglo-Saxon he was master of, the following rhyme:—

> "Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
> Tha Cnut ching reuther by;
> Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
> And here we thes muneches sang." [1]

The best, and properly speaking, perhaps the only, Anglo-Saxon odes, are those preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, in recording the events they celebrate. They are five in number;—Æthelstan's Victory at Brunanburh; the Victories of Edmund Ætheling; the Coronation of King Edgar; the Death of King Edgar; and the Death of King Edward. The Battle of Brunanburh is already pretty well known by the numerous English versions, and attempts thereat, which have been given of it. This ode is one of the most characteristic specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. What a striking picture is that of the lad with flaxen hair, mangled with wounds; and of the seven earls of Anlaf, and the five young kings, lying on the battle-field, lulled asleep by the sword! Indeed, the whole ode is striking, bold, graphic. The furious onslaught; the cleaving of the wall of shields; the hewing down of banners; the din of the fight;

[1] Merry sang the monks in Ely,
As King Canute was steering by;
Row, ye knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

the hard hand-play; the retreat of the Northmen, in nailed ships, over the stormy sea; and the deserted dead, on the battle-ground, left to the swart raven, the war-hawk, and the wolf;—all these images appeal strongly to the imagination. The bard has nobly described this victory of the illustrious warsmiths, the most signal victory since the coming of the Saxons into England; so say the books of the old wise men.

And here I would make due and honorable mention of the Poetic Calendar, and of King Alfred's Version of the Metres of Boëthius. The Poetic Calendar is a chronicle of great events in the lives of saints, martyrs, and apostles, referred to the days on which they took place. At the end is a strange poem, consisting of a series of aphorisms, not unlike those that adorn a modern almanac.

In addition to these narratives and odes and didactic poems, there are numerous minor poems on various subjects, some of which have been published, though for the most part they still lie buried in manuscripts,—hymns, allegories, doxologies, proverbs, enigmas, paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer, poems on Death and the day of Judgment, and the like. A large quantity of them is contained in the celebrated Exeter Manuscript,—a folio given by Bishop Leofric to the Cathedral of Exeter in the eleventh century, and called by the donor, "a great Eng-

lish book about everything, composed in verse." Among them is a very singular and striking poem, entitled, "The Soul's Complaint against the Body," in which the departed spirit is described as returning, ghastly and shrieking, to upbraid the body it had left.

"Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body

"Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

"The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in;—
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,

The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

"Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth.'"

But perhaps the most curious poem in the Exeter Manuscript is the Rhyming Poem, to which I have before alluded.[1]

Still more spectral is the following Norman-Saxon poem, from a manuscript volume of Homilies in the Bodleian Library. The subject is the grave. It is Death that speaks.

"For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born;
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,

[1] Since this paper was written, the Exeter Manuscript has been published, with a translation by Mr. Thorpe.

Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be.
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not
Highly timbered;
It is unhigh and low,
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh;
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

"Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell;
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

"Thus thou art laid
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open

> The door for thee,
> And descend after thee;
> For soon thou art loathsome
> And hateful to see."

We now come to Anglo-Saxon Prose. At the very boundary stand two great works, like landmarks. These are the Saxon Laws, promulgated by the various kings that ruled the land; and the Saxon Chronicle, in which all great historic events, from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the twelfth century, are recorded by contemporary writers, mainly, it would seem, the monks of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury.[1] Setting these aside, doubtless the most important remains of Anglo-Saxon prose are the writings of King Alfred the Great.

What a sublime old character was King Alfred! Alfred, the Truth-teller! Thus the ancient historian surnamed him, as others were surnamed the Unready, Ironside, Harefoot. The principal events of his life are known to all men; —the nine battles fought in the first year of his reign; his flight to the marshes and forests of

[1] The style of this Chronicle rises at times far above that of most monkish historians. For instance, in recording the death of William the Conqueror, the writer says: "Sharp Death, that passes by neither rich men nor poor, seized him also. Alas! how false and how uncertain is this world's weal! He that was before a rich king, and lord of many lands, had not then of all his land more than a space of seven feet! and he that was whilom enshrouded in gold and gems lay there covered with mould." A. D. 1087.

Somersetshire; his poverty and suffering, wherein was fulfilled the prophecy of St. Neot, that he should "be bruised like the ears of wheat"; his life with the swineherd, whose wife bade him turn the cakes, that they might not be burnt, for she saw daily that he was a great eater; his successful rally; his victories, and his future glorious reign;—these things are known to all men. And not only these, which are events in his life, but also many more, which are traits in his character, and controlled events; as, for example, that he was a wise and virtuous man, a religious man, a learned man for that age. Perhaps they know, even, how he measured time with his six horn lanterns; also, that he was an author and wrote many books. But of these books how few persons have read even a single line! And yet it is well worth our while, if we wish to see all the calm dignity of that great man's character, and how in him the scholar and the man outshone the king. For example, do we not know him better and honor him more, when we hear from his own lips, as it were, such sentiments as these? "God has made all men equally noble in their original nature. True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wished to live honorably, whilst I lived, and, after my life, to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works!"

The chief writings of this royal author are

his translations of Gregory's Pastoralis, Boëthius's Consolations of Philosophy, Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and the History of Orosius, known in manuscripts by the mysterious title of Hormesta. Of these works the most remarkable is the Boëthius; so much of his own mind has Alfred infused into it. Properly speaking, it is not so much a translation as a gloss or paraphrase; for the Saxon king, upon his throne, had a soul which was near akin to that of the last of the Roman philosophers in his prison. He had suffered, and could sympathize with suffering humanity. He adorned and carried out still further the reflections of Boëthius. He begins his task, however, with an apology, saying, "Alfred, king, was translator of this book, and turned it from book-Latin into English, as he most plainly and clearly could, amid the various and manifold worldly occupations which often busied him in mind and body;" ends with a prayer, beseeching God, "by the sign of the holy cross, and by the virginity of the blessed Mary, and by the obedience of the blessed Michael, and by the love of all the saints and their merits," that his mind might be made steadfast to the Divine will and his own soul's need.

Other remains of Anglo-Saxon prose exist in the tale of Apollonius of Tyre; the Bible-translations and Colloquies of Abbot Ælfric; Glosses of the Gospels, at the close of one of which the

conscientious scribe has written, "Aldred, an unworthy and miserable priest, with the help of God and St. Cuthbert, overglossed it in English"; and, finally, various miscellaneous treatises, among which the most curious is a Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon. I cannot refrain from giving a few extracts from this very original and curious document, which bears upon it some of the darkest thumb-marks of the Middle Ages.

"Tell me, what man first spake with a dog?

"I tell thee, Saint Peter.

"Tell me, what man first ploughed the earth with a plough?

"I tell thee, it was Ham, the son of Noah.

"Tell me, wherefore stones are barren?

"I tell thee, because Abel's blood fell upon a stone, when Cain his brother slew him with the jawbone of an ass.

. . . . . .

"Tell me, what made the sea salt?

"I tell thee, the ten commandments that Moses collected in the old Law,—the commandments of God. He threw the ten commandments into the sea, and he shed tears into the sea, and the sea became salt.

. . . . . .

"Tell me, what man first built a monastery?

"I tell thee, Elias, and Elisha the prophet, and, after baptism, Paul and Anthony, the first anchorites.

"Tell me, what were the the streams that watered Paradise?

"I tell thee, they were four. The first was called Pison; the second, Geon; the third, Tigris; the fourth, Euphrates; that is, milk, and honey, and ale, and wine.

"Tell me, why is the sun red at evening?

"I tell thee, because he looks into Hell.

"Tell me, why shineth he so red in the morning?

"I tell thee, because he doubteth whether he shall or shall not shine upon this earth, as he is commanded.

"Tell me, what four waters feed this earth?

"I tell thee, they are snow, and rain, and hail, and dew.

"Tell me, who first made letters?

"I tell thee, Mercury the Giant."

Hardly less curious, and infinitely more valuable, is a "Colloquy" of Ælfric, composed for the purpose of teaching boys to speak Latin. The Saxon is an interlinear translation of the Latin. In this Colloquy various laborers and handicraftsmen are introduced,—ploughmen, herdsmen, huntsmen, shoemakers, and others; and each has his say, even to the blacksmith, who dwells in his smithy amid iron fire-sparks and the sound of beating sledge-hammers and blowing bellows. I translate the close of this Colloquy, to show our readers what a poor school-boy had to suffer in the Middle Ages. They will hardly wonder, that Erigena Scot should have been put to death with penknives by his scholars.

"*Magister*. Well, boy, what hast thou been doing to-day?

"*Discipulus*. A great many things have I been doing. Last night, when I heard the knell, I got out of my bed and went into the church, and sang the matin-song with the friars; after that we sang the hymn of All Saints, and the morning songs of praise; after these Prime, and the

seven Psalms, with the Litanies and the first Mass; then the nine o'clock service, and the Mass for the day, and after this we sang the service of mid-day, and ate and drank, and slept, and got up again, and sang Nones, and now are here before thee, ready to hear what thou hast to say to us.

"*Magister.* When will you sing Vespers or the Compline?

"*Discipulus.* When it is time.

"*Magister.* Hast thou had a whipping to-day?

"*Discipulus.* I have not, because I have behaved very warily.

"*Magister.* And thy playmates?

"*Discipulus.* Why dost thou ask me about them? I dare not tell thee our secrets. Each one of them knows whether he has been whipped or not.

"*Magister.* What dost thou eat every day?

"*Discipulus.* I still eat meat, because I am a child, living under the rod.

"*Magister.* What else dost thou eat?

"*Discipulus.* Greens and eggs, fish and cheese, butter and beans, and all clean things, with much thankfulness.

"*Magister.* Exceedingly voracious art thou; for thou devourest everything that is set before thee.

"*Discipulus.* Not so very voracious either, for I don't eat all kinds of food at one meal.

"*Magister.* How then?

"*Discipulus.* Sometimes I eat one kind, and sometimes another, with soberness, as becomes a monk, and not with voracity; for I am not a glutton.

"*Magister.* And what dost thou drink?

"*Discipulus.* Beer, when I can get it, and water when I cannot get beer.

"*Magister.* Dost thou not drink wine?

"*Discipulus.* I am not rich enough to buy wine; and

wine is not a drink for boys and ignorant people, but for old men and wise.

"*Magister.* Where dost thou sleep?

"*Discipulus.* In the dormitory, with the friars.

"*Magister.* Who wakes thee for matins?

"*Discipulus.* Sometimes I hear the knell and get up; sometimes my master wakes me sternly with a rod.

"*Magister.* O ye good children, and winsome learners! Your teacher admonishes you to follow godly lore, and to behave yourselves decently everywhere. Go obediently, when you hear the chapel bell, enter into the chapel, and bow suppliantly at the holy altars, and stand submissive, and sing with one accord, and pray for your sins, and then depart to the cloister or the school-room without levity."

I cannot close this sketch of Anglo-Saxon Literature without expressing the hope, that what I have written may "stir up riper wits than mine to the perfection of this rough-hewn work." The history of this literature still remains to be written. How strange it is that so interesting a subject should wait so long for its historians!

PARIS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

1838

THE age of Louis the Fourteenth is one of the most brilliant in history; illustrious by its reign of seventy-two years and its hundred authors known to fame. The government of this monarch has been called "a satire upon despotism." His vanity was boundless: his magnificence equally so. The palaces of Marly and Versailles are monuments of his royal pride: equestrian statues, and his figure on one of the gates of Paris, represented as a naked Hercules, with a club in his hand and a flowing wig on his head, are monuments of his vanity and self-esteem.

His court was the home of etiquette and the model of all courts. "It seemed," says Voltaire, "that Nature at that time took delight in producing in France the greatest men in all the arts; and of assembling at court the most beautiful men and women that had ever existed. But the king bore the palm away from all his courtiers by the grace of his figure and the majestic beauty of his countenance; the noble and winning sound

of his voice gained over the hearts that his presence intimidated. His carriage was such as became him and his rank only, and would have been ridiculous in any other. The embarrassment he inspired in those who spoke with him flattered in secret the self-complacency with which he recognized his own superiority. The old officer, who became agitated and stammered in asking a favor from him, and, not being able to finish his discourse, exclaimed, 'Sire, I do not tremble so before your enemies!' had no difficulty in obtaining the favor he asked."

All about him was pomp and theatrical show. He invented a kind of livery, which it was held the greatest honor to wear; a blue waistcoat embroidered with gold and silver;—a mark of royal favor. To all around him he was courteous; towards women chivalrous. He never passed even a chamber-maid without touching his hat; and always stood uncovered in the presence of a lady. When the disappointed Duke of Lauzun insulted him by breaking his sword in his presence, he raised the window, and threw his cane into the court-yard, saying, "I never should have forgiven myself if I had struck a gentleman."

He seems, indeed, to have been a strange mixture of magnanimity and littleness;—his gallantries veiled always in a show of decency; severe; capricious; fond of pleasure; hardly less fond of labor. One day we find him dashing from Vin-

cennes to Paris in his hunting-dress, and standing in his great boots, with a whip in his hand, dismissing his parliament as he would a pack of hounds. The next he is dancing in the ballet of his private theater, in the character of a gypsy, and whistling or singing scraps of opera songs; and then parading at a military review, or galloping at full speed through the park of Fontainebleau, hunting the deer, in a calash drawn by four ponies. Towards the close of his life he became a devotee. "It is a very remarkable thing," says Voltaire, "that the public, who forgave him all his mistresses, could not forgive him his father confessor." He outlived the respect of his subjects. When he lay on his deathbed,—those godlike eyes that had overawed the world now grown dim and lusterless,—all his courtiers left him to die alone, and thronged about his successor, the Duke of Orleans. An empiric gave him an elixir, which suddenly revived him. He ate once more, and it was said he could recover. The crowd about the Duke of Orleans diminished very fast. "If the king eats a second time, I shall be left all alone," said he. But the king ate no more. He died like a philosopher. To Madame de Maintenon he said, "I thought it was more difficult to die!" and to his domestics, "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?"

Of course the character of the monarch

stamped itself upon the society about him. The licentious court made a licentious city. Yet everywhere external decency and decorum prevailed. The courtesy of the old school held sway. Society, moreover, was pompous and artificial. There were pedantic scholars about town; and learned women; and *Précieuses Ridicules* and Euphuism. With all its greatness, it was an effeminate age.

The old city of Paris, which lies in the Marais, was once the court end of the town. It is now entirely deserted by wealth and fashion. Travellers even seldom find their way into its broad and silent streets. But sightly mansions and garden walls, over which tall, shadowy trees wave to and fro, speak of a more splendid age, when proud and courtly ladies dwelt there, and the frequent wheels of gay equipages chafed the now grass-grown pavements.

In the center of this part of Paris, within pistol-shot of the Boulevard St. Antoine, stands the Place Royale. Old palaces of a quaint and uniform style, with a low arcade in front, run quite round the square. In its center is a public walk, with trees, an iron railing, and an equestrian statue of Louis the Thirteenth. It was here that monarch held his court. But there is no sign of a court now. Under the arcade are shops and fruit-stalls; and in one corner sits a cobbler, seemingly as old and

deaf as the walls around him. Occasionally you get a glimpse through a grated gate into spacious gardens; and a large flight of steps leads up into what was once a royal palace, and is now a tavern. In the public walk old gentlemen sit under the trees on benches, and enjoy the evening air. Others walk up and down, buttoned in long frock-coats. They have all a provincial look. Indeed, for a time you imagine yourself in a small French town, not in Paris; so different is everything there from the Paris you live in. You are in a quarter where people retire to live genteelly on small incomes. The gentlemen in long frock-coats are no courtiers, but retired tradesmen.

Not far off is the Rue des Tournelles; and the house is still standing in which lived and loved that Aspasia of the seventeenth century,—the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos. From the Boulevard you look down into the garden, where her illegal and ill-fated son, on discovering that the object of his passion was his own mother, put an end to his miserable life. Not very remote from this is the house once occupied by Madame de Sévigné. You are shown the very cabinet where she composed those letters which beautified her native tongue, and "make us love the very ink that wrote them." In a word, you are here in the center of the Paris of the seventeenth century; the gay, the witty, the

licentious city, which in Louis the Fourteenth's time was like Athens in the age of Pericles. And now all is changed to solitude and silence. The witty age, with its brightness and licentious heat, all burnt out,—puffed into darkness by the breath of time. Thus passes an age of libertinism and sedition, and bloody frivolous wars, and fighting bishops, and devout prostitutes, and "factious *beaux esprits* improvising epigrams in the midst of sedition, and madrigals on the field of battle."

Westward from this quarter, near the Seine and the Louvre, stood the ever famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, the court of Euphuism and false taste. Here Catherine de Vivonne, Marchioness of Rambouillet, gave her æsthetical soirées in her bed-chamber, and she herself in bed, among the curtains and mirrors of a gay alcove. The master of ceremonies bore the title of the *Alcoviste.* He did the honors of the house and directed the conversation; and such was the fashion of the day, that, impossible as it may seem to us, no evil tongue soiled with malignant whisper the fair fame of the précieuses, as the ladies of the society were called.

Into this bed-chamber came all the most noted literary personages of the day;—Corneille, Malherbe, Bossuet, Fléchier, La Rochefoucault, Balzac, Bussy-Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and others of less note,

though hardly less pretension. They paid their homage to the Marchioness, under the title of Arthénice, Eracinthe, and Corinthée, anagrams of the name of Catherine. There, as in the Courts of Love of a still earlier age, were held grave dissertations on frivolous themes; and all the metaphysics of love, and the subtleties of exaggerated passion, were discussed with most puerile conceits and a vapid sentimentality. "We saw, not long since," says La Bruyère, "a circle of persons of the two sexes, united by conversation and mental sympathy. They left to the vulgar the art of speaking intelligibly. One obscure expression brought on another still more obscure, which in turn was capped by something truly enigmatical, attended with vast applause. With all this so-called delicacy, feeling, and refinement of expression, they at length went so far that they were neither understood by others nor could understand themselves. For these conversations one needed neither good sense, nor memory, nor the least capacity; only *esprit,* and that not of the best, but a counterfeit kind, made up chiefly of imagination."

Looking back from the present age, how very absurd all these things seem to us! Nevertheless, the minds of some excellent men were seriously impressed with their worth; and the pulpit-orator, Fléchier, in his funeral oration upon the death of Madame de Montausier, exclaimed, in

pious enthusiasm: "Remember, my brethren, those cabinets which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the mind was purified, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice, where were gathered together so many personages of quality and merit, forming a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation."

TABLE-TALK

If you borrow my books, do not mark them; for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become like the doors in Bagdad marked by Morgiana's chalk.

Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and tooth-picks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

Authors in their Prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, deprecating tone of critics, whom they hate and fear; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the Benign goddesses.

Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.

Popularity is only, in legal phrase, the "instantaneous seisin" of fame.

The Mormons make the marriage ring, like the ring of Saturn, fluid, not solid, and keep it in its place by numerous satellites.

In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity,—but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

The laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns,

the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Nature,—were Man as unerring in his judgments as Nature.

Round about what is lies a whole mysterious world of what might be,—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes soon or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good or avoid impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, "Providence."

The Helicon of too many poets is not a hill crowned with sunshine and visited by the Muses and the Graces, but an old mouldering house, full of gloom and haunted by ghosts.

"Let us build such a church, that those who come after us shall take us for madmen," said the old canon of Seville, when the great cathedral was planned. Perhaps through every mind

passes some such thought, when it first entertains the design of some great and seemingly impossible action, the end of which it dimly foresees. The divine madness enters more or less into all our noblest undertakings.

I feel a kind of reverence for the first books of young authors. There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, so much of the heart's history, that all errors and shortcomings are for a while lost sight of in the amiable self-assertion of youth.

Authors have a greater right than any copyright, though it is generally unacknowledged or disregarded. They have a right to the reader's civility. There are favorable hours for reading a book, as for writing it, and to these the author has a claim. Yet many people think, that when they buy a book, they buy with it the right to abuse the author.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.

Black seals upon letters, like the black sails of the Greeks, are signs of bad tidings and ill success.

Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the Em-

perors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

When we reflect that all the aspects of Nature, all the emotions of the soul, and all the events of life have been the subjects of poetry for hundreds and thousands of years, we can hardly wonder that there should be so many resemblances and coincidences of expression among poets, but rather that they are not more numerous and more striking.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness,—the taste and the stain from the lees of the vat.

The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy,—the Malevolent, the Destroyer of Nature;—but without it no true Aurum Potabile, or Elixir of Life, can be made.